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Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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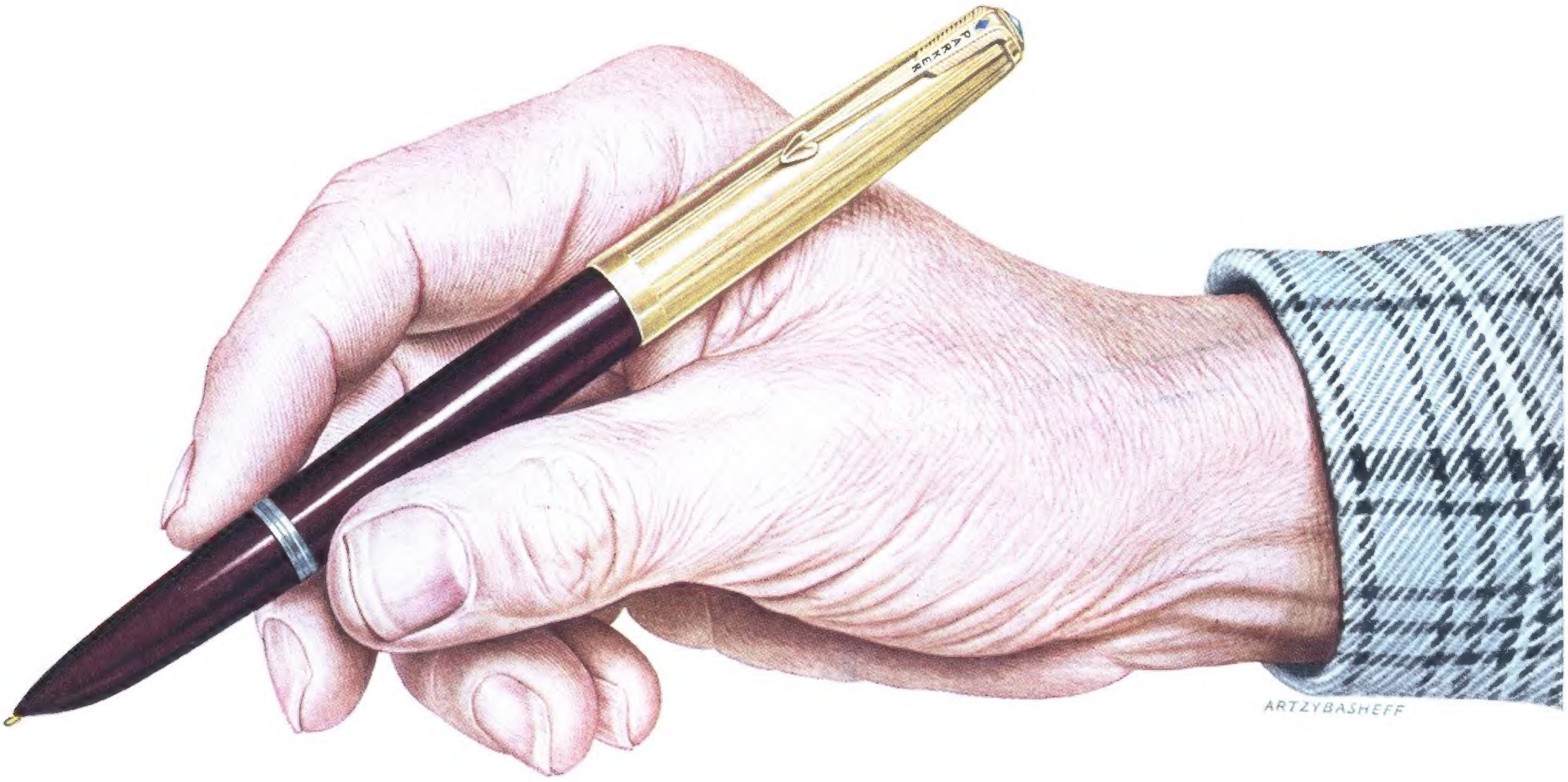

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showing the folks
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stable in the
U. S. A.!"

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Records . . . you hear it
everywhere!"

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popular artists . . . get on this
nice bright page . . . It's a
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Sightseeing

Another colorful alcove in the Esquire Gallery opens this month, as artist Joe De Mers pictures one of the great crossroads of the world—Hollywood & Vine Streets, in our own never-never land. Taking his eyes reluctantly from the twin models he and Fritz Willis posed as the Esquire Girl in the lovely *Reiteration* (page 68), De Mers double-crossed them and shifted his penetrating glance to the gleaming, teeming, and incredible heart of Hollywood. If you can resist it (page 96), maybe you just don't like people.

Caricaturist Jedla seems to have touched a responsive urge in many a long-suffering citizen with his *People We Read Too Much About.* Judging by the waves of mail rolling in on this topic, some of our prominent headline-hunters wouldn't win any popularity contest, in or out of the composing room. Have you, perhaps, someone you'd like to relegate to small type, or better yet, oblivion? If so, we'd be pleased to know your choice. Mr. Jedla will do the rest.

—D. A. S.

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Esquire

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T.M.REG.

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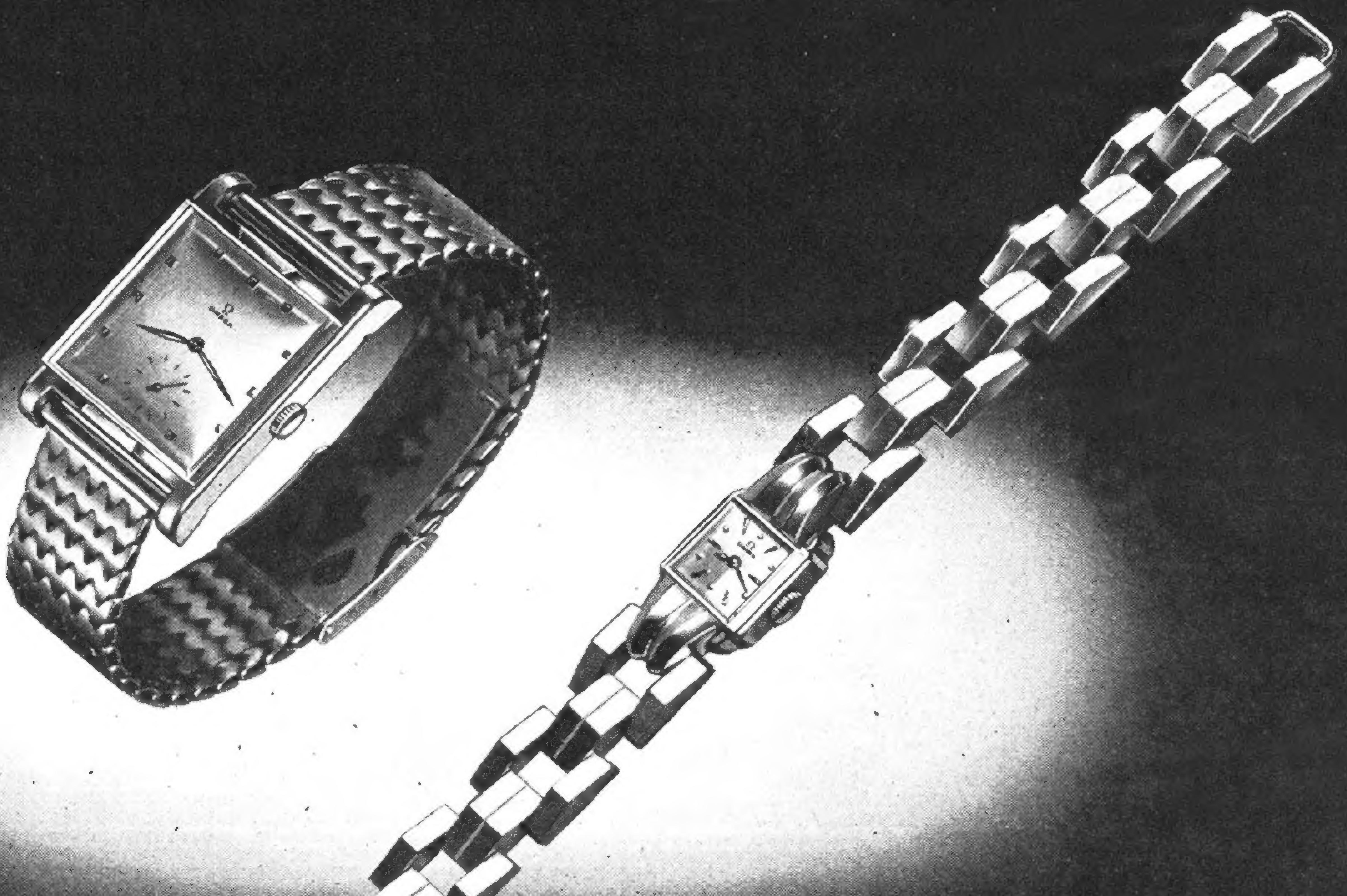

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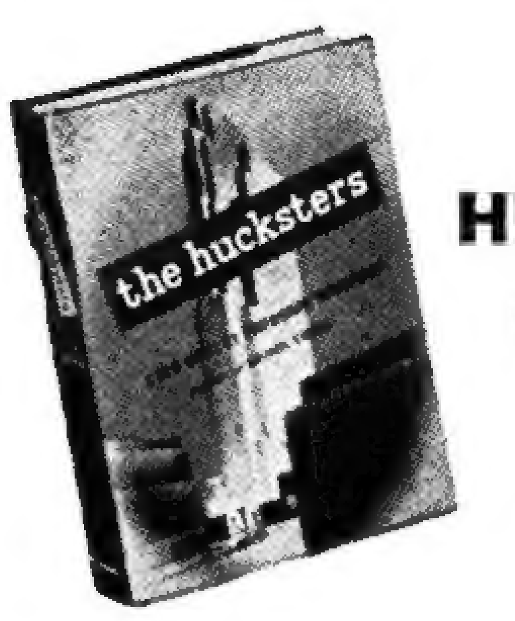
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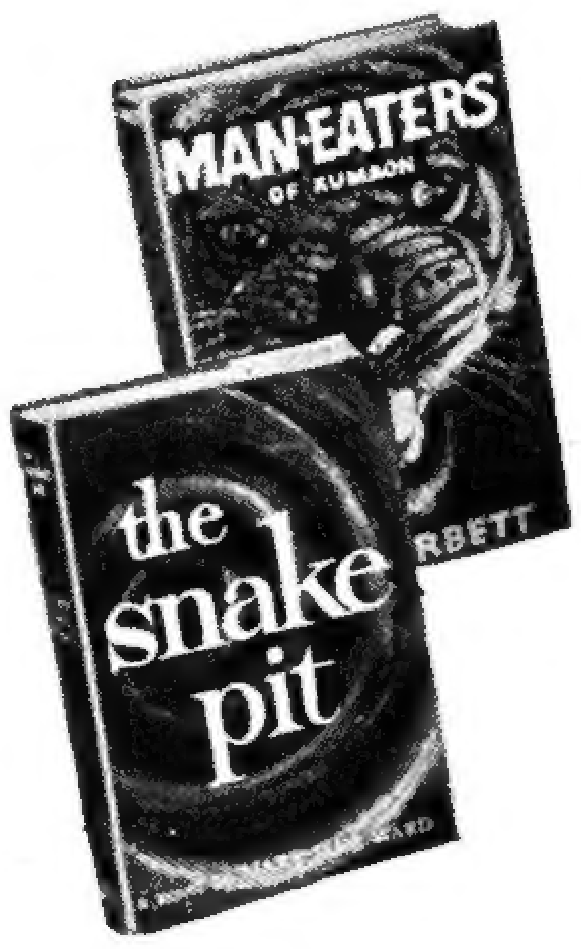
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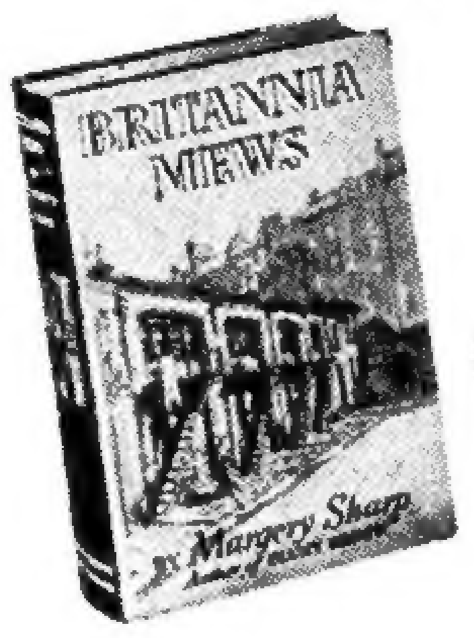
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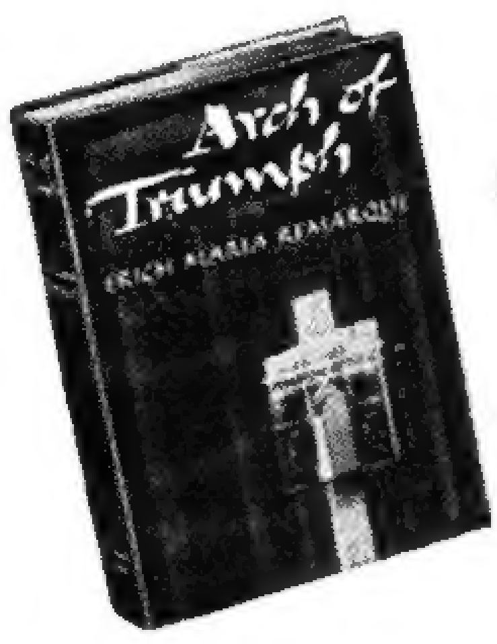
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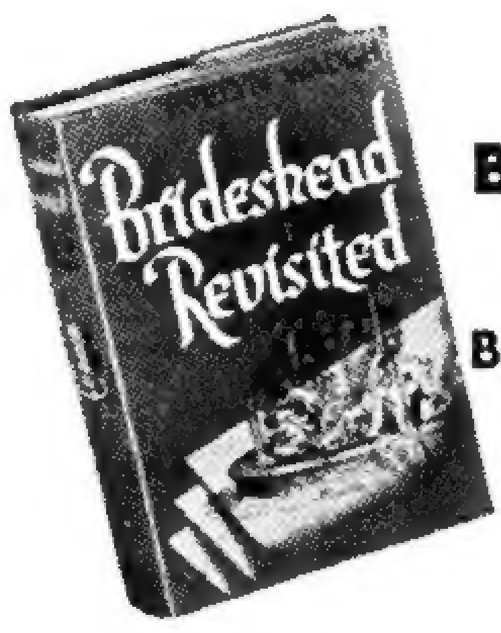
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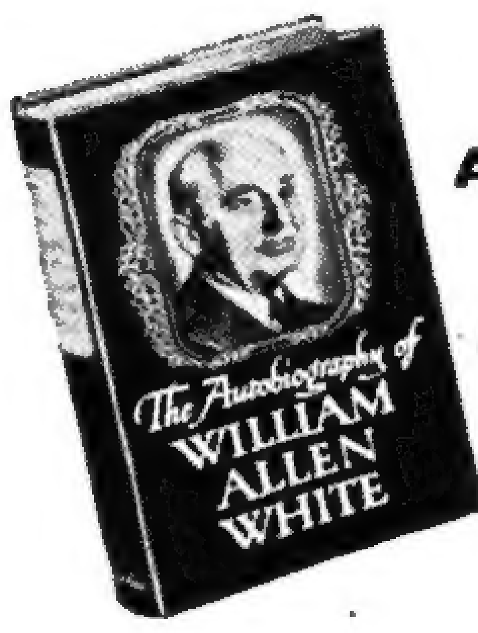
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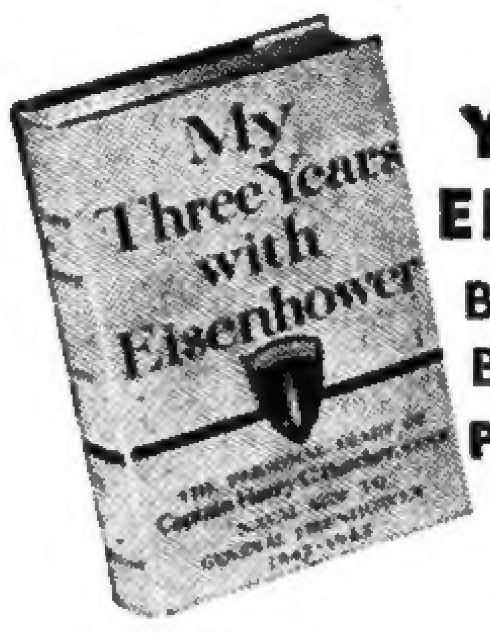
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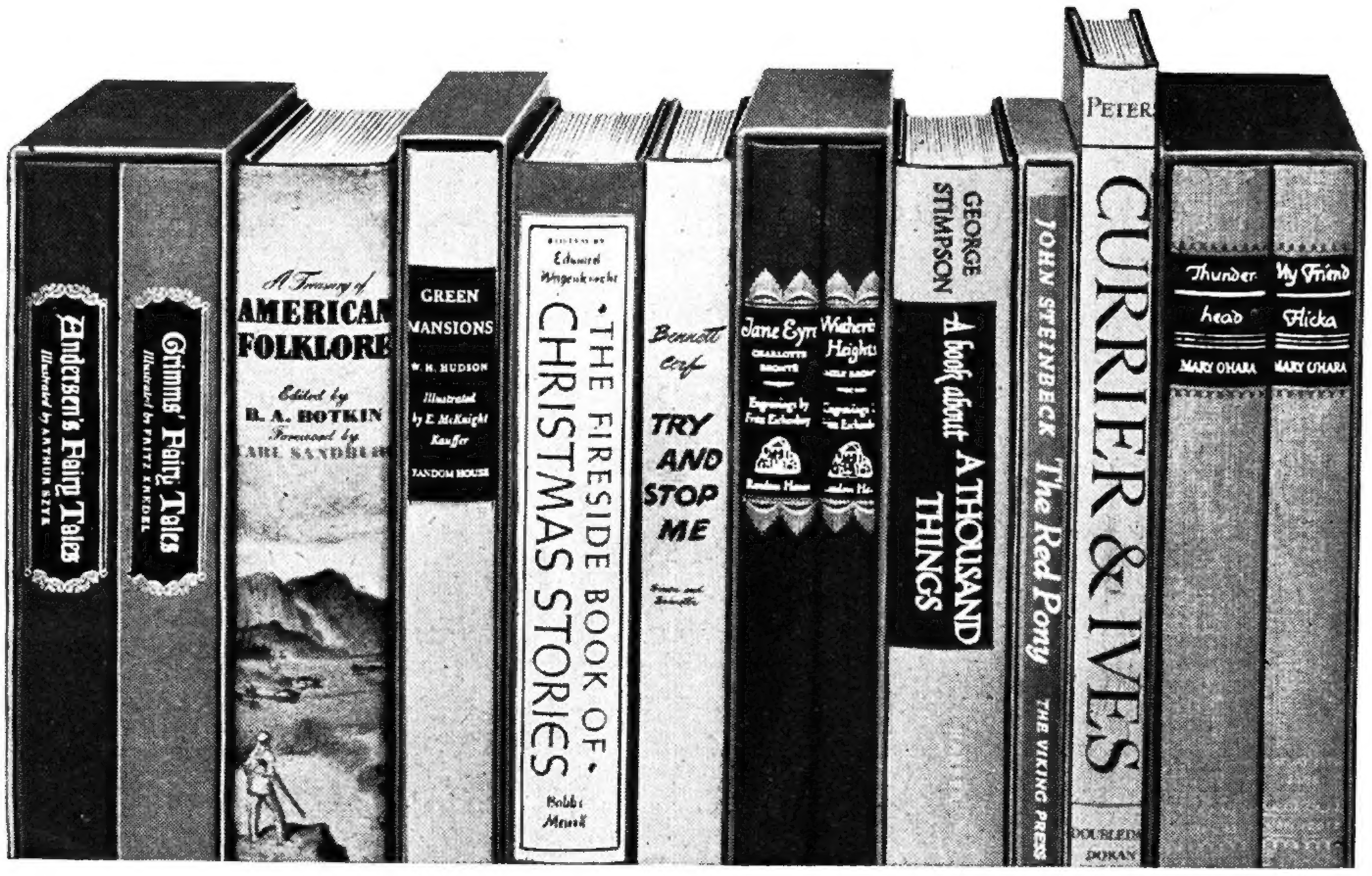
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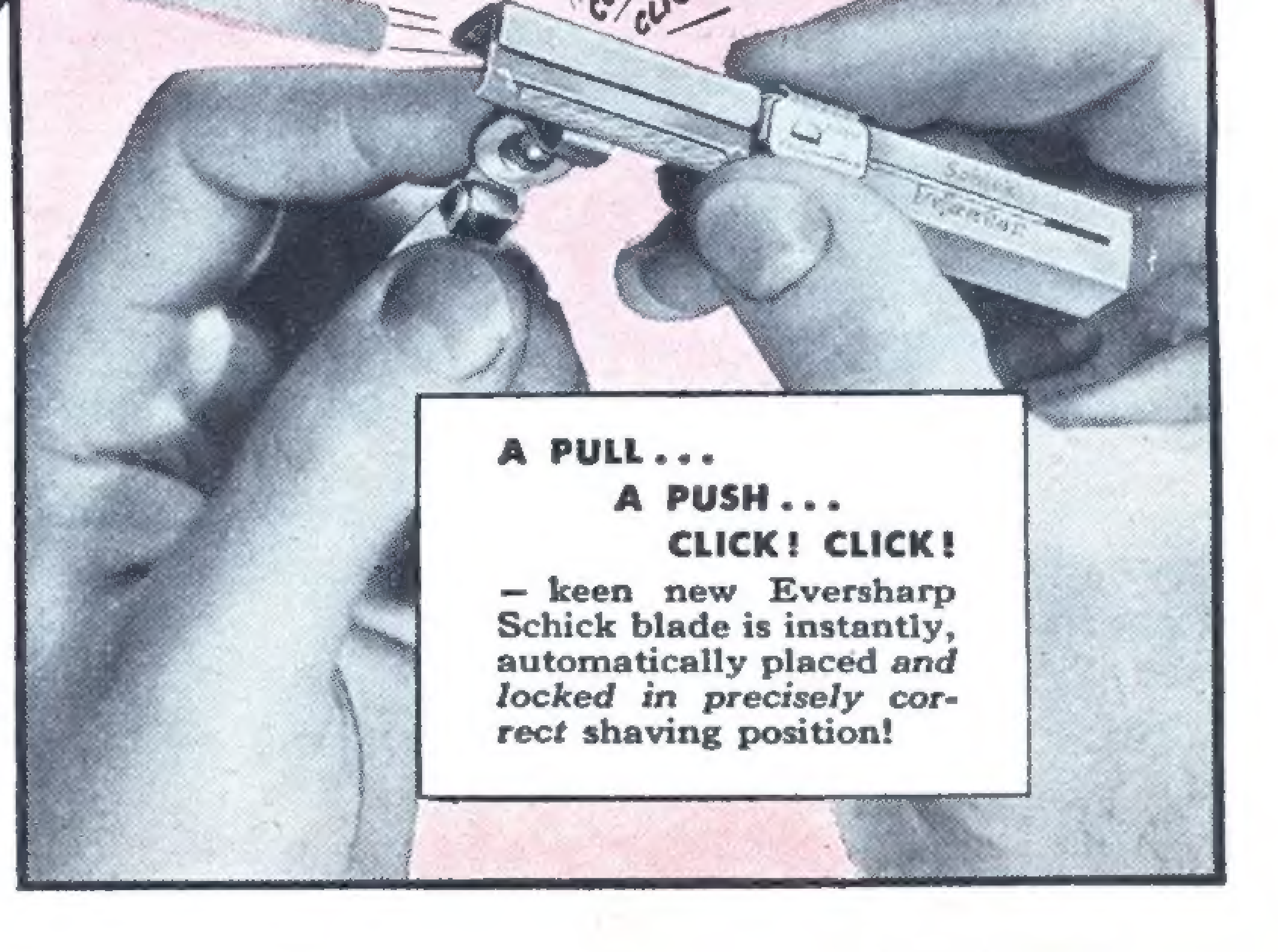

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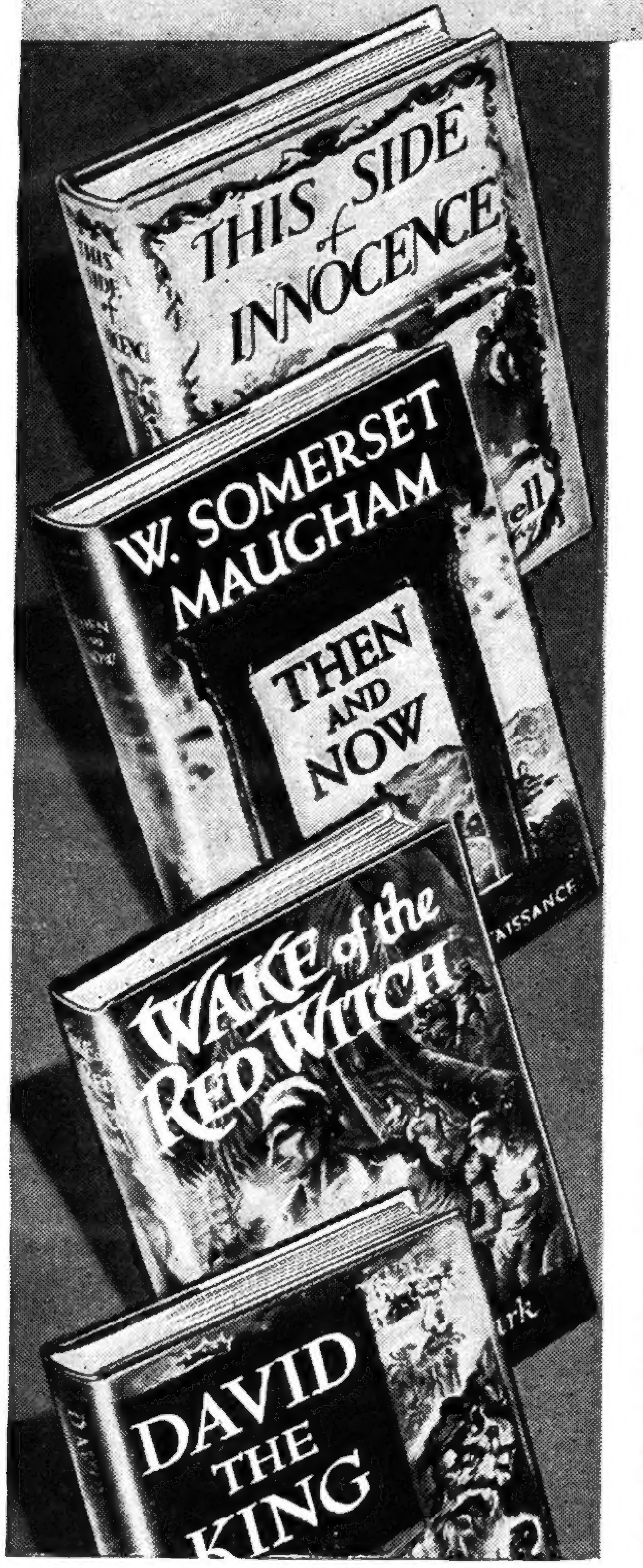

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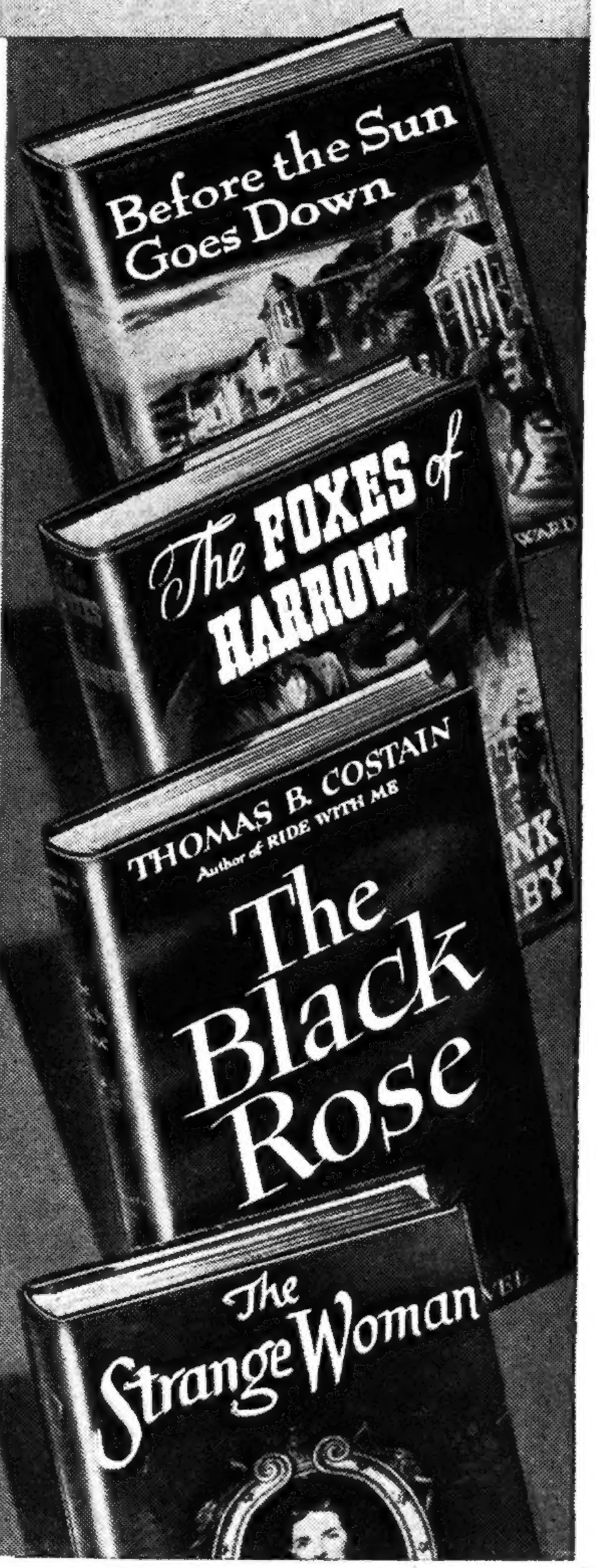

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Please enroll me free as a Doubleday Dollar Book Club subscriber and send me at once, as a gift, the book I have written in above. Also send me as my first selection for $1.00 the book I have checked below:

☐ Before the Sun Goes Down ☐ The Foxes of Harrow ☐ The Black Rose ☐ The Strange Woman

With these books will come my first issue of the free descriptive folder called "The Bulletin," telling about the two new forthcoming one-dollar bargain book selections and several additional bargains which are offered for $1.00 each to members only. I am to have the privilege of notifying you in advance if I do not wish either of the following month's selections and whether or not I wish to purchase any of the other bargains at the Special Club price of $1.00 each. The purchase of books is entirely voluntary on my part. I do not have to accept a book every month—only six during the year to fulfill my membership requirement. I pay nothing except $1.00 for each selection received, plus a few cents handling and shipping cost.

MR.
MRS. ....
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Same price in Canada; 105 Bond St., Toronto 2, Canada

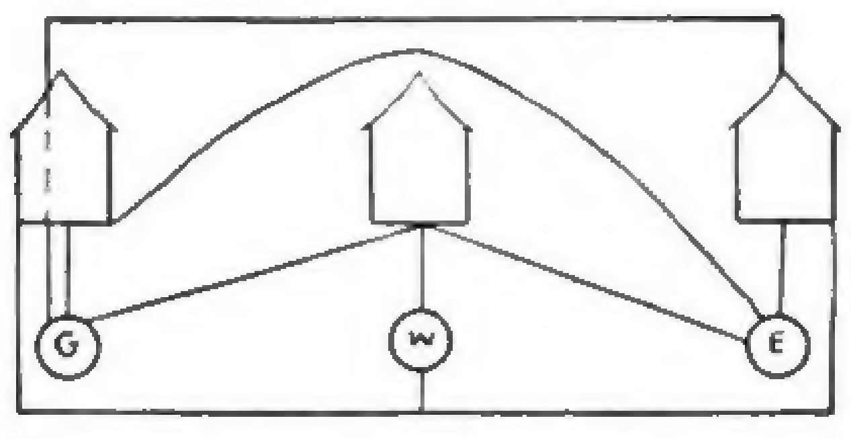
The Sound and the Fury

why, Mrs. Ogden?

In the August, 1946, issue of Esquire, on page six, you print a puzzle of supplying three houses with three utilities, without the lines crossing. I have the solution, which I give below.

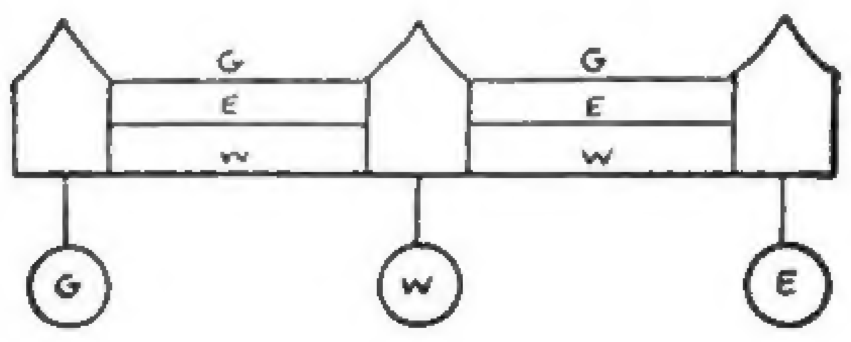
The only way to solve this is to run one line under a house.

R. C. Gebhardt
Kansas City, Missouri



Here is my solution to Mrs. Ogden's problem. Here's hoping that her husband gets that order.

Charles A. McIntyre
Philadelphia, Pa.

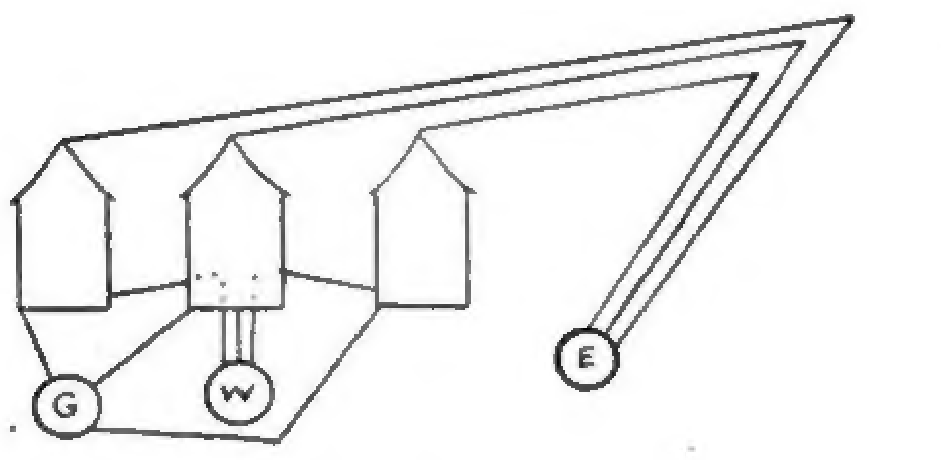


Below is a drawing, which might help the poor Mr. Ogden out of the poorhouse (or doghouse).

No doubt there is some reason that this method is undesirable, but this is a solution.

Eight hours per day I figure these problems, for a living, but I'm glad to work a little overtime if it will help a fellow Texan. Actually this is easier than the actual work, because then one must take in consideration other obstructions and the conservation of materials.

J. E. W. Allison
Houston, Texas



Editor's Note: Mr. Ogden, Mrs. Ogden and all the puzzleheads of Esquire's staff wish to thank the hundreds of readers who have sent in their solutions to this tantalizing problem. Most of the answers we received were variations of the three printed above. Incidentally, we are glad to open these columns to puzzle addicts. If Esky can't solve your brain teasers, he knows plenty of brilliant readers who can.

knuckle rap

I've got to admit I was driven to long wails and fretful sobs after an absorbed reading of Jack Moffitt's account of his own intellectual debacle at the hands of Laurence Olivier and Will Shakespeare. I can't understand why a fellow unacquainted with Shakespeare and woefully inept at reviewing his work, should be permitted to fill the pages of a literate magazine with his kind of puerile thinking.

I've always imagined that a critic should be gifted with extremely acute sensibilities; that he should be capable of deep comprehension, and possessed of a wide and adequate background which allows him to proffer praise where it is due, and, conversely, heap ashes judiciously. Down-to-earth, simple, frank admissions of inability to follow dialogue, or of a lack of historical background have always sounded a bit sour to me, coming as they do, from men being paid for intelligence.

Lastly, I think Mr. Moffitt's case is not with Laurence Olivier and his valiant attempt to raise the standards of the current cinema, but with the so-called "low level of American intelligence," a rather tiresome cliché which has been bandied about with such dexterity that it has grown into little more than an excuse for practically anything. I think his piece, were it circulated widely enough, would give England enough ammunition to have them sniping at our naïveté for years.

I really don't think you believe what you've said, Mr. Moffitt, but it is a shame you've got to grow up in front of so many people, and at such a frightful expense. Fifty cents, to be exact.

Jay Gellens
New York, N. Y.

nevertheless, war is hell

The letter which you reprinted by Lt. Gen. H. M. Smith, of the Marine Corps, has an appealing interest to me.

In his opinion, it is good fortune to be engaged in combat with a ruthless enemy.

Had he been engaged in combat, he would not say this.

He is typical not only of West Point, or wherever he was trained, but of military schools the world over. These officers love a battle. If they love battles so much, I hope they're all in the *front* lines the next war, which they can hardly wait to see started.

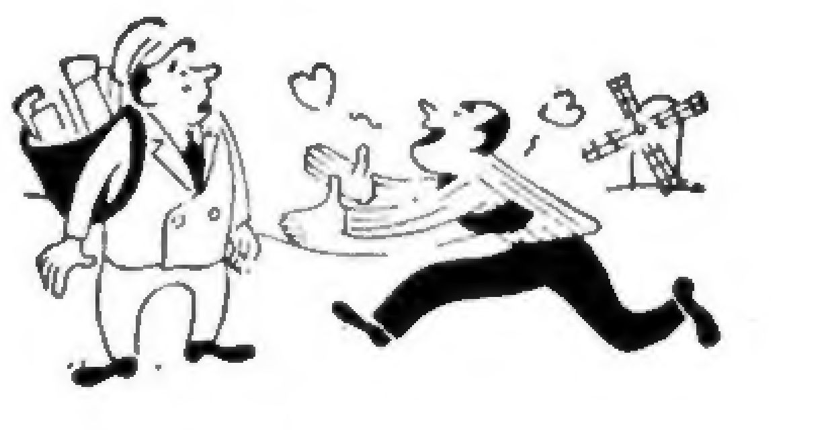
Ex-G.I.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Editor's Note: Lieut. General H. M. Smith wrote in the Sound and Fury *department last August: "It was my good fortune to have command of the troops who defeated and annihilated General Saito's command." It does not seem reasonable to deduce from this statement that General Smith is eager for another war, or that he enjoyed the last one. Certainly it was America's good fortune that General Smith was in command and that his well-trained troops won the battle.*

or a thermos bottle?

In reference to the *Puzzle* on page 6 of the August, 1946 Esquire, the answer is rather surprising after working to get the three houses supplied with the three utilities with none of the lines crossing. The answer is that you put a lantern in the center house of your illustration. Simple, isn't it, when you know the answer. It is really amazing how people will work to get all lines to the three houses without crossing one. I worked on it for half an hour.

Buddy Hildreth
Austin, Texas



gagman in want

I'm sorry I don't write good American but I hope you understand what I write you.

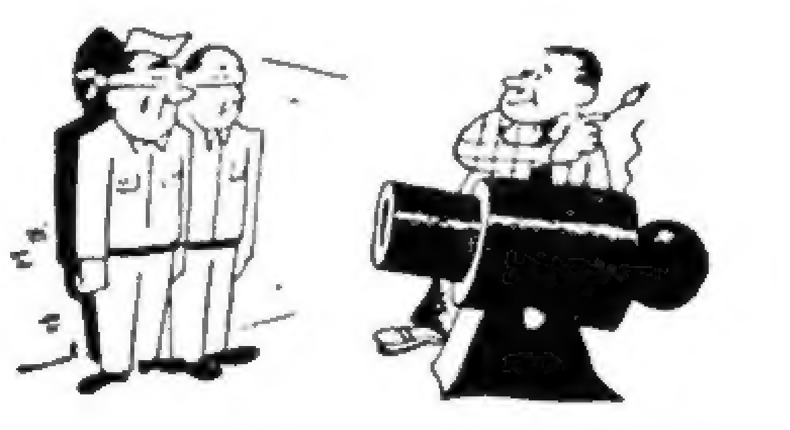
I was a playwriter before the war came, during the war I was a guest of Hitler (Concentration camp) and really there I found nothing gay and amusing, but in Esquire there is a lot of stuff—jokes and other things to start again working, I write for radio and shows.

Here in Holland there isn't material to set my gray material (some people call it brains) at work, and I know that what is in the States old, is still, after ten years, new in my wooden shoe country.

So here it comes, is it possible for one of your readers to send me some OLD Esquire's. It will be a lot for me, even when it is possible I like to pay for it.

Please don't forget me, we have a "flying Dutchman." So I look every day to the postman—and I don't let him ring twice.

M. Tailleur
Amsterdam, Netherlands



parting shots at Diener

I was never so disgusted as when I read the story *A Parting Shot* by Royce Diener, in your August issue. I only wish that it was a fictional story, and if not, I believe every pilot, bombardier, navigator and crew member, living and dead, who has flown combat, from the African Campaign to Victory in Japan, will back me up, by having the so-called (executive) in Operations on Gaum, and his bosom friend, court-martialed and then shot on the spot.

As a former bombardier who had had his share of action with the Eighth Air Force over Germany, I'd like the author to print in public how many men and ships were lost out of the 400 planes that went over the "target" after they officially received the message "Cease All Hostilities."

I don't care how easy the target was, or how close the war was to the end, those operation officers deliberately risked the lives of approximately 4400 men, to satisfy their own stupid idea of "revenge" or "reparations" to two (mind you just 2) of their personal buddies whose luck just didn't last. Those men disobeyed direct orders from Washington.

I guess what's done is done, but I can truthfully say, "Thank God I was with the Eighth A. F. and not on Guam." I hope for their consciences' sake, that everyone returned safely.

Wouldn't be a bit surprised if they got the Bronze Star for that mastermind.

R. M. Allen
Vet. Hospital,
Oceanside, California

salvo no. 2

What kind of a line of bull are you giving us? Or *is* Royce Diener's *A Parting Shot* in the August issue only intended as fiction (and poor fiction at that)? He gives the impression that the last mission to Japan was a daylight clobber-job; and his B-Twenty-niners received notification of the war's end after *one o'clock* in the afternoon.

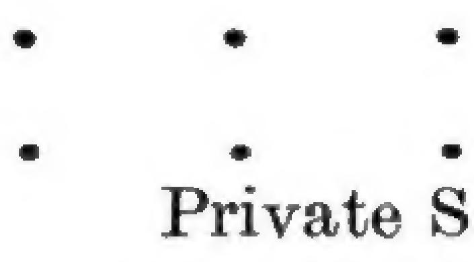
Actually the last mission was a night incendiary attack. I know for I sweated out that code word to salvo bombs and return all the way to Isezaki, Japan. We bombed the night of 14 August at 02:23 (Pacific Time), and on the final approach for landing at Guam, on the 15th of August, the control tower gave us the glad tidings that we were making the "first peace-time landing on Guam." This was at *09:05 A.M.*

Other than the above gripe it was an excellent issue. I particularly enjoyed the Munsey article.

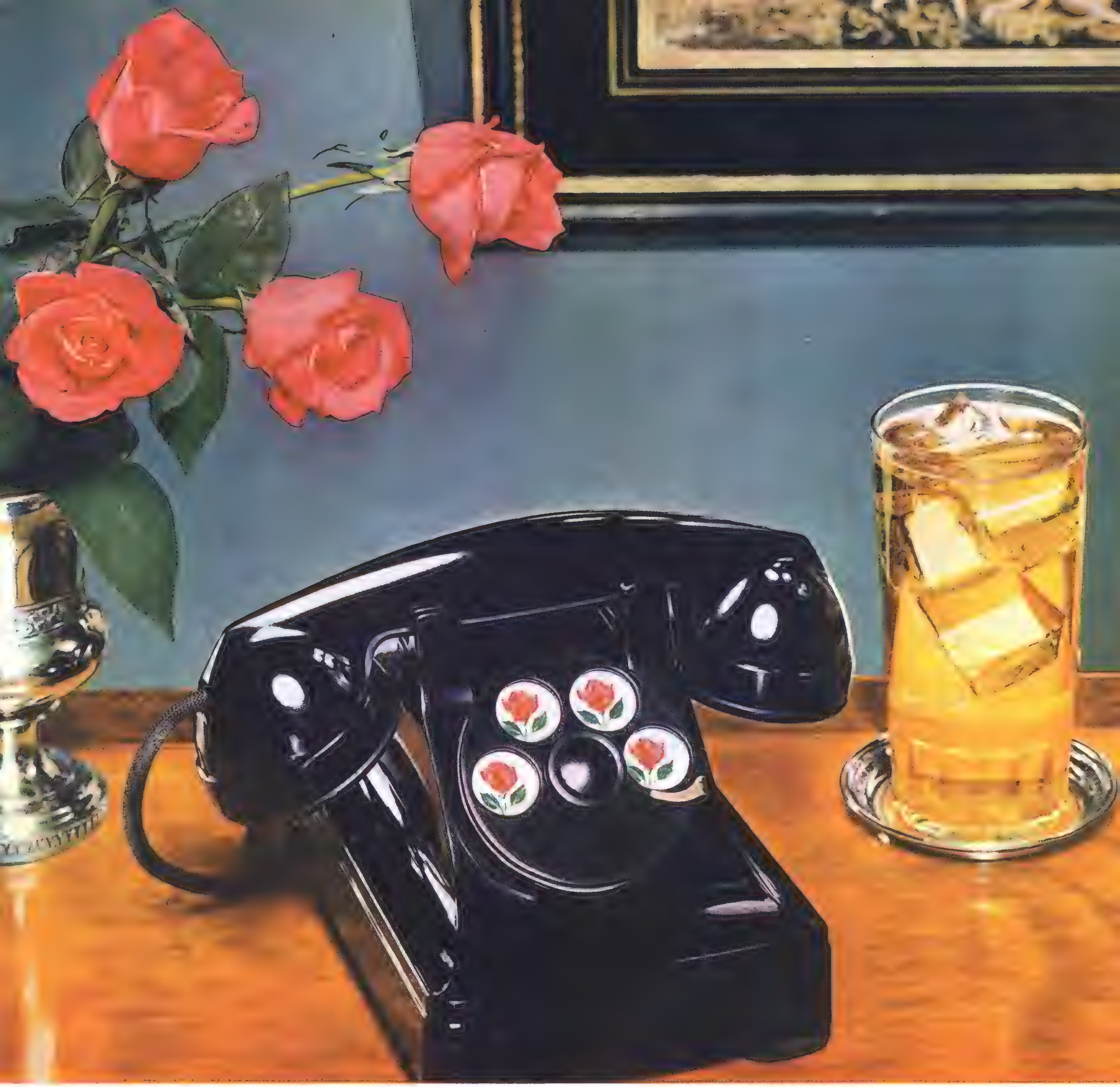
O. G. Estes, Jr.
Major, AC
Randolph Field, Texas

Berman's theorem

I enjoyed working Mrs. Ogden's problem and would like to offer one of my own via *Sound and Fury*. Connect these nine dots with four continuous straight lines.



Private S. Berman
Fort Monmouth, N. J.



Suggestion for inventors

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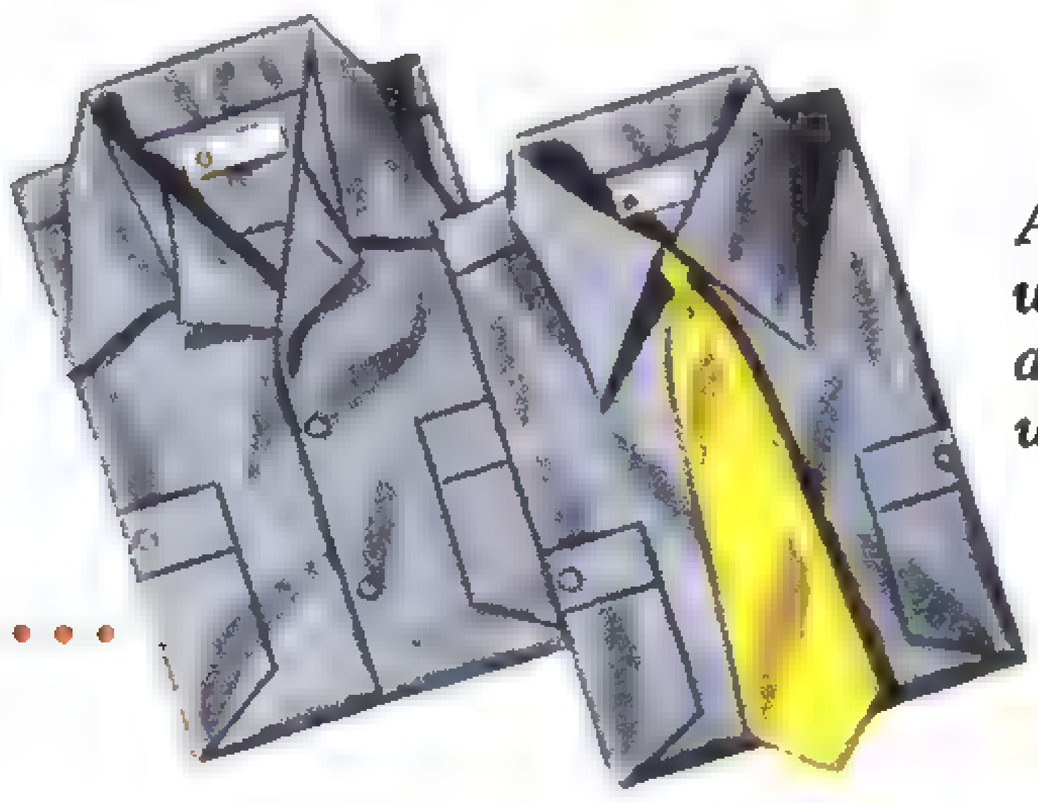

A sport shirt collar when worn open . . . a regular collar when worn with a tie.

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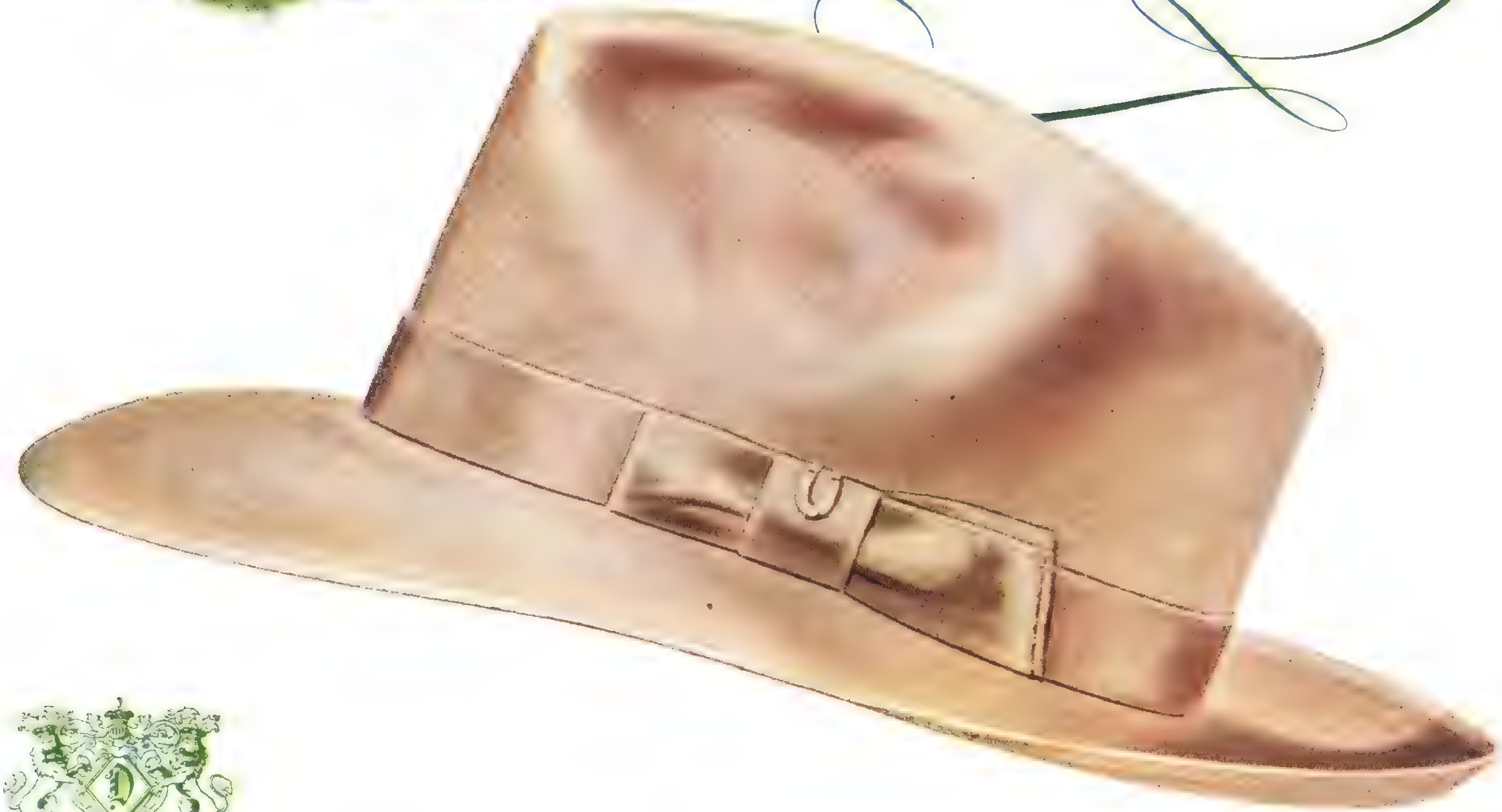

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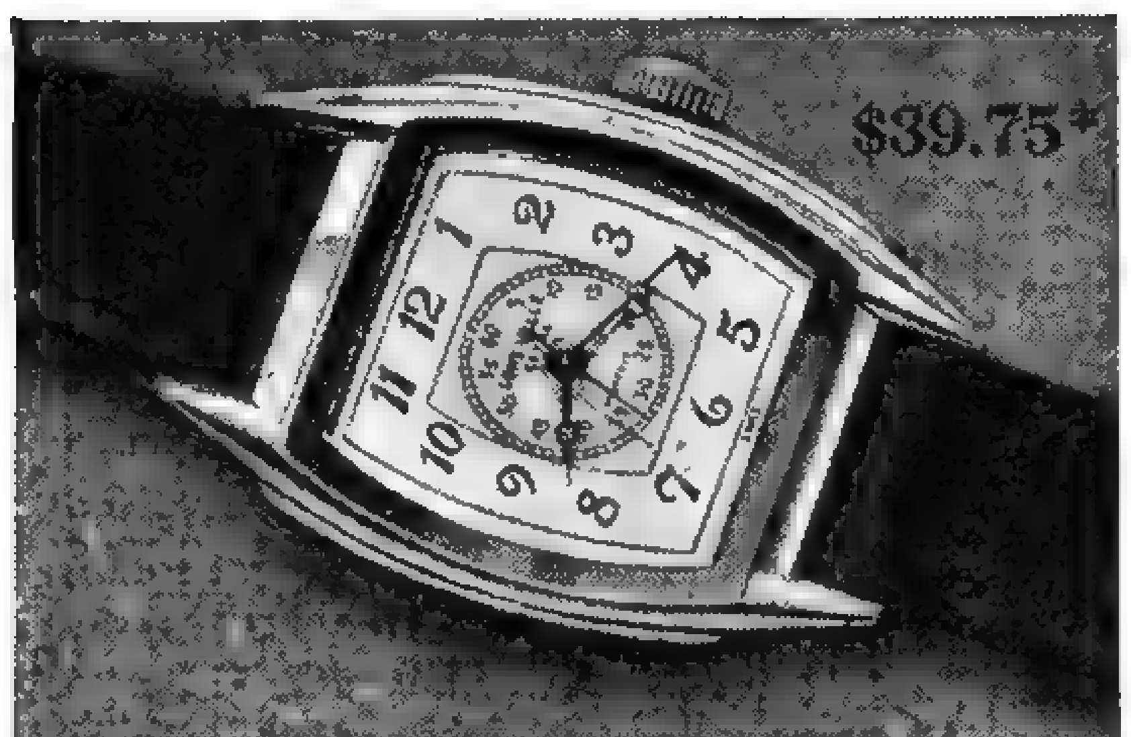

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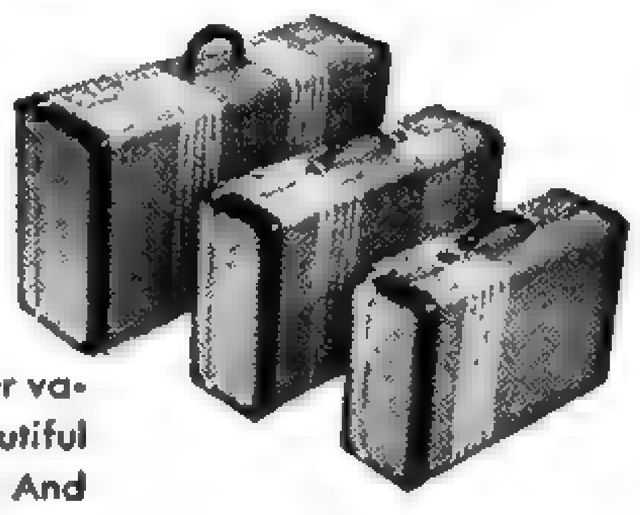

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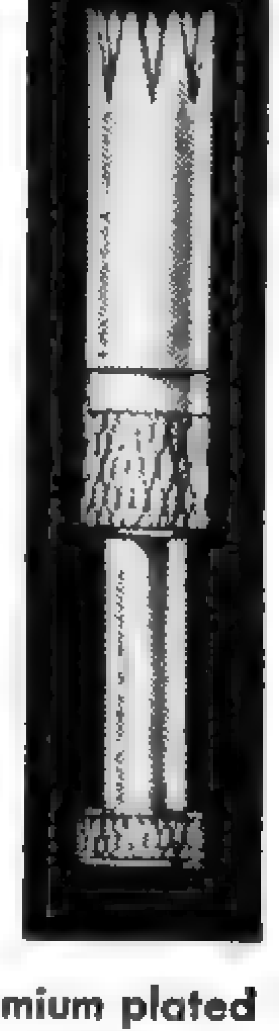

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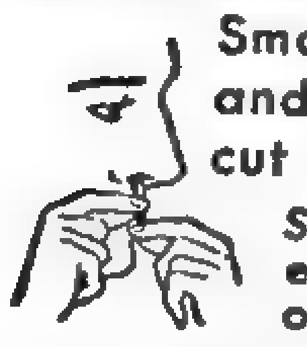

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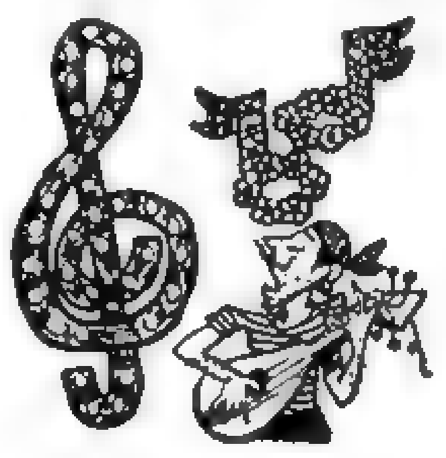
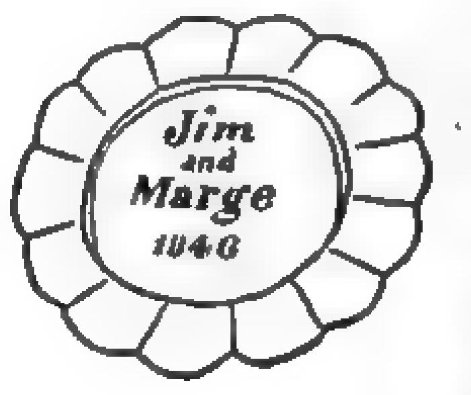
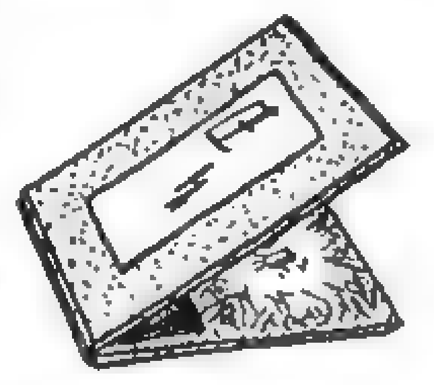


SAY IT WITH MUSIC. For the ladies on your list who are musically inclined, we suggest the new "musical motif" jewelry. For instance, a large rhinestone-studded pin shaped like a musical clef, and jewelled earrings made like miniature grace notes. If you want a music-inspired ring, try a 14-kt. gold one, on which there is a replica of a musical staff, complete with clef and jewelled notes which spell out "D-E-A-R" in *D*iamond, *E*merald, *A*methyst and *R*uby. Then there are elaborate brooches shaped like tiny violins and mandolins.



GI WEDDING PLATE. When a couple becomes engaged in Holland, they are presented with a wedding plate bearing the date of marriage, plus the names of the happy pair. The plates usually hang on the wall, and are supposed to bring good luck. An ex-G.I. is now making up similar wedding plates to sell. They're made entirely by hand of a primitive styled crackled pottery, based on a secret formula handed down by a Mohawk Indian family. The vibrantly beautiful colors are achieved without firing.



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Ardente Nuit
Aphrodisia
Stolen Heaven

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Ranger

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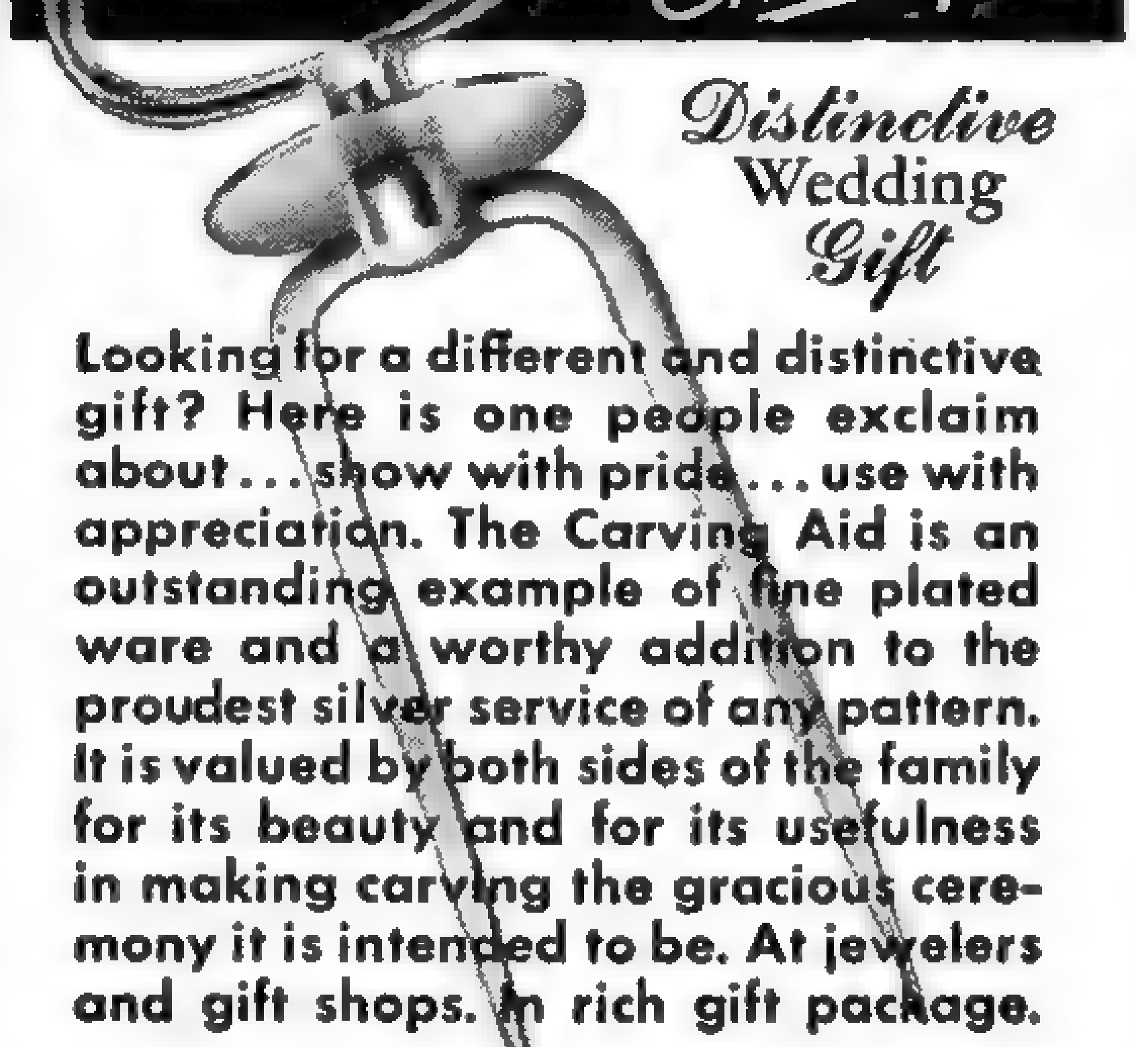

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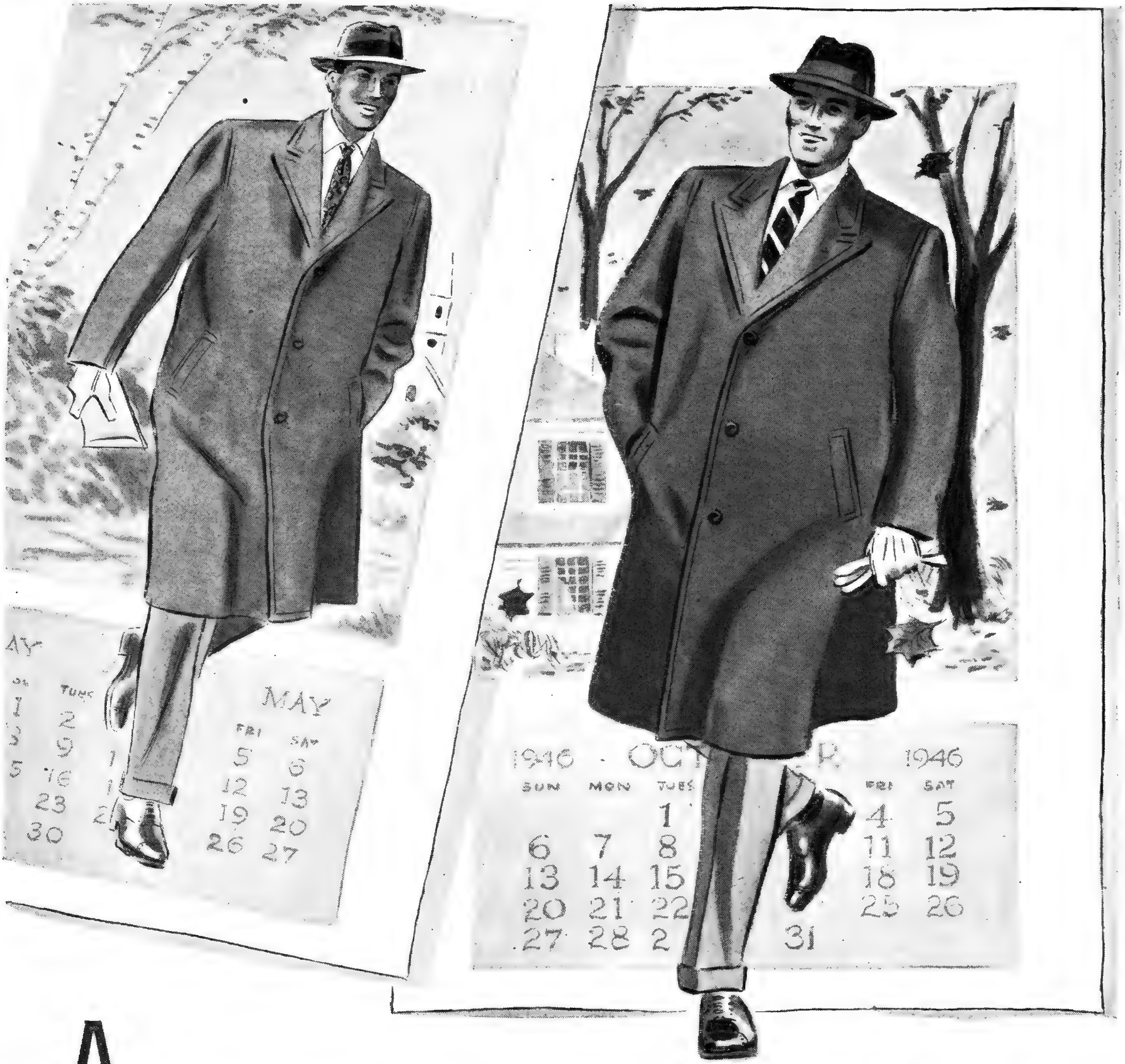

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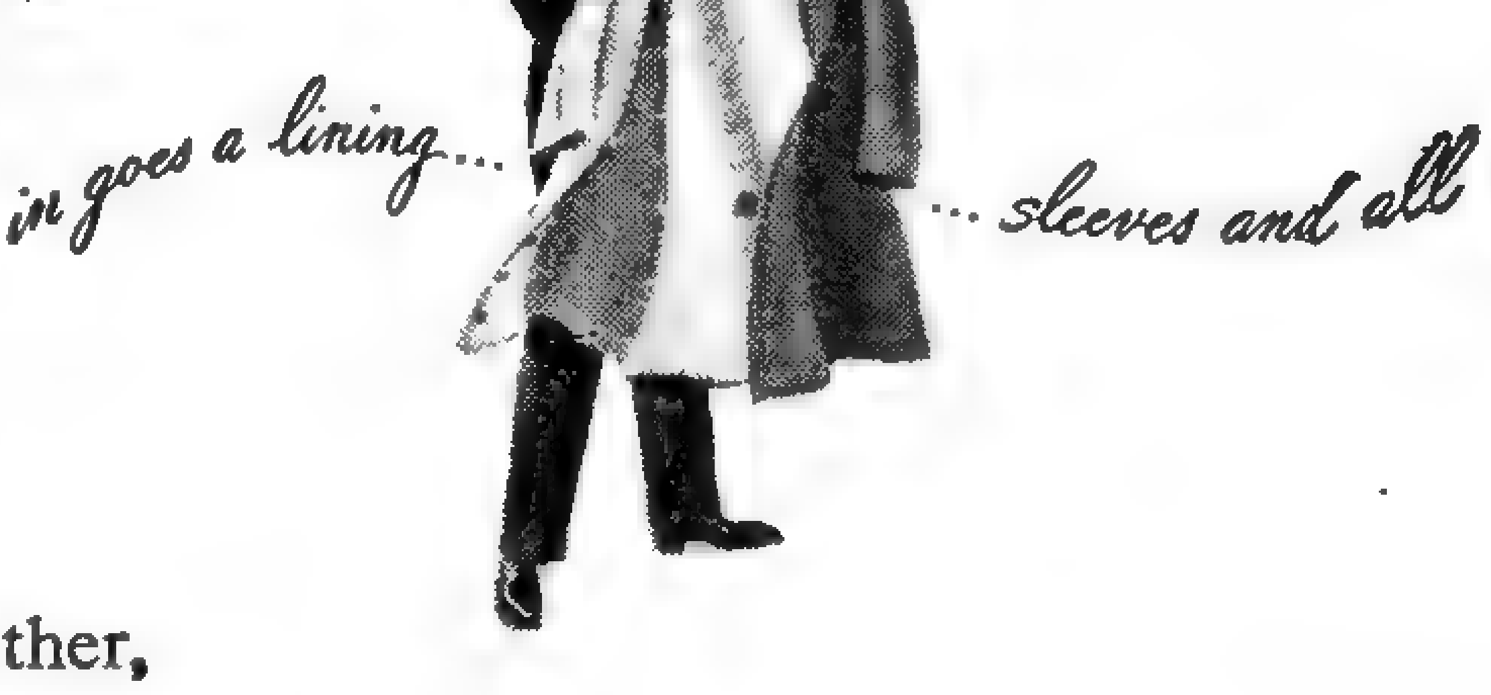

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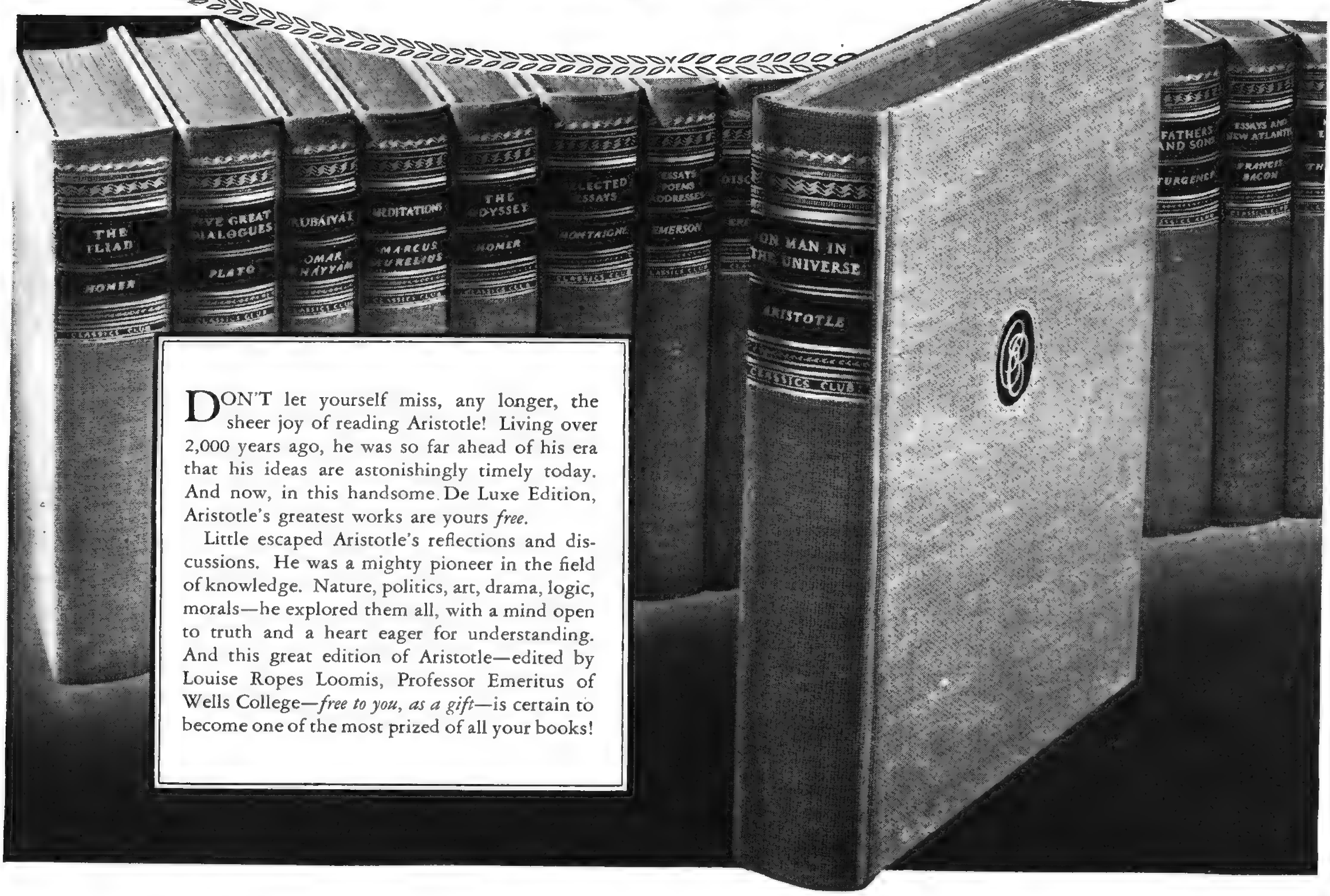

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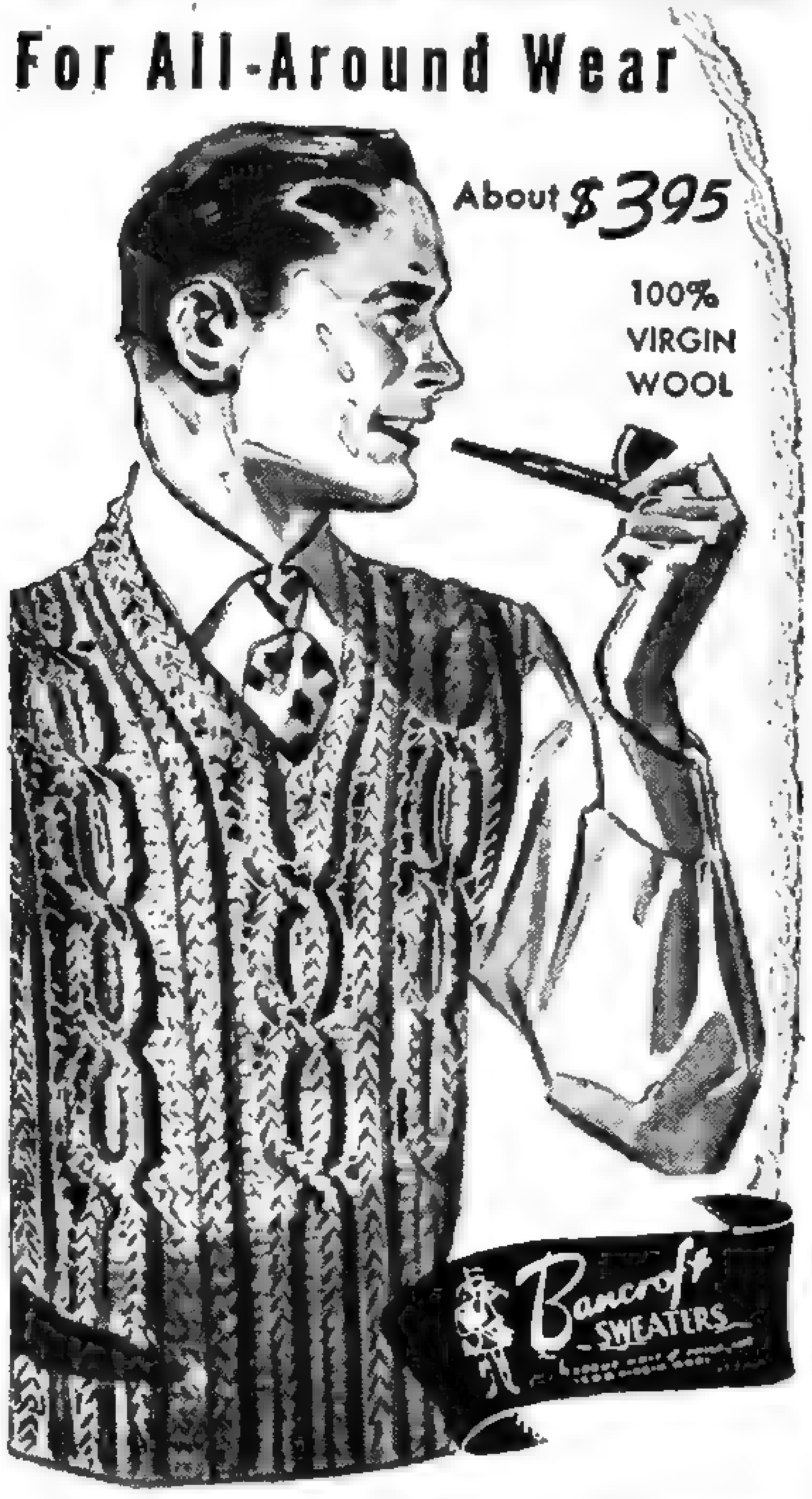

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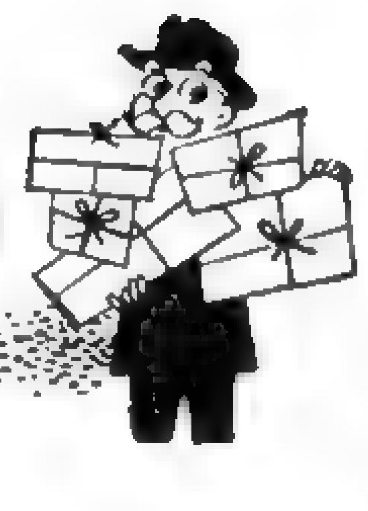

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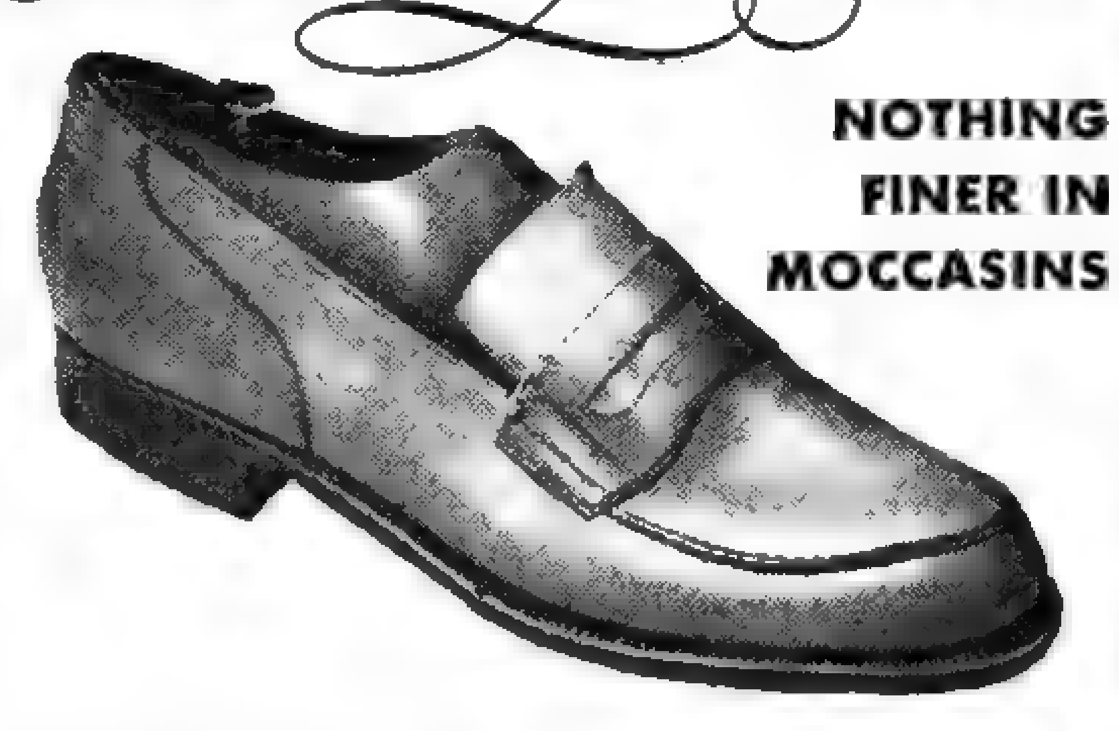

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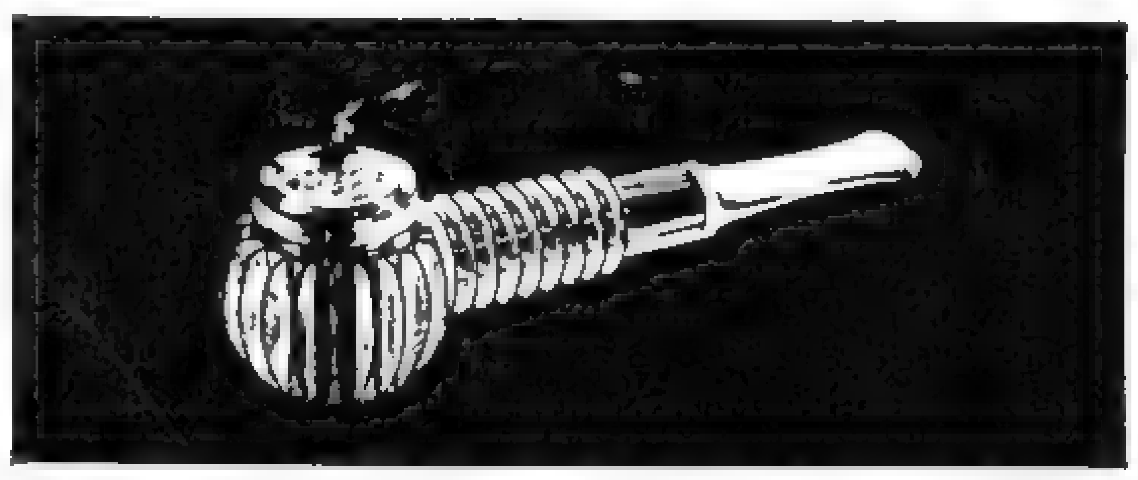

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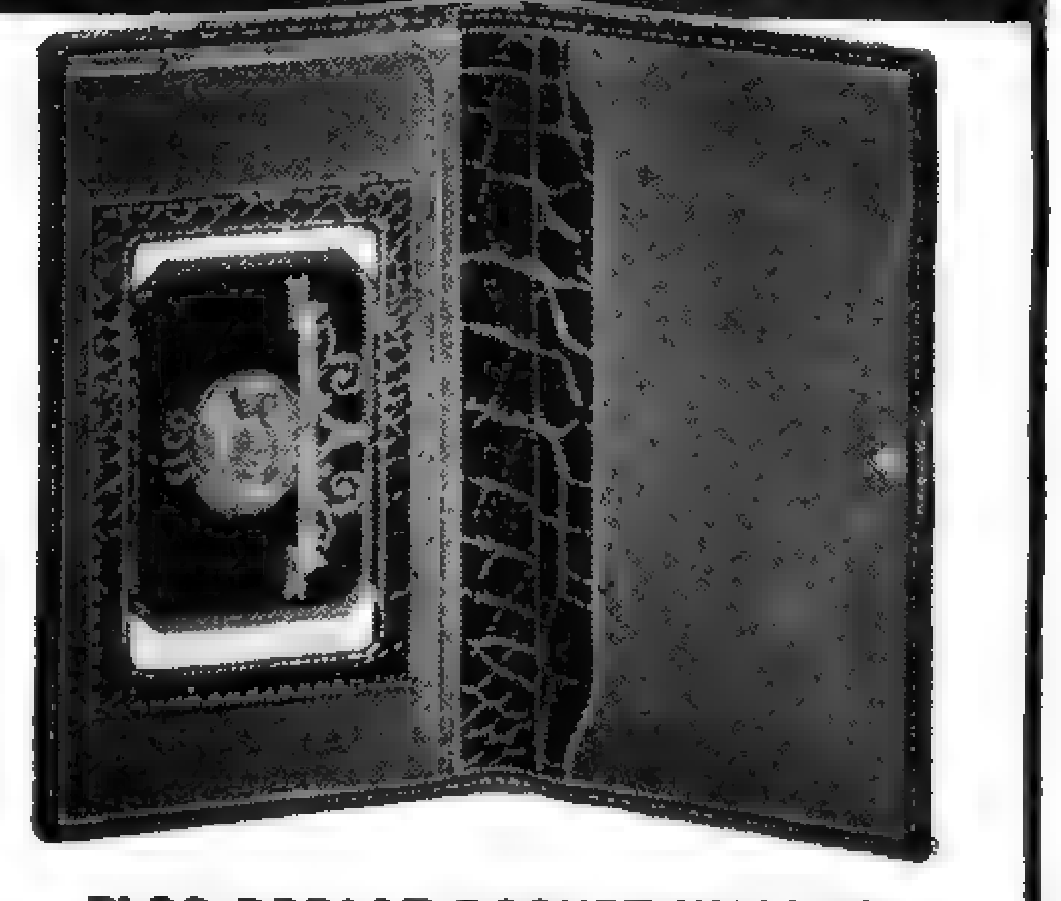

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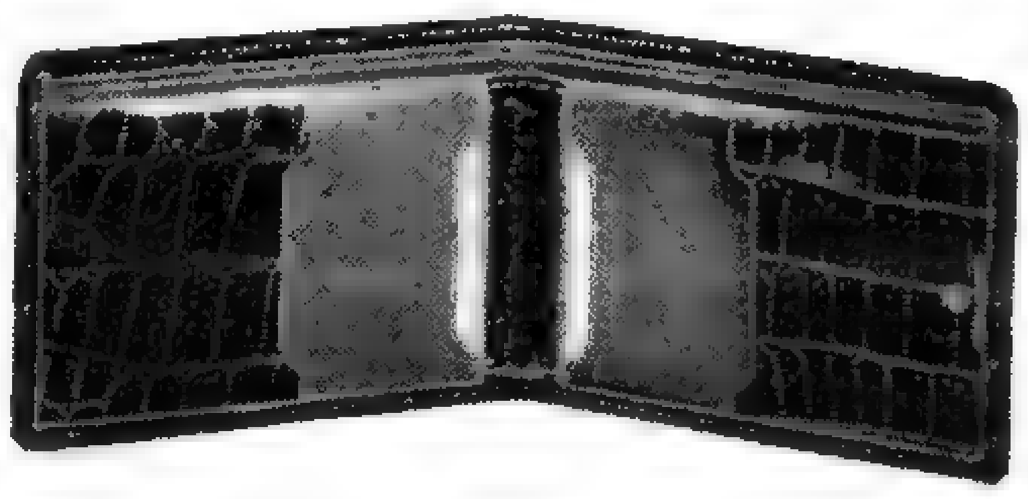

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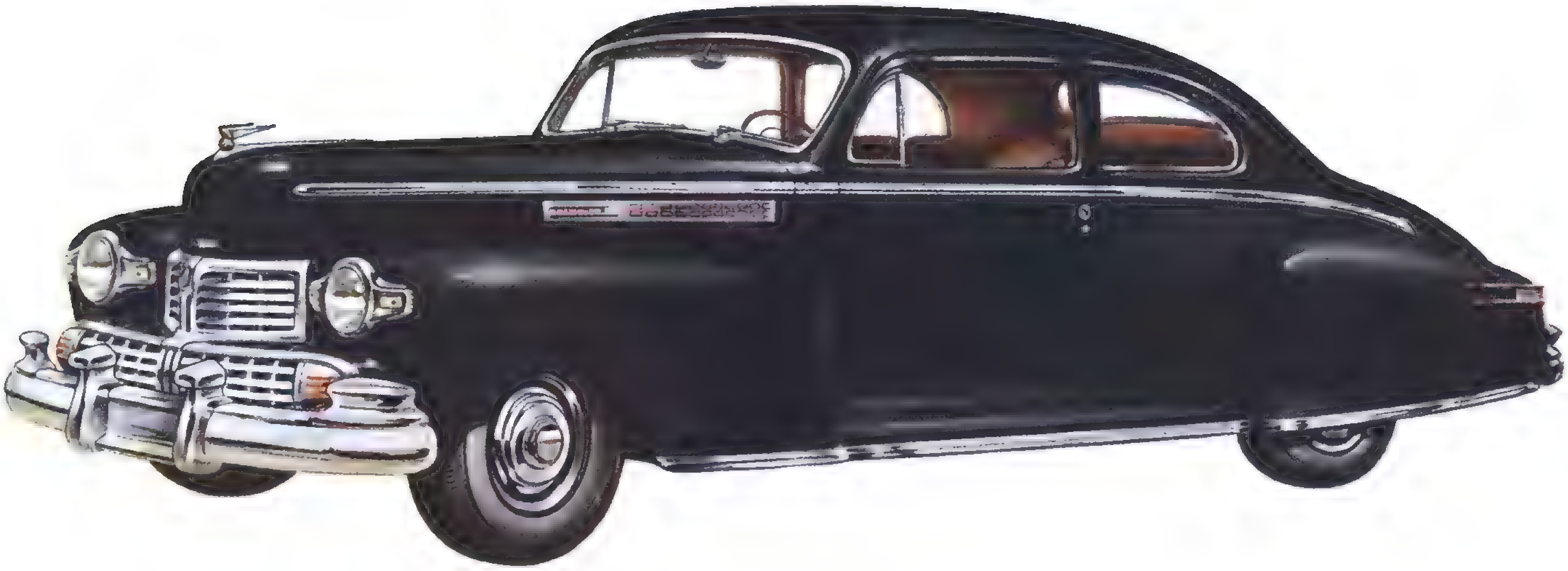

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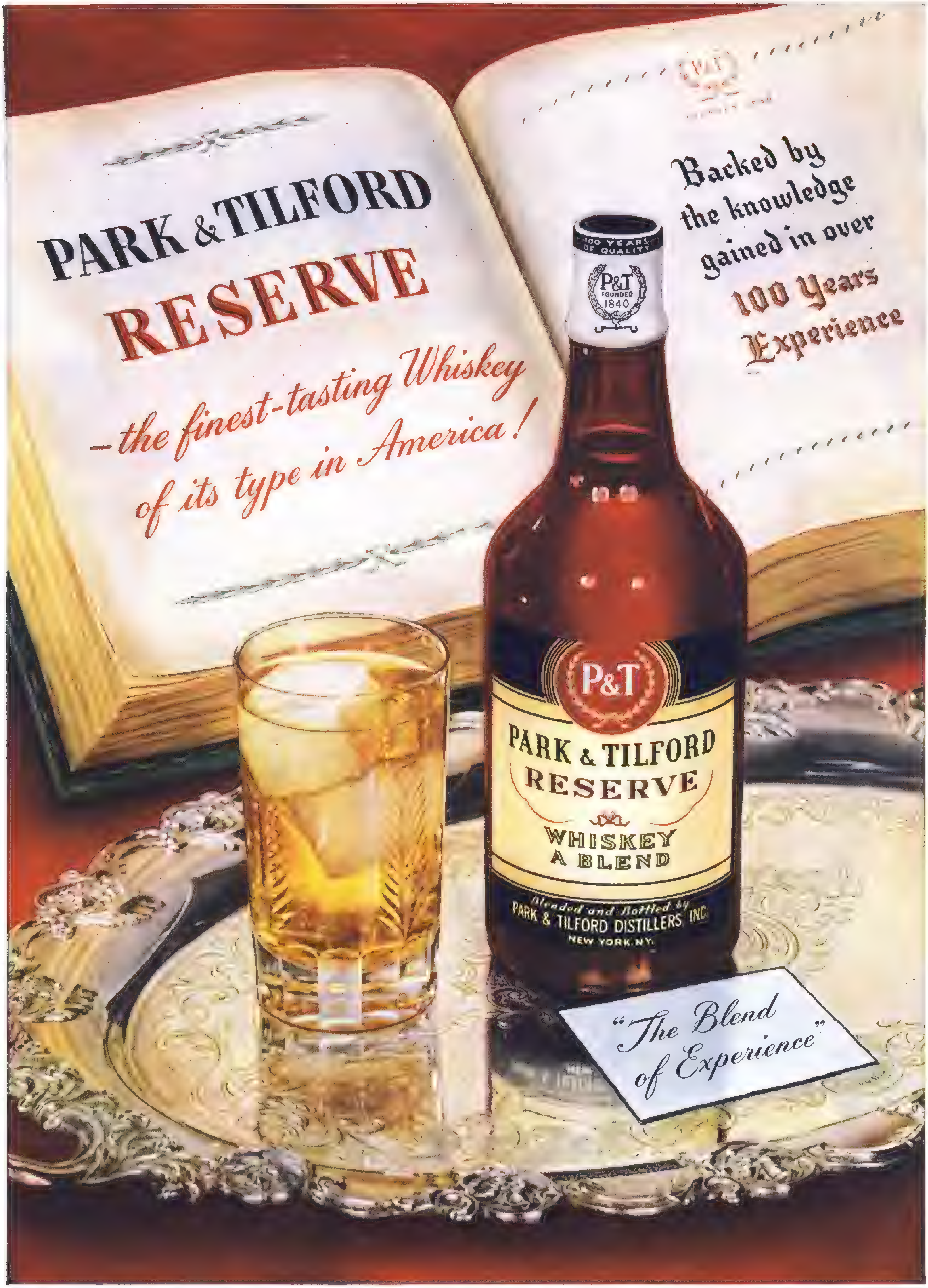
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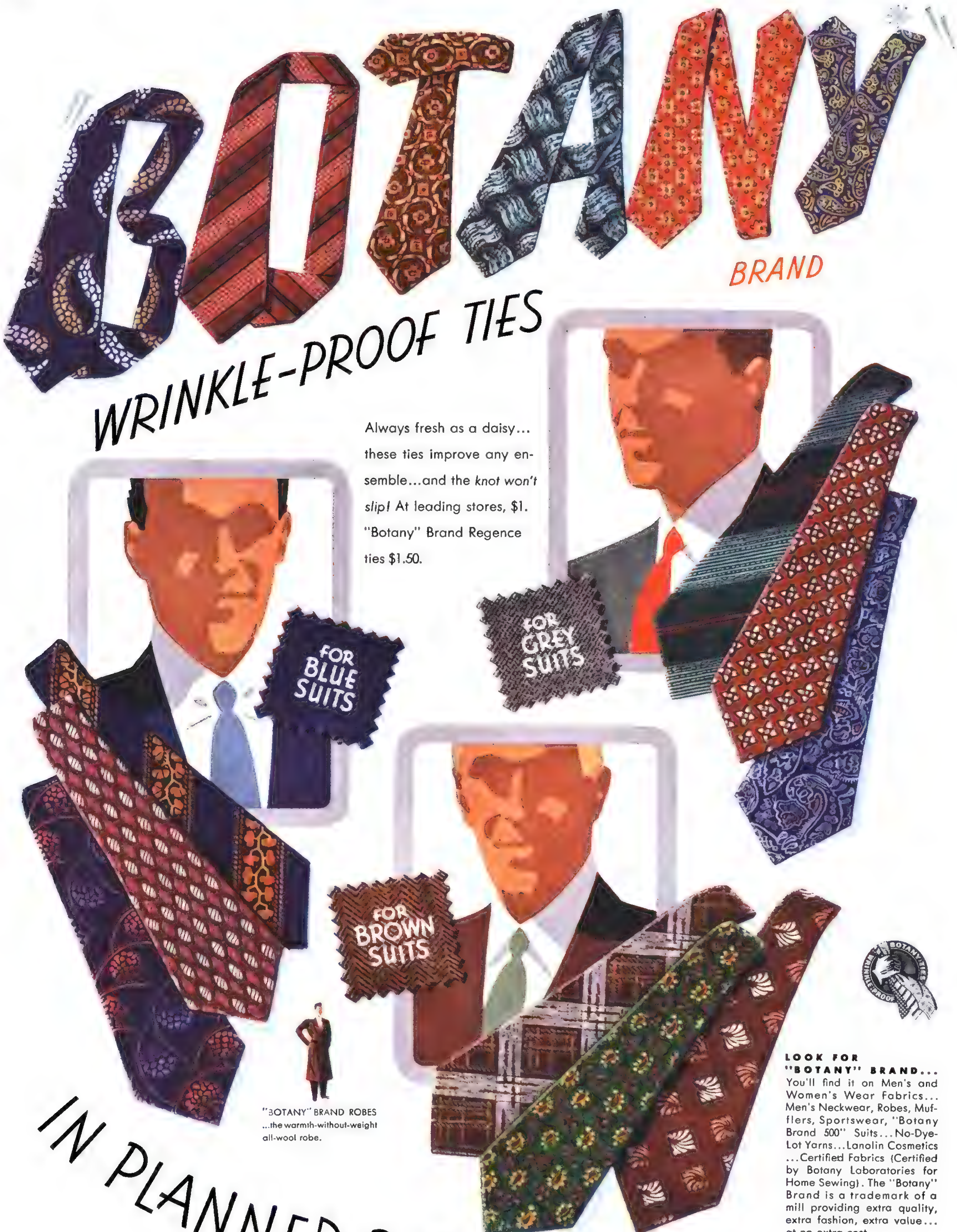
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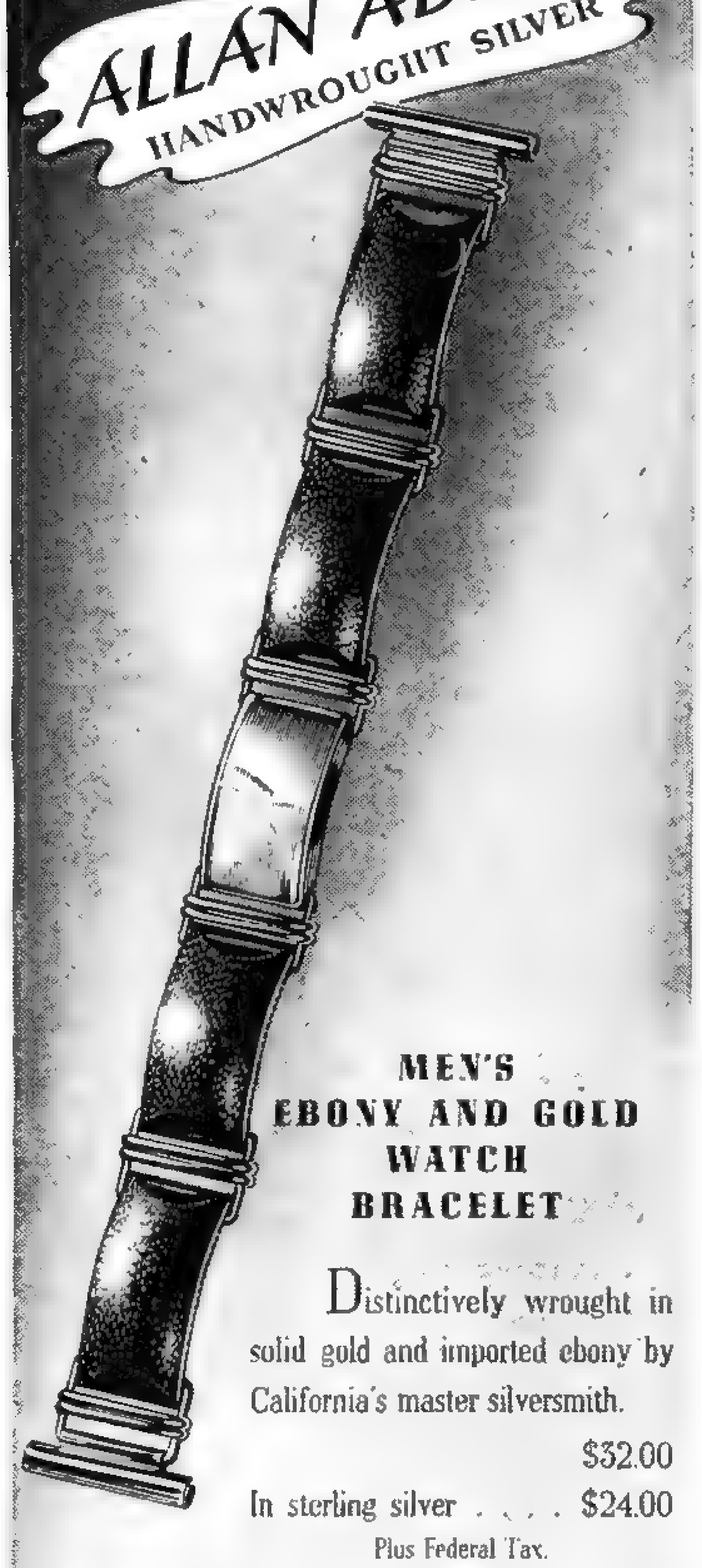

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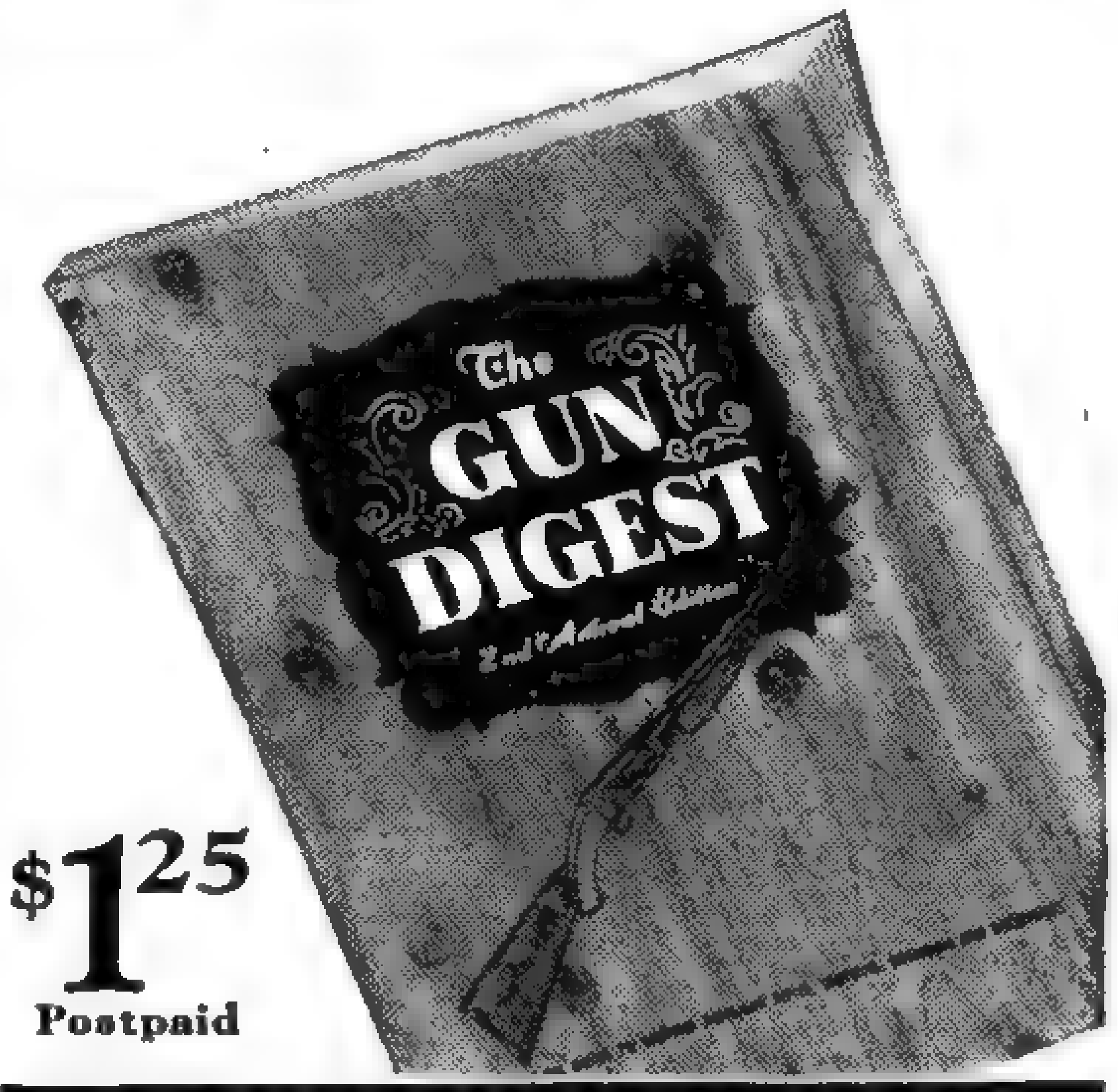

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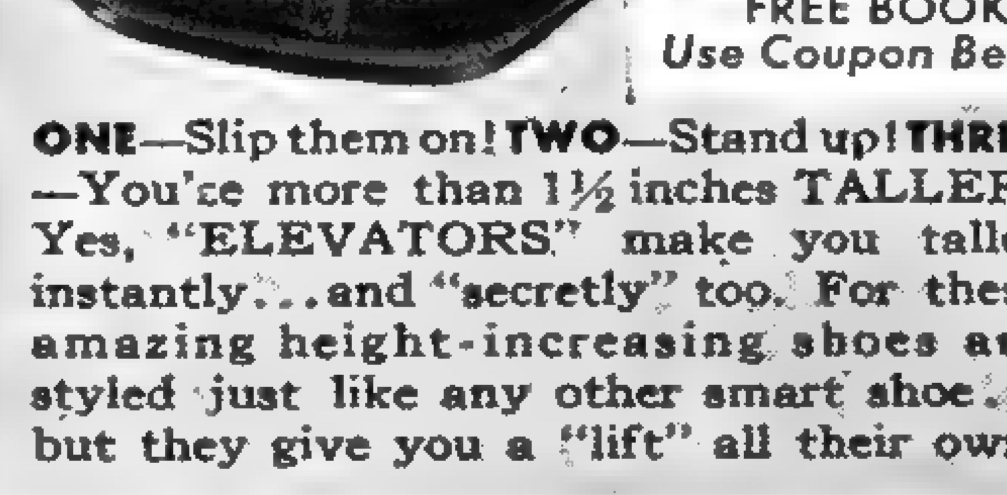

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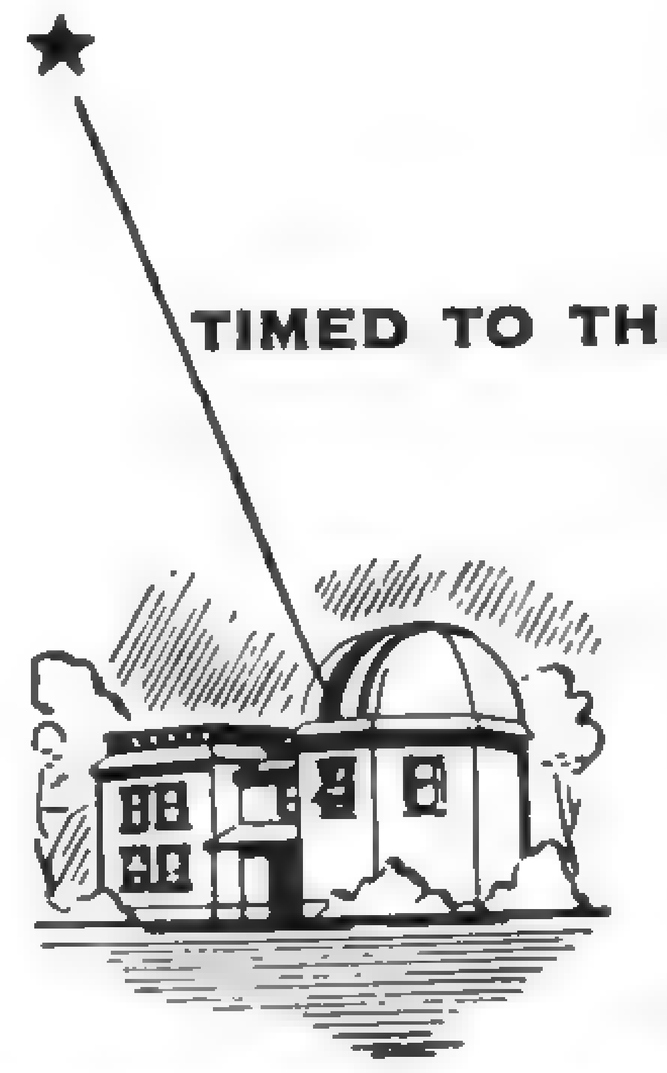
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On this taxi-trio, the miss's man wears a Plymouth fine processed cotton gabardine; at the door, a rich gabardine top coat style. Right! Plymouth's popular in better men's shops, coast-to-coast.

Made by **Plymouth** of Boston

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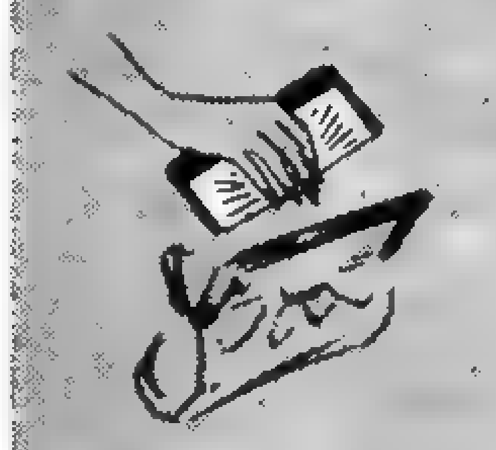
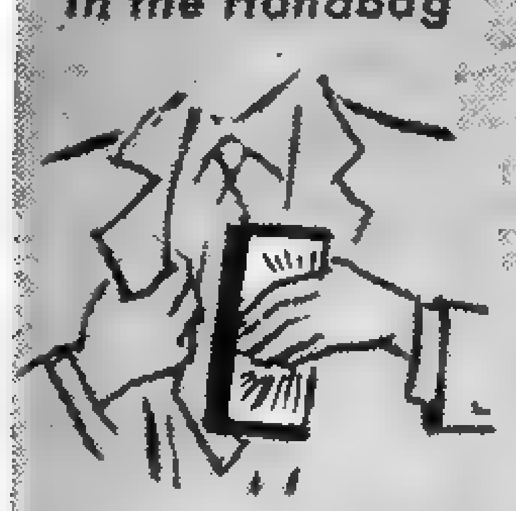
CIGARETTE CASES
of Gleaming Metals

On the Table


In the Handbag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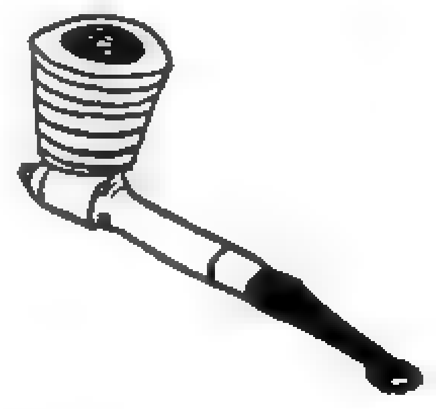
Talking Shop with Esquire

COOL ALUMINUM. Now comes a pipe with a bowl lined with briar, and *an aluminum outer shell* built with fins that radiate heat, air space between the inner briar and outer shell to help keep the bowl cool. A metal extension of the filter cap runs past the bowl opening, thus helping to keep excessive moisture from entering the mouth. The removable bit, an exclusive feature, is of vulcanized rubber.



EUREKA! A LIGHTER JUST FOR PIPES! Here is an entirely new principle in mechanical lighters . . . incorporating both the *normal* up-draft of a flame and the *forced* down-draft action necessary for satisfactory pipe lighting. You don't have to turn the lighter upside down, for the pipe lighter permits the flame to be drawn down directly into the pipe bowl through the "chimney," which protects the flame-base of the wick against the strongest wind. And what a flame!

"SHINE LITTLE GLOW-WORM" has nothing on the new aids to night fumbling. If the window shade needs readjusting in the inky night, you'll find the window cord easily, if the ring is a luminous one. The lamp cord can also be treated to glow . . . and best of all . . . your electric light wall plate. The new luminous process consists of luminous pigments molded into plastic material *before* it is sprayed or plated. Thus the lumination can't wear off, and can be washed. Should glow all night and every night.

TAKE IT EASY. New inventions are constantly appearing to lighten life's load. There's the matter of pie crust. Bachelors who long for pies like mother used to make, can now get them from the frozen food store. No mixing, no rolling, just de-frost, pop in the oven for 15 minutes and eat. Top and bottom crusts are conveniently separated. Man of the house often is called upon to shine silver. Do it in a jiffy with a white powder which dissolves in hot water. Dip the silver in the fluid, let it wallow therein, rinse and dry. Tarnish should go in 10 minutes.

KEEP 'EM FLYING . . . an airplane game played on a board design of blue skies and white clouds with miniature planes. Each player has nine planes of one color. The object of game is to move planes diagonally across the board on rows of squares leading to terminals of the player's own color. When a plane flies into a square adjoining any enemy occupied square, it is within firing range and may be shot down, or shoot down an opponent. Planes are moved according to player's judgment, as in checkers.

FLAGSHIP AIRFREIGHT . . . a fast and fascinating board game, played on a U. S. map design. Map is ruled all over in squares, each square accurately scaled to indicate 100 miles of distance between its borders. Air trips are made from East to West and return, the four planes representing carriers of freight and express. Scores are counted by number of trips made and the "special package" cards won. Two, three or four can play.

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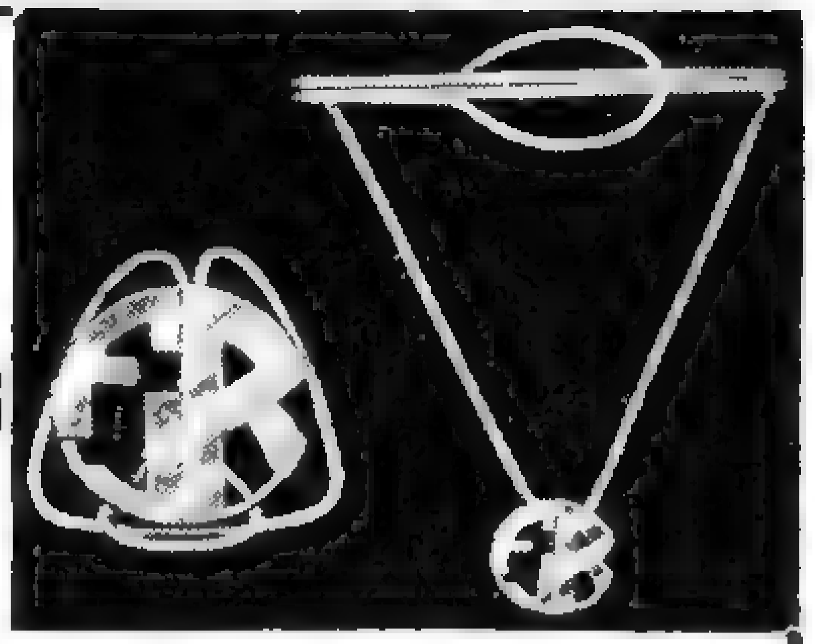

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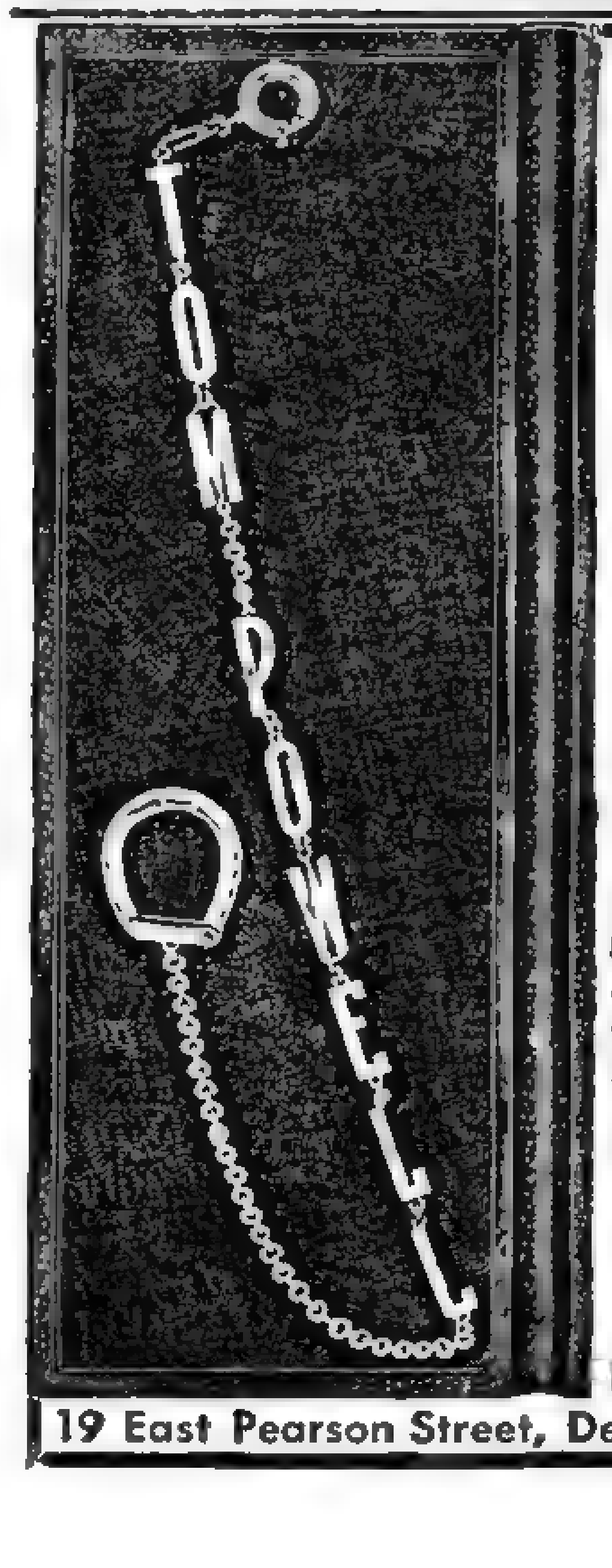

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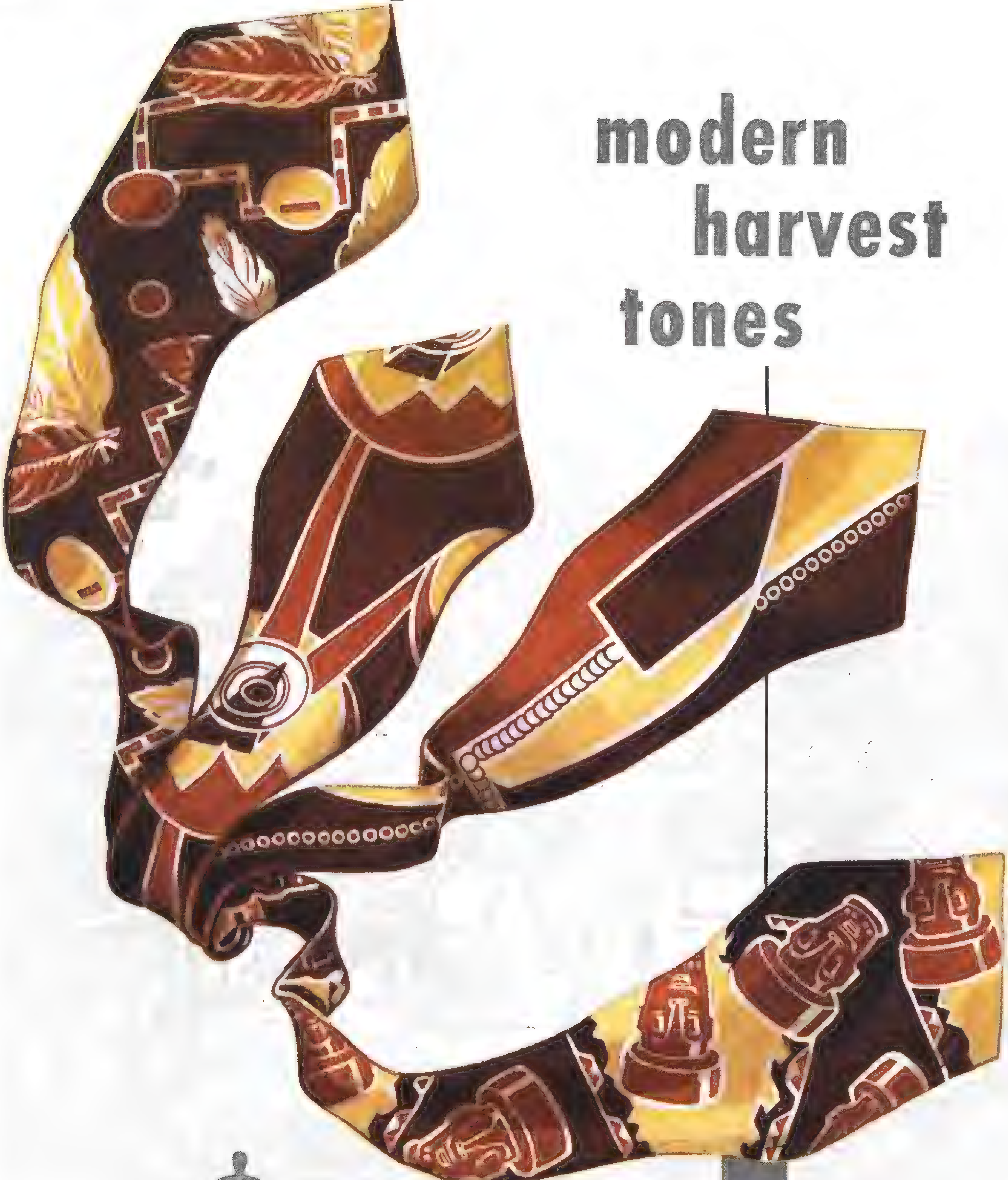

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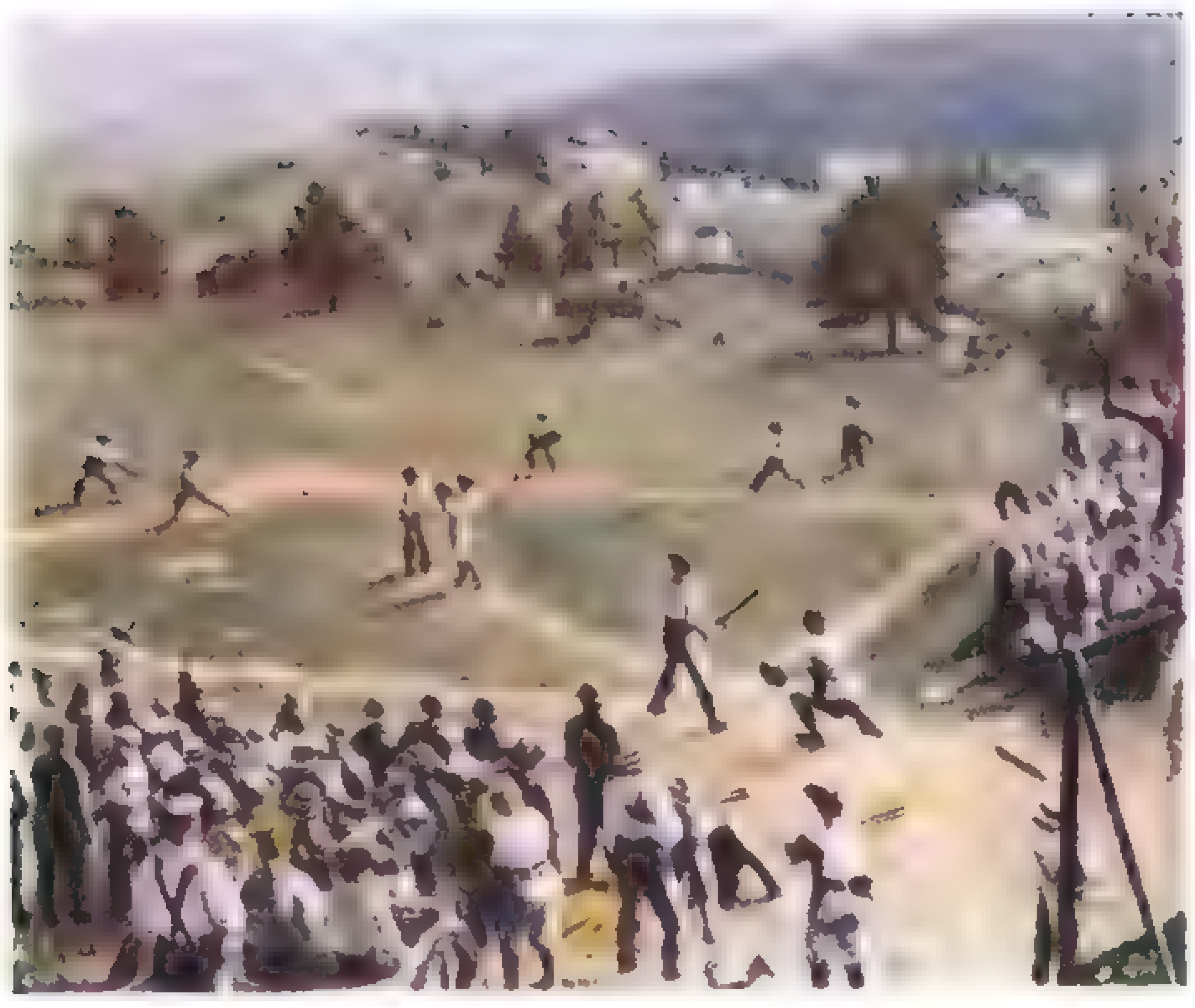

1869 **Invented in America,** baseball has advanced from country pastures to the glamor spots of the nation. The game first began to attract attention when a professional team went on an extended tour in 1869—Corby's 11th year as a great Canadian whiskey name.

1903 **First World's Series** drew 100,429 people; Boston defeated Pittsburgh five games to three. Next year the winning manager in the National League nearly caused a baseball "war" by refusing to play "a minor league club"—Boston, American League pennant winner.

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48
N. Corby
SAY CORBY'S
CORBY'S
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BLENDED WHISKEY

1946 **A sellout** is expected for the 43rd World's Series. Individual batting records—ten hits in four games or four home runs in four games (1928 Series)—may be broken. *So grab your bonnet or your hat—or line up your radio*—for this blue-ribbon spectacle. And when evening comes, line up Corby's in your favorite drink. This light, sociable whiskey with a grand old Canadian name is a gala affair in itself.

Look for me on every Corby's bottle

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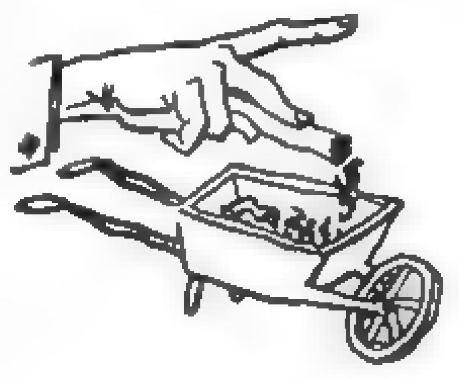
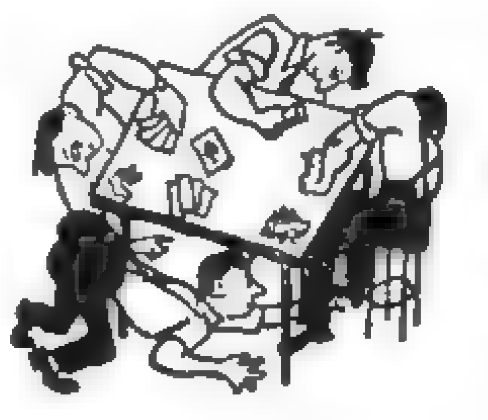
Talking Shop with Esquire

WHEELBARROW IN BRONZE. Not for the garden, but a sturdy miniature of hand-made, hand-polished bronze to be used as an ash tray. Wheel of barrow actually rolls, and you can push the tray around the table. Smart conversation piece for the chap who fancies himself a gardener.

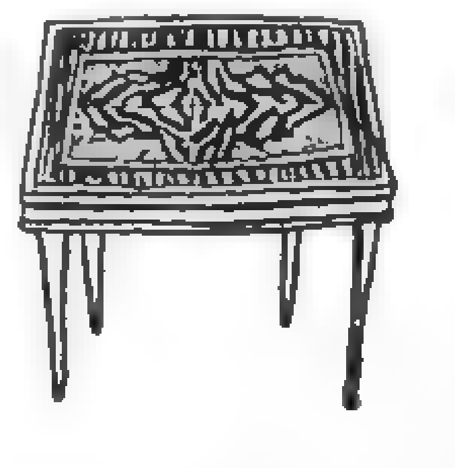


THEY'RE SOLID! Certain firm goes in for card table covers which have a decidedly masculine appeal. Solid color woven fabric edged with tailored, multi-colored braid, in such soothing combinations as wine with aqua, gold with brown, wine with grey, etc. There's a strip of braid into which you slip a pencil to keep it firmly moored.

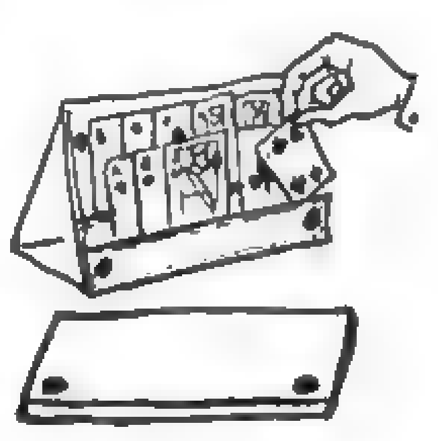


WHAT'S TRUMP? If you are sometimes confronted by a female bridge partner or opponent who belongs to the "what's trump," "what's the bid" school, take heed. Rather than murder 'em with sarcasm, get yourself one of the new bridge score pads which contains moveable indicator discs which tell the bid, trump and play in clear, unchallengeable number. The score keeper sets each indicator at the beginning of each hand so that all players can see. No arguments. The indicators are set into a metal frame alongside of the score pad. Latest contract scoring rules are mounted on the back, as usual.

INLAID BRIDGE TABLES. If you prefer playing without a card table cover, you can now buy really beautiful tables in tempered grain hardwood trim, with matched veneer top in satiny burl walnut in a butterfly design. The entire top is inlaid with grained woods and a decorative border of genuine marketry. Tapered legs of the table are fitted with "domes of silence" to protect fine floors and rugs, and the leg-hinges have a patented fingertip control.



EASY ONE HAND. There's a card rack which folds into the size of a wallet, to assist those who, through choice or necessity, play with one hand. Rack is made of fine leather, silk lined, and is about 4″ x 8″ when folded.



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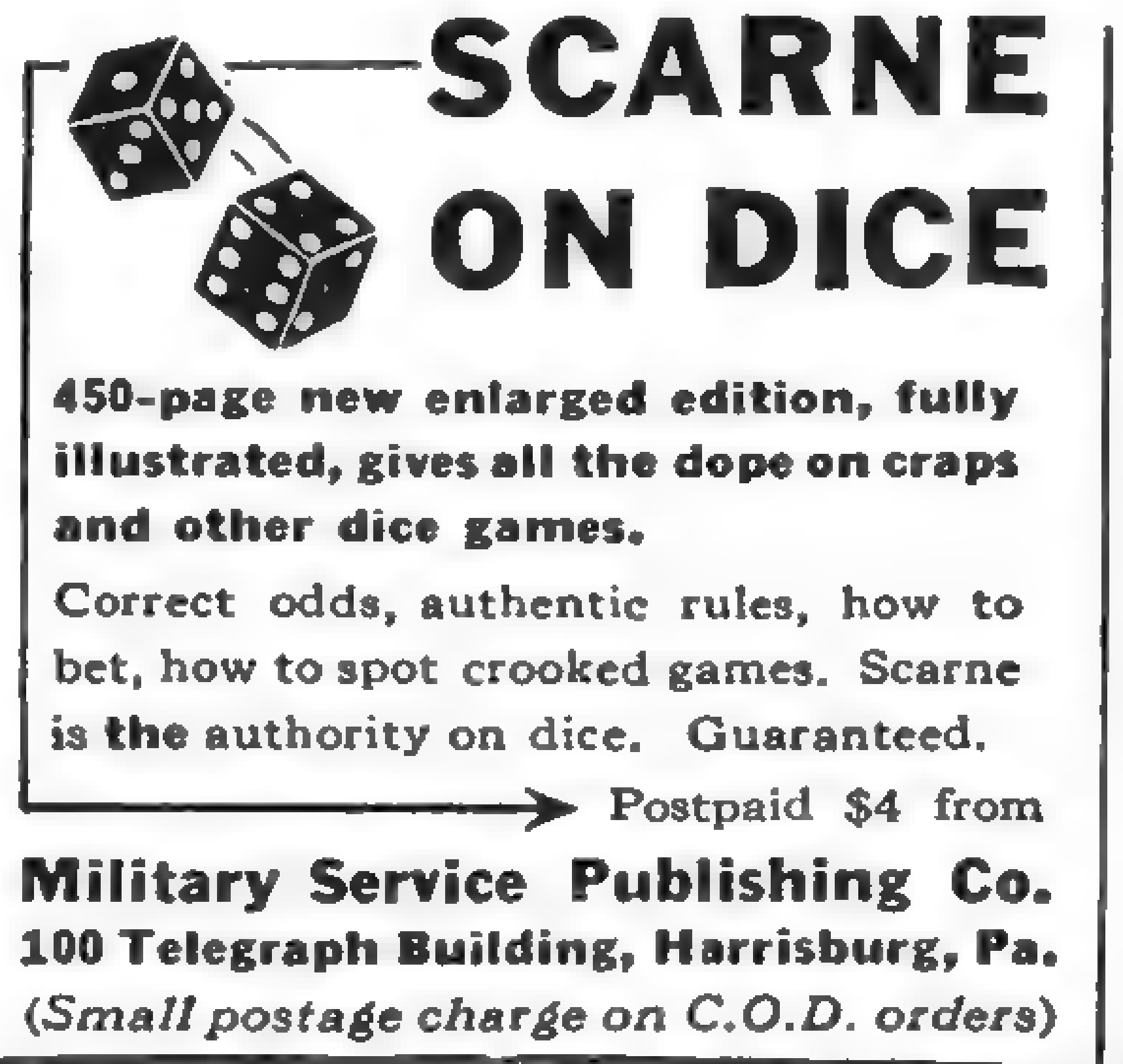

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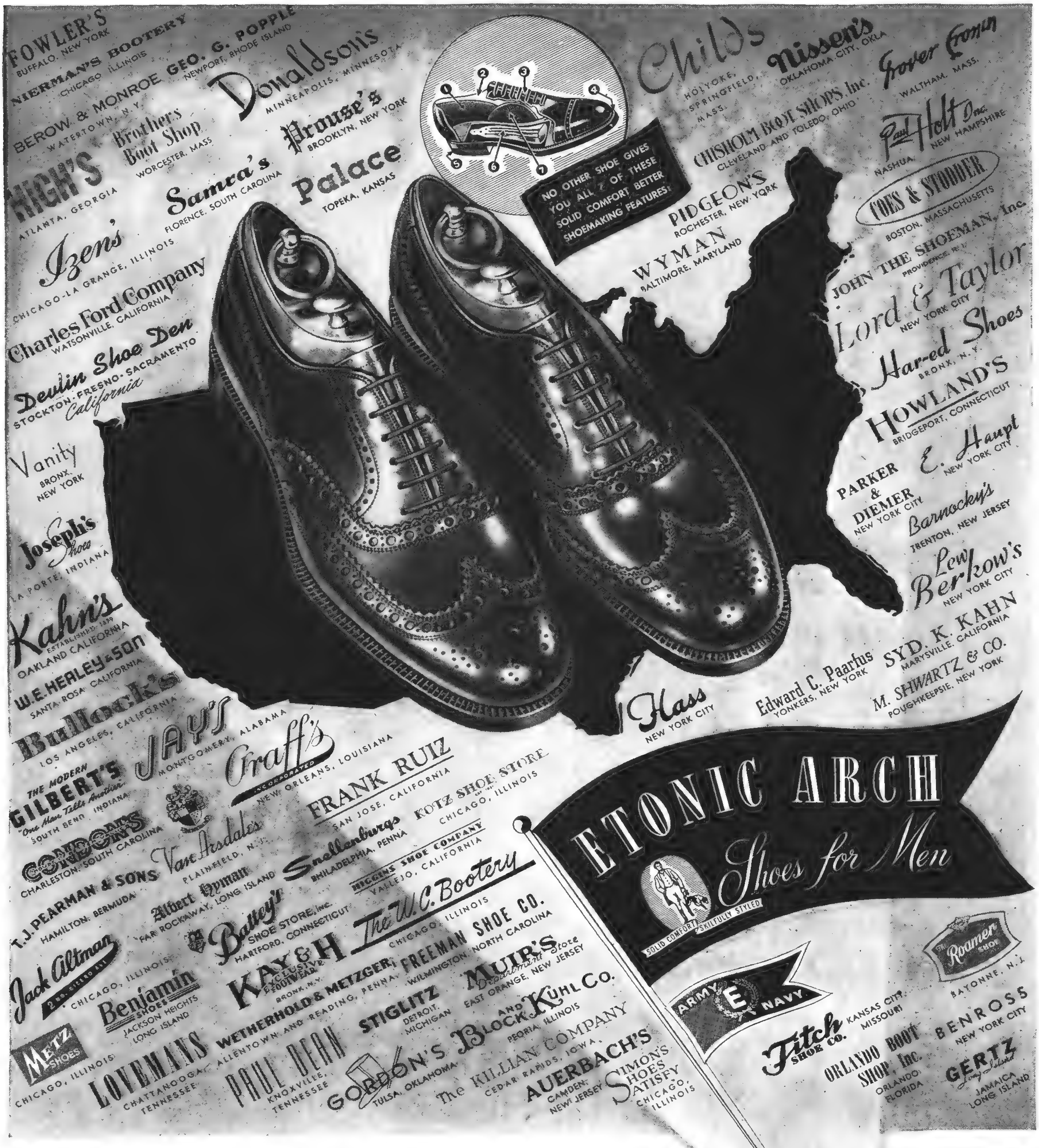
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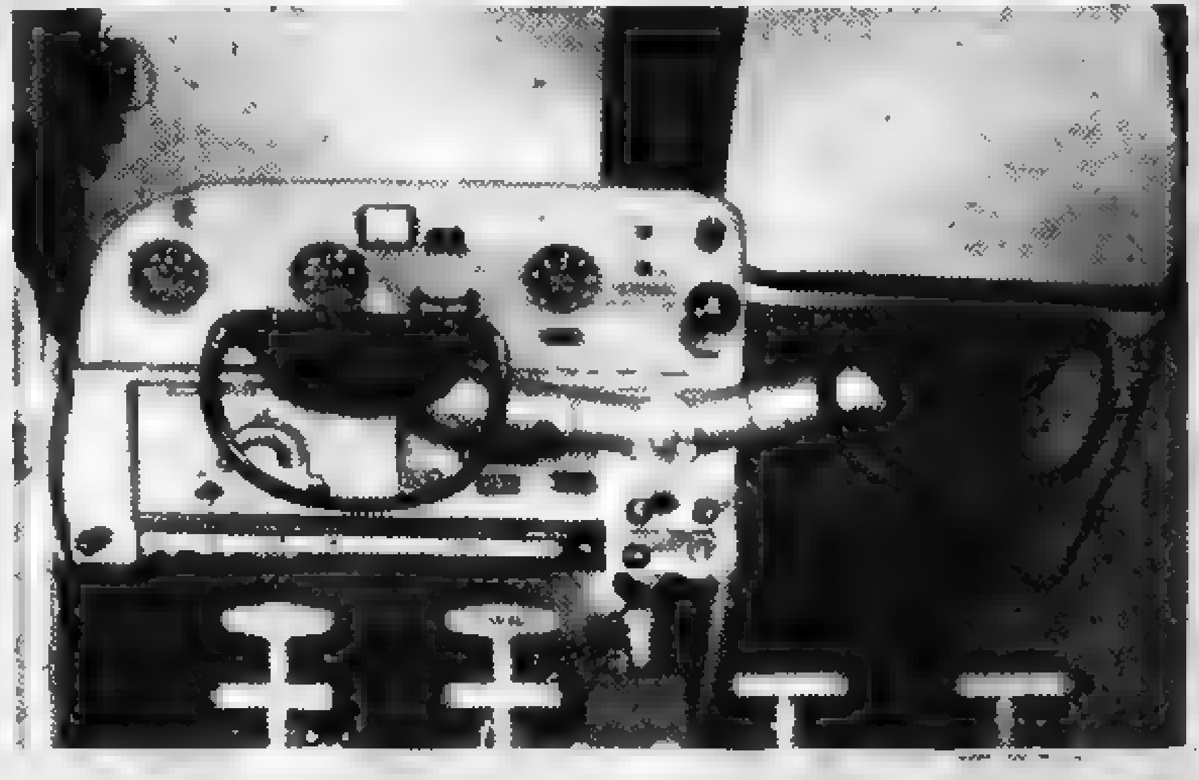

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Seabee

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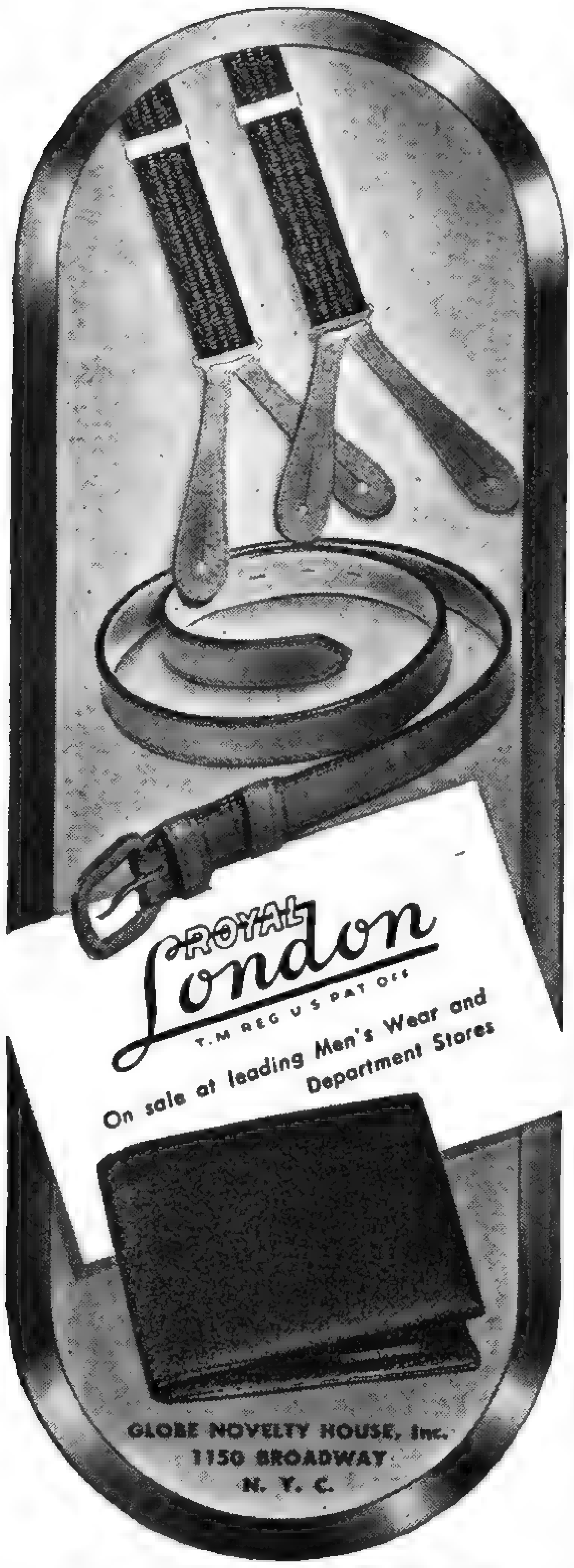
Makers of the Mighty Thunderbolt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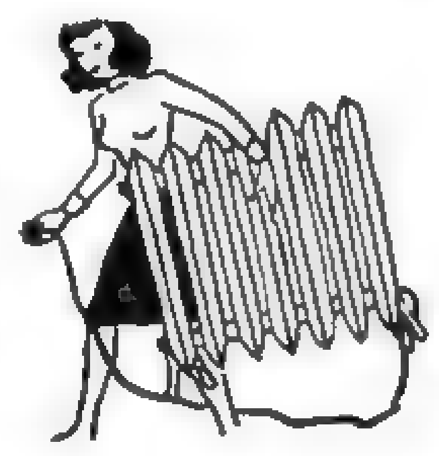
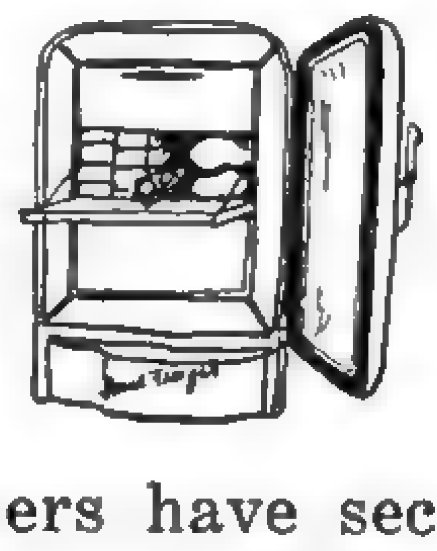
Talking Shop with Esquire

TURN ON THE HEAT. Need extra heat on chilly days? Or have you a little home where no permanent heating facilities are available? A good answer to your heating problems lies in the new electric radiator. Looks like a regular steam radiator, yet uses no water or other liquids. Operates on an entirely new principle of dual heating, giving off both radiated and convected heat. The 8- and 12-section models are light enough in weight to be easily portable, even by a frail femme . . . yet they look as permanent as an ordinary steam radiator.

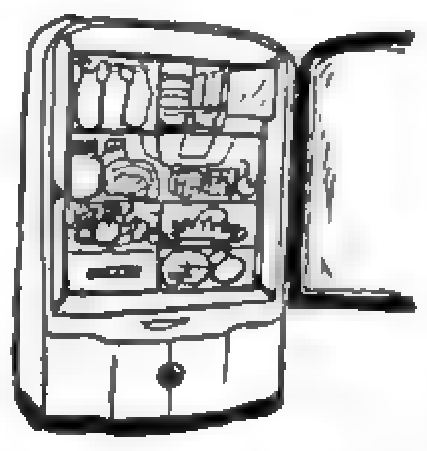


FEATHER TOUCH CONTROL. Fishermen with irascible natures will be delighted to hear of a new level winding casting reel which operates smooth as silk on precision ball bearings. Friction is eliminated, gears, spool shaft and level wind worm all revolve on self-retained precision-ground instrument bearings which are sealed for protection against sand and grit. Bearings can be replaced without tools or mechanic's assistance.

HOME FREEZERS. So far, most home freezers we've seen, have been horizontal models. New ones on the market are *upright*, and, in size and finish, look like companion pieces to an electric refrigerator. The upright freezers have sectional inner doors and shelves, making it possible to select specific foods from an individual section of the cabinet, without disturbing food arrangements or temperatures in other sections. Zero temperature is maintained in storage compartments. On the freezing surfaces, temperatures range from 10 below zero to 20 above. A popular sized unit comes in 6 cubic foot size for home use.

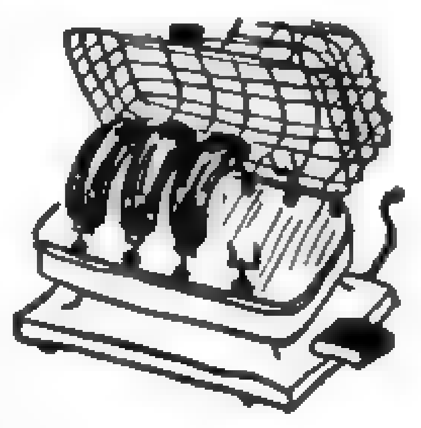


84 ICE CUBES AT A CLIP! Same firm that makes the upright freezers, also puts out a honey of an electric refrigerator. The new streamlined model is equipped with such things as a frozen food compartment that will hold 10 lbs. of frozen food; an anodized aluminum "crisper" tray for vegetables; glass meat keeper storing up to 15 lbs. of meat (if you have that much) and storage space for as many as 8 quarts of milk!

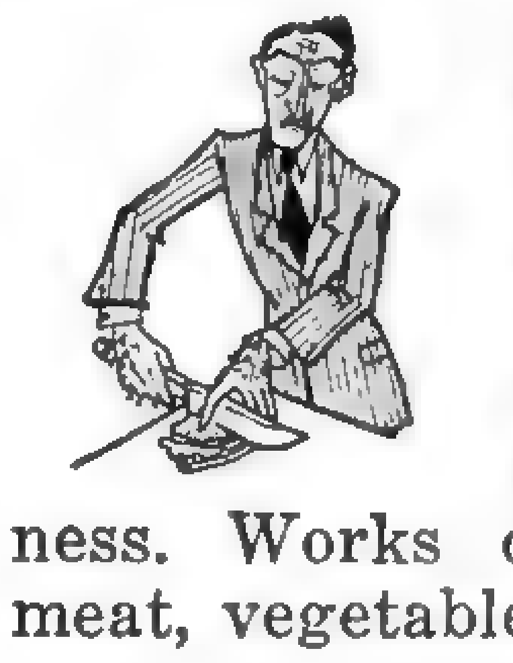


TRY A DAMP MATCH. Here's news for sportsmen . . . matches that actually light after hours of soaking, or in damp, humid weather. Same size and shape as a kitchen match, except that in the new match, the head and part of the stick appear shiny or glossed. This effect is caused by the water-resistant coating, a secret wartime formula (millions of these matches were used by the armed forces). For sportsmen's convenience, the matches are packed in a small, pocket size box, 40 matches to the package.

MIDNIGHT SNACK. After a bridge game a bit of a collation is indicated. If your guests have *hearty* appetites, bring out your frankfurter grill and serve 10 people in 5 minutes! Simply spike the franks on the 4 pronged points of your electric grill, close cover, and in 1½ minutes you have piping hot, tender, juicy dogs.



SANDWICH SLICER. If you're lucky enough to get bread, you may want to serve sandwiches to your guests. That's where the sandwich slicer comes in. Made of wood, with a steel blade which is adjustable to any thickness. Works on cheese, fruit, meat, vegetables as well.



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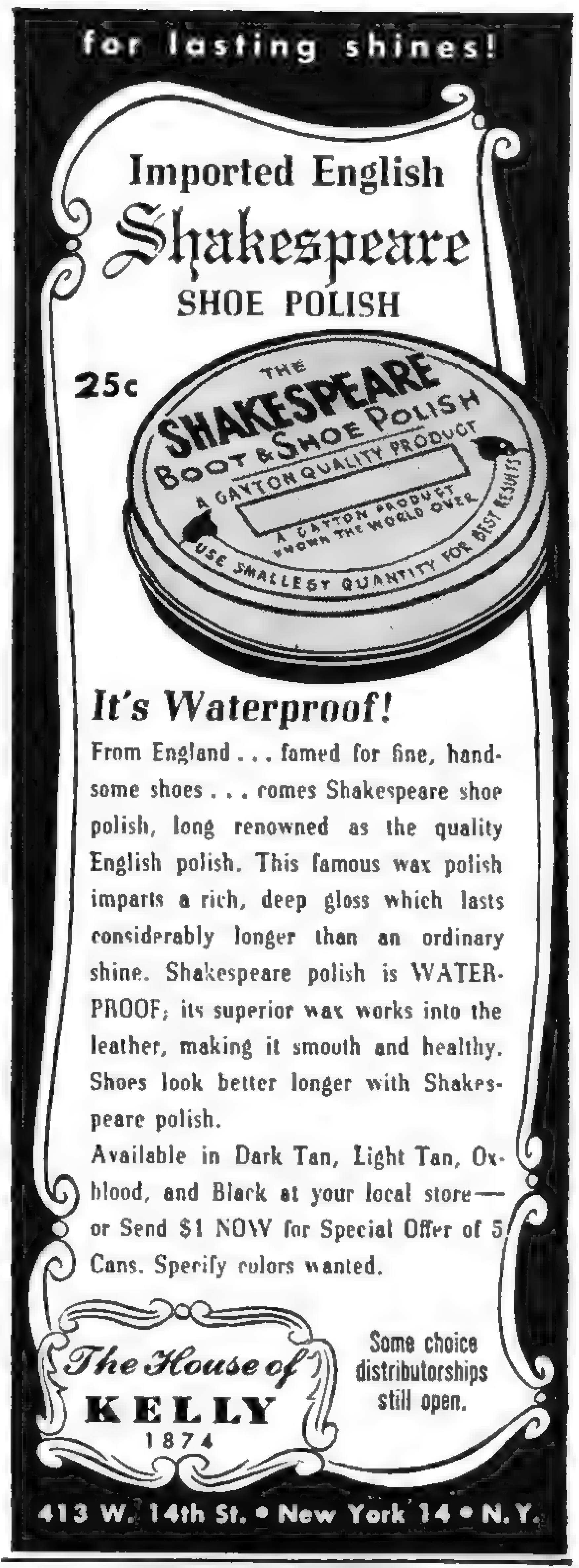
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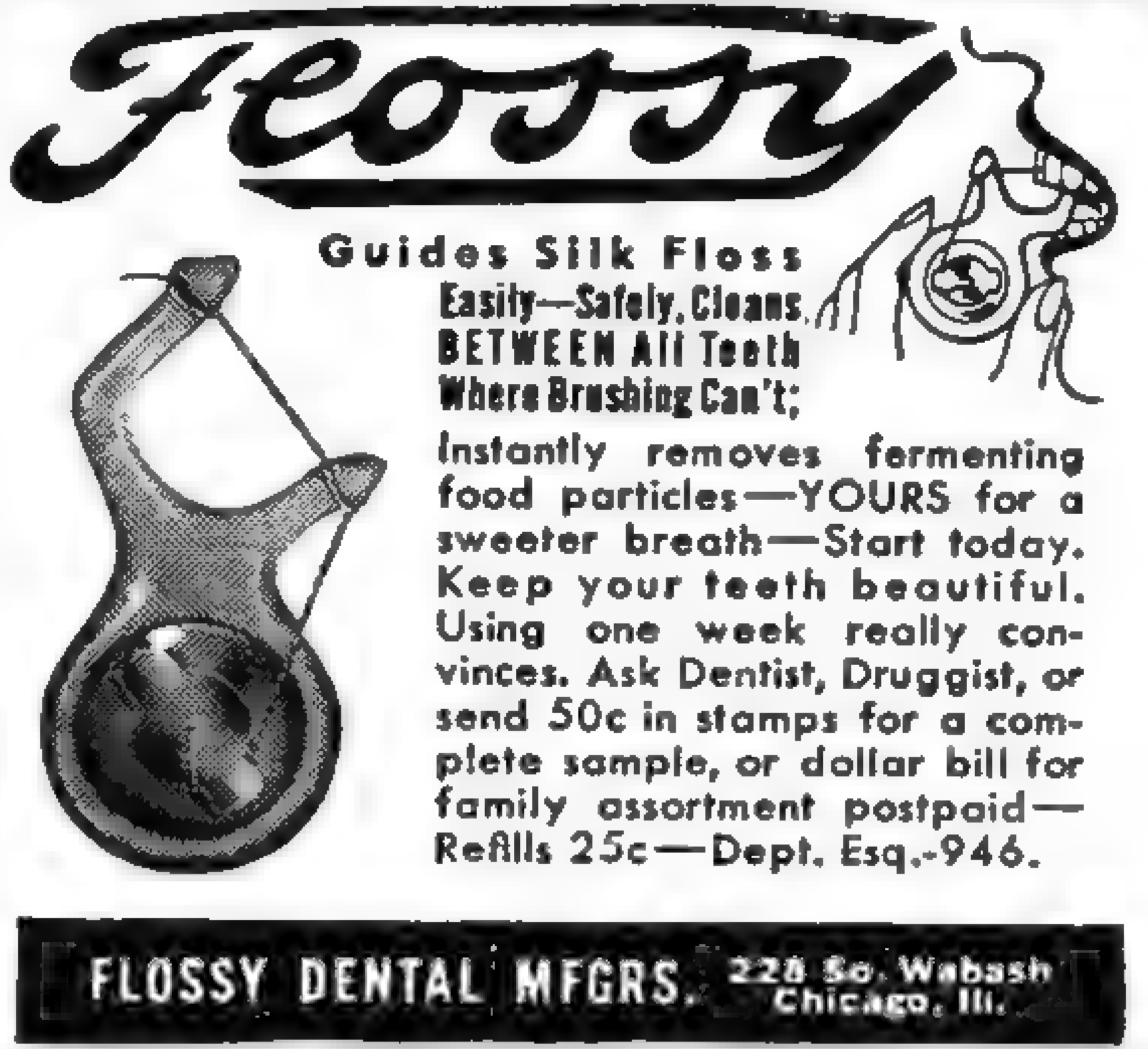
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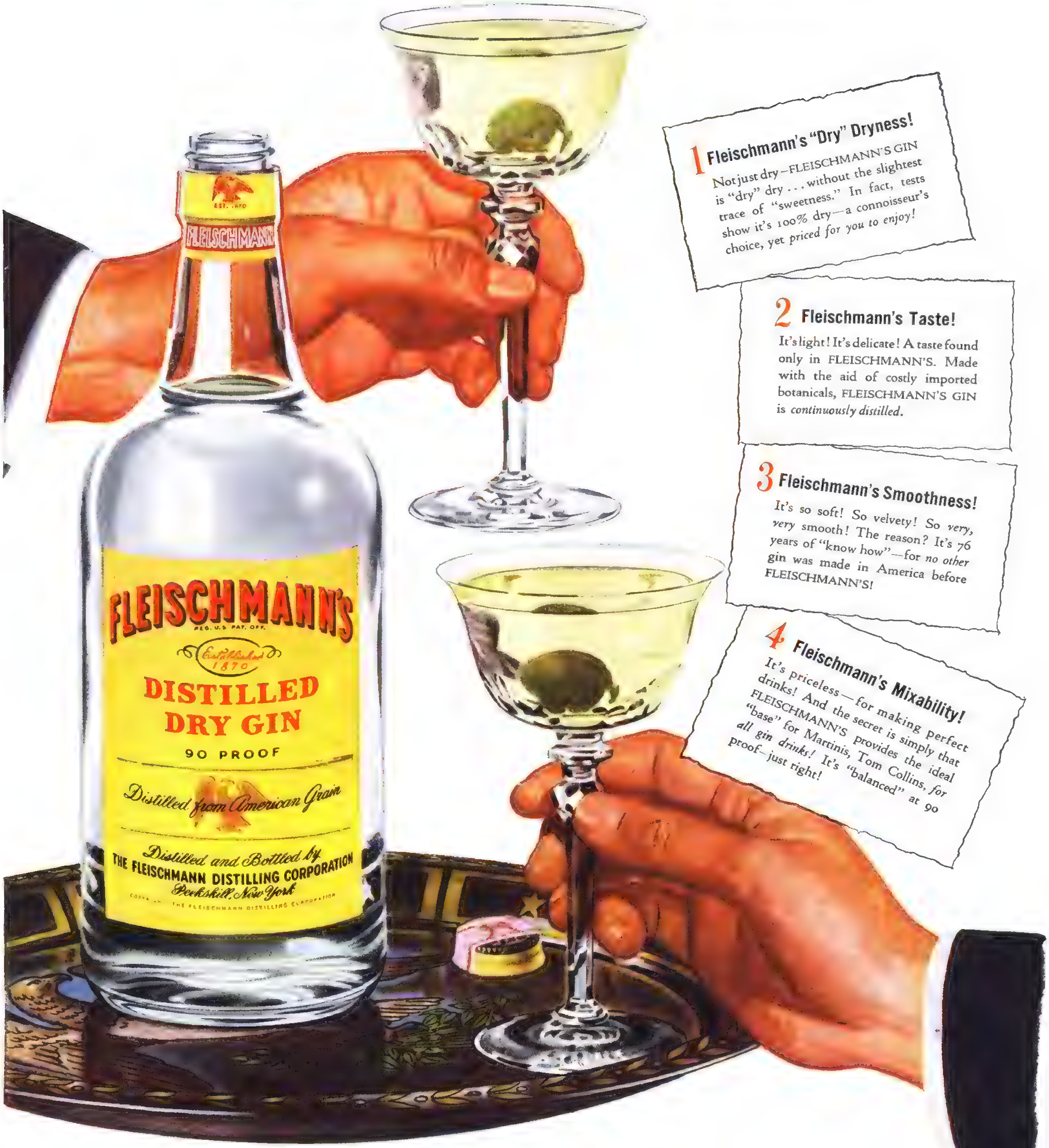
4 Reasons Why Fleischmann's makes America's Most Delicious Martini!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1 Fleischmann's "Dry" Dryness!

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It's light! It's delicate! A taste found only in FLEISCHMANN'S. Made with the aid of costly imported botanicals, FLEISCHMANN'S GIN is *continuously distilled.*

3 Fleischmann's Smoothness!

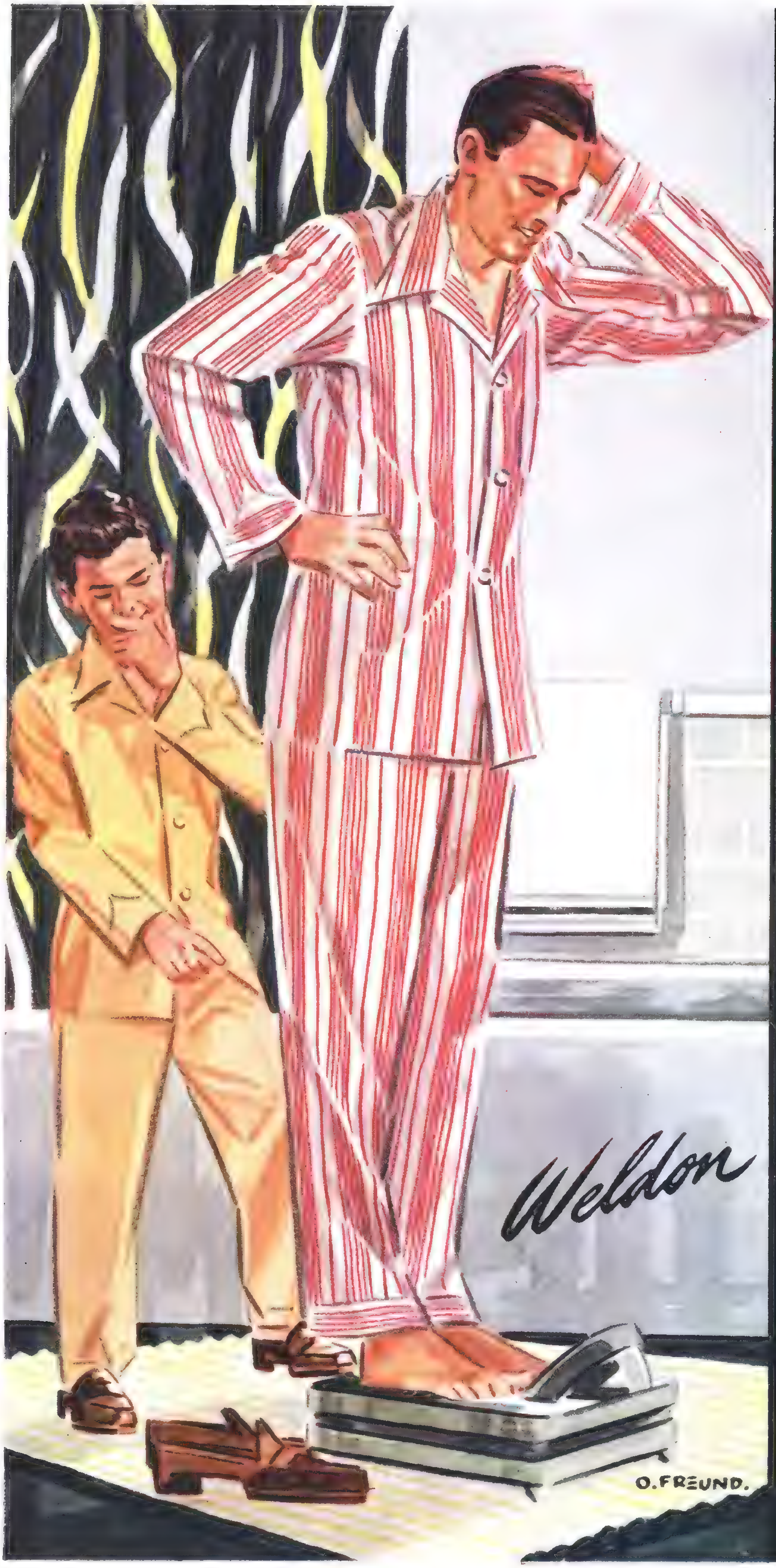
It's so soft! So velvety! So *very, very* smooth! The reason? It's 76 years of "know how"—*for no other* gin was made in America before FLEISCHMANN'S!

4 Fleischmann's Mixability!

It's priceless—for making perfect drinks! And the secret is simply that FLEISCHMANN'S provides the ideal "base" for Martinis, Tom Collins, *for all gin drinks!* It's "balanced" at 90 proof—just right!

You find all 4 only in **FLEISCHMANN'S** *America's First Gin*

DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN. 90 PROOF. THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, PEEKSKILL, NEW YORK.



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Weldon Pajamas

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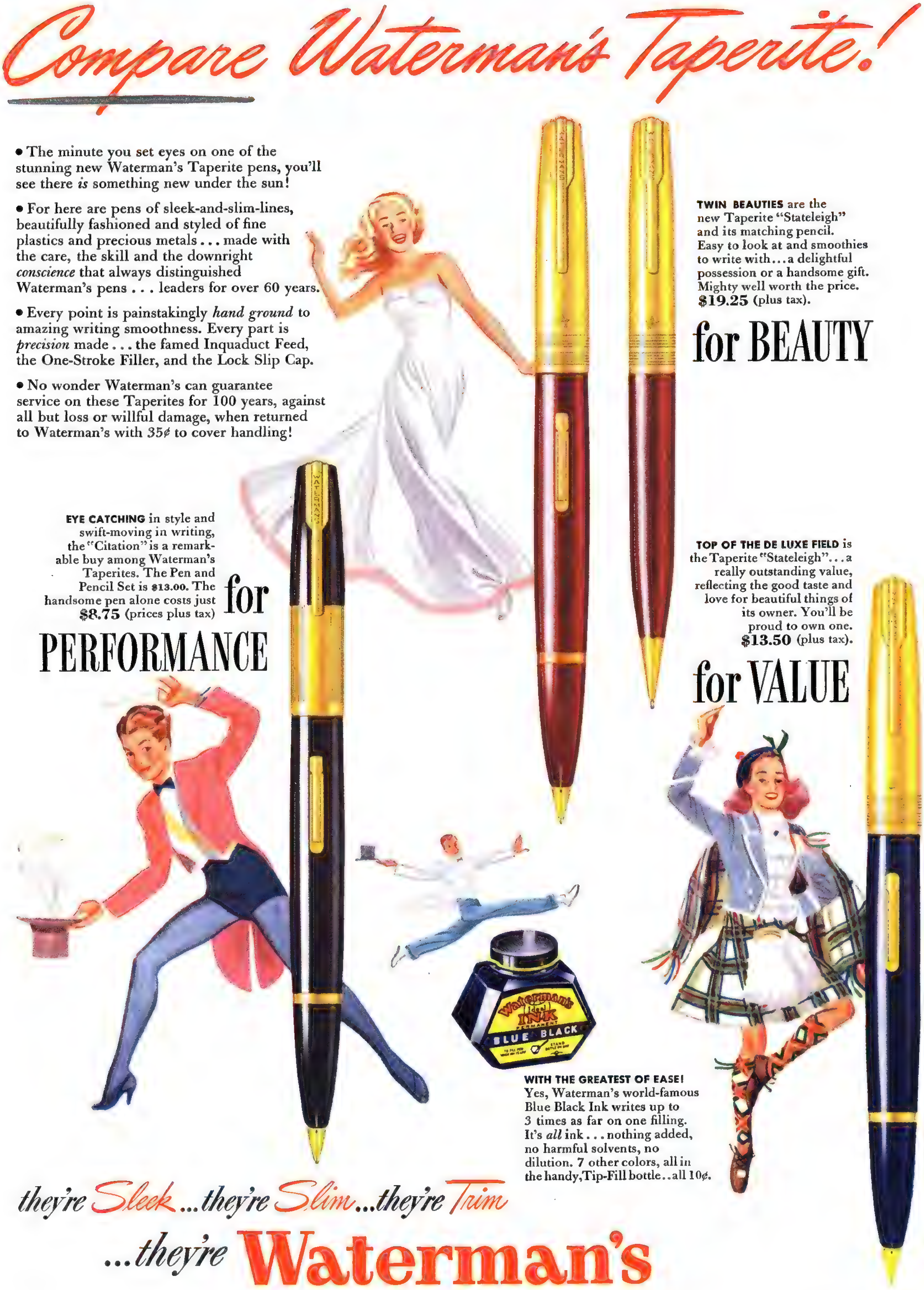

Compare Waterman's Taperite!

- The minute you set eyes on one of the stunning new Waterman's Taperite pens, you'll see there *is* something new under the sun!
- For here are pens of sleek-and-slim-lines, beautifully fashioned and styled of fine plastics and precious metals . . . made with the care, the skill and the downright *conscience* that always distinguished Waterman's pens . . . leaders for over 60 years.
- Every point is painstakingly *hand ground* to amazing writing smoothness. Every part is *precision* made . . . the famed Inquaduct Feed, the One-Stroke Filler, and the Lock Slip Cap.
- No wonder Waterman's can guarantee service on these Taperites for 100 years, against all but loss or willful damage, when returned to Waterman's with 35¢ to cover handling!

TWIN BEAUTIES are the new Taperite "Stateleigh" and its matching pencil. Easy to look at and smoothies to write with . . . a delightful possession or a handsome gift. Mighty well worth the price. **$19.25** (plus tax).

for BEAUTY

EYE CATCHING in style and swift-moving in writing, the "Citation" is a remarkable buy among Waterman's Taperites. The Pen and Pencil Set is **$13.00.** The handsome pen alone costs just **$8.75** (prices plus tax)

for PERFORMANCE

TOP OF THE DE LUXE FIELD is the Taperite "Stateleigh" . . . a really outstanding value, reflecting the good taste and love for beautiful things of its owner. You'll be proud to own one. **$13.50** (plus tax).

for VALUE

WITH THE GREATEST OF EASE! Yes, Waterman's world-famous Blue Black Ink writes up to 3 times as far on one filling. It's *all* ink . . . nothing added, no harmful solvents, no dilution. 7 other colors, all in the handy, Tip-Fill bottle . . all 10¢.

they're Sleek . . . they're Slim . . . they're Trim

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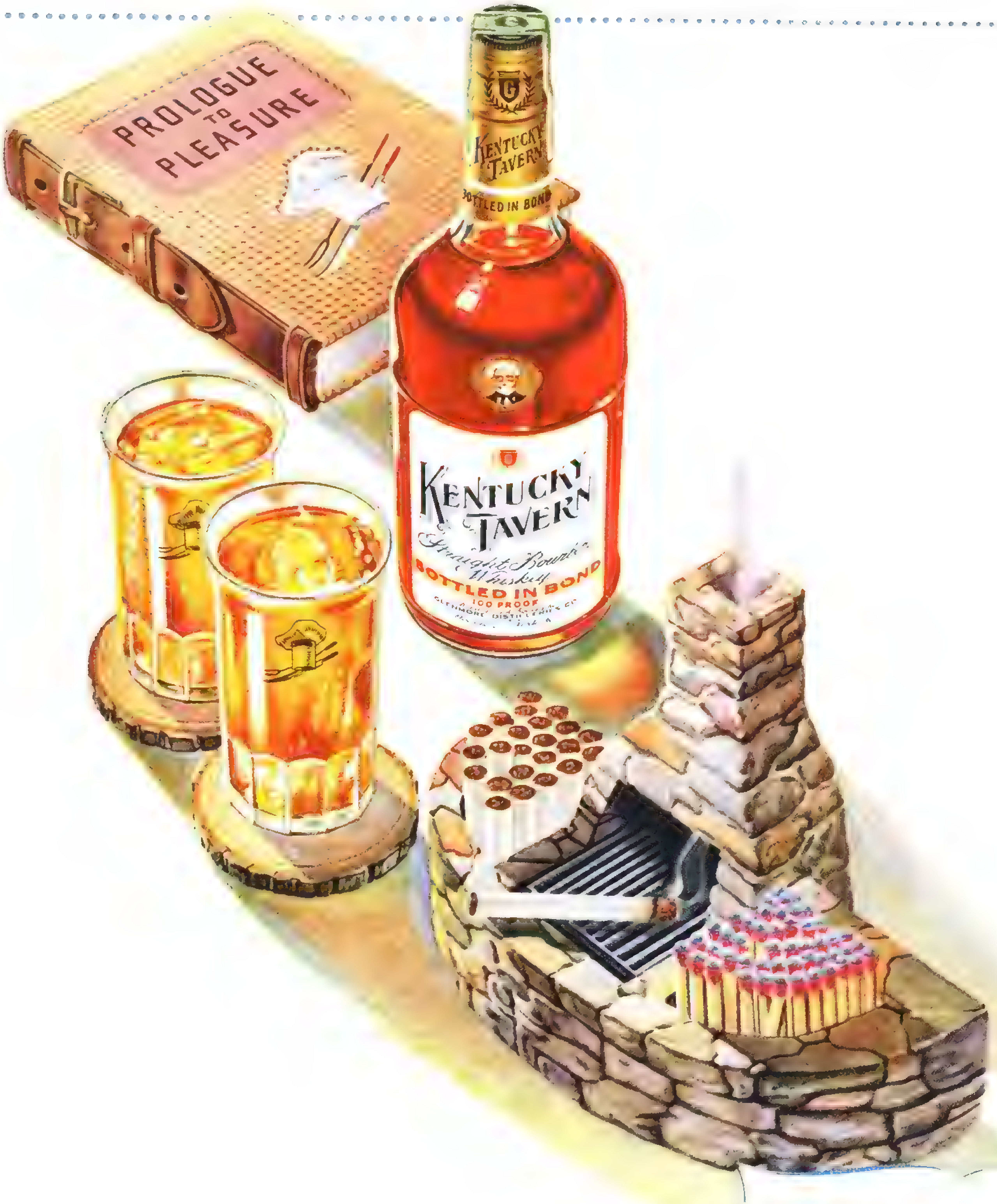
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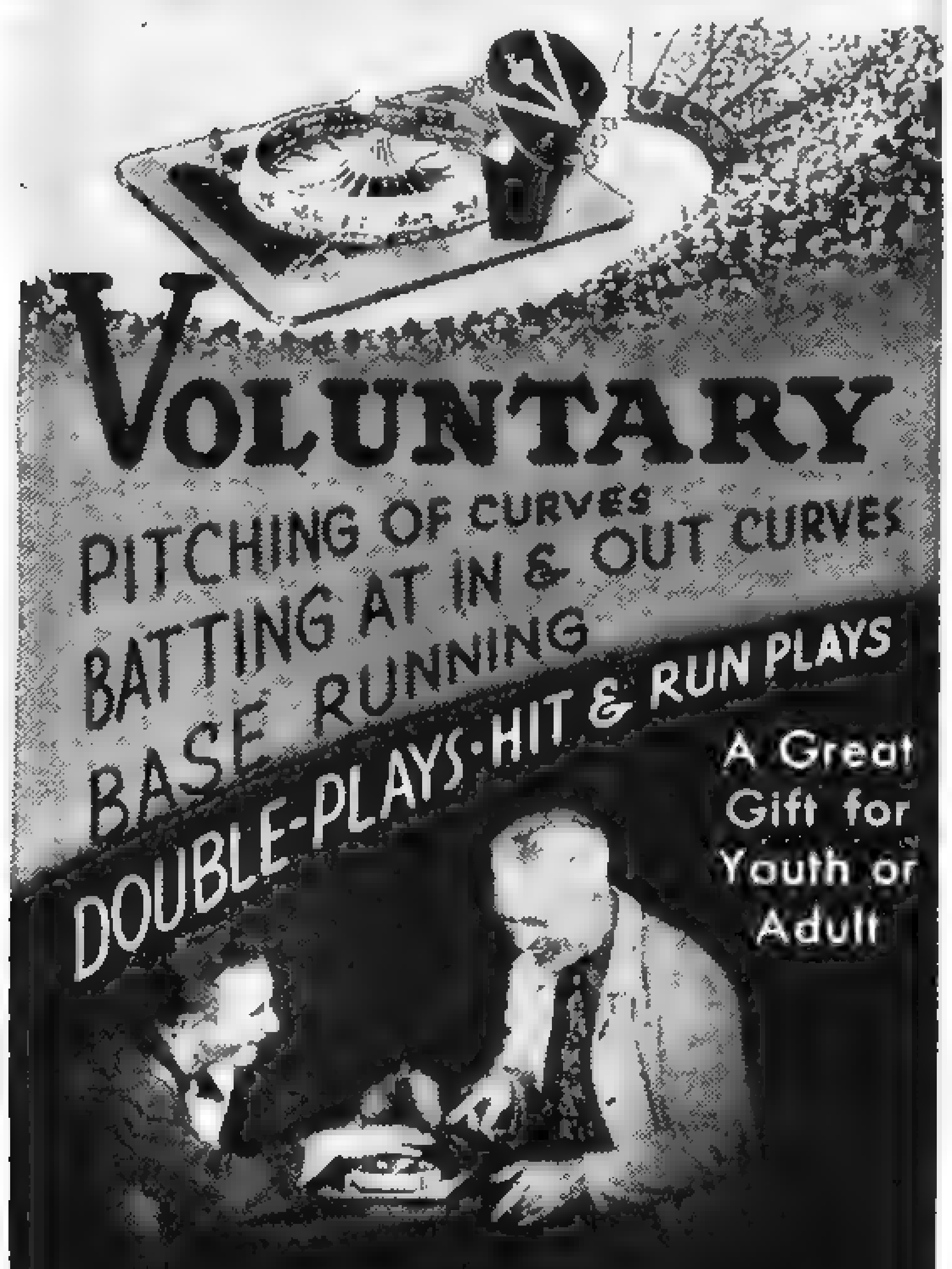
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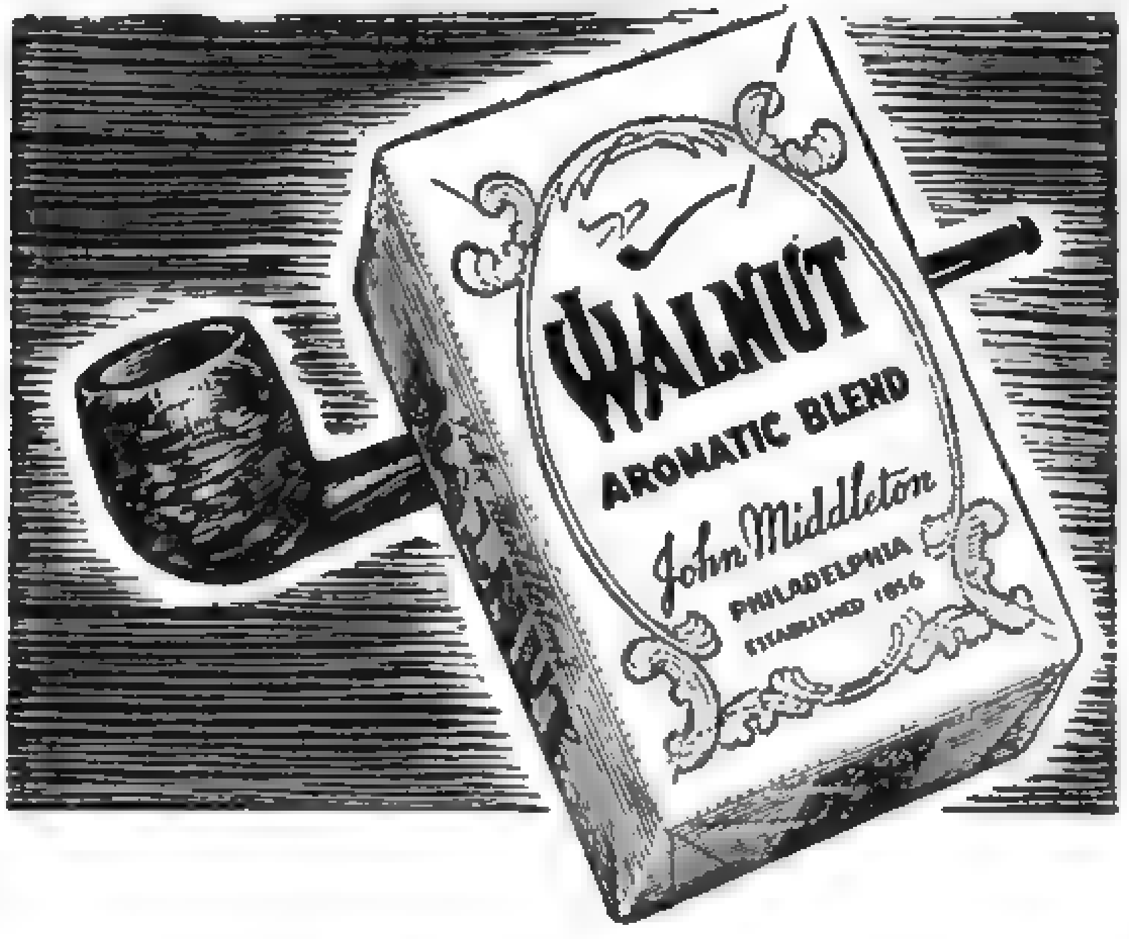

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Talking Shop with Esquire

RURAL RADIOS. If you're living in the great open spaces, sans electricity, and want to listen to Fred Allen, then it's a battery-powered radio for you. There's a new farm model designed with all the beauty and service usually found in electrically operated sets. Contains 5 miniature tubes that draw 1.4 volts, and it's equipped with a 5-inch speaker. Makers say the set will function on a battery for 750 hours (you should last that long!)

FOR PHONOGRAPH FANS. A booklet designed for simple, fast cataloguing of records and albums. Twenty-four pages, numbered, ruled and lined for quick reference, *and* attached to cover of booklet, one of those sapphire-tipped needles, guaranteed to play about 10,000 records without changing. Record collectors who really take care of their discs, should know about a new preserver liquid. Use it first on new records before you play them; then make monthly applications. The fluid lubricates the disc surface, eliminates dirt from grooves, or dust which destroys the true tones.

"CALL ME EARLY, MOTHER DEAR." Lord T, you don't need mother these days, not with the new alarm clocks to rout you from the hay. There's the Tune-A-Larm, for instance. When you go to bed, you set the clock to go off at 7:30; turn the left-hand knob to the automatic position, turn on radio (only it doesn't go on because it's controlled by the clock) and tune it to your favorite station. Then go to sleep. Before you know it, you're awakened to the lilting strains of so-and-so's band, or the cheerful chatter of a disc jockey. In addition, a buzzer gives out to make doubly sure you're awake.

YOU CAN'T MISS. Ever lie in bed, open one eye, peer at clock, decide it's only 6:30, go back to sleep, only to discover you've grossly erred . . . it was really 8:30. For you, we suggest one of those "direct reading" electric clocks. All you see is the present time, minute by minute as it appears in high numerals in black on a silver background . . . looming large in a nickel chrome opening. It says 7:31 . . . or 8:29 whatever. No extraneous equipment to confuse you.

4-IN-1 BAR BUTLER. If you're living in cramped quarters, you'll welcome this unique gadget which supplies the home bar with 4 implements combined in a single piece. It's a mallet for ice crushing; it's a cap lifter, so wide it will pry bottle tops from cherries and olives as well as soda, it's a muddler and the pointed end can be used for an ice pick. The gadget is made of solid bronze, buffed to a highly polished finish. New, too, is an automatic cork screw, particularly good for wine bottles when corks must be pulled evenly. The new cork screw has a turn top and a side handle as well. Gives a steady, direct pull.

ARMY FOOT LOCKER . . . for civilians. When they call you "Mister," you'll still need a place to store your treasures. A civilian counterpart of the military foot-locker has been designed in strong corrugated cardboard with metal hinges and handles. Collapsible, it can be stored in a minimum of space, and can be set up, when needed, in six minutes. Holds up to 200 pounds, and is equipped with rollers for easy portability.

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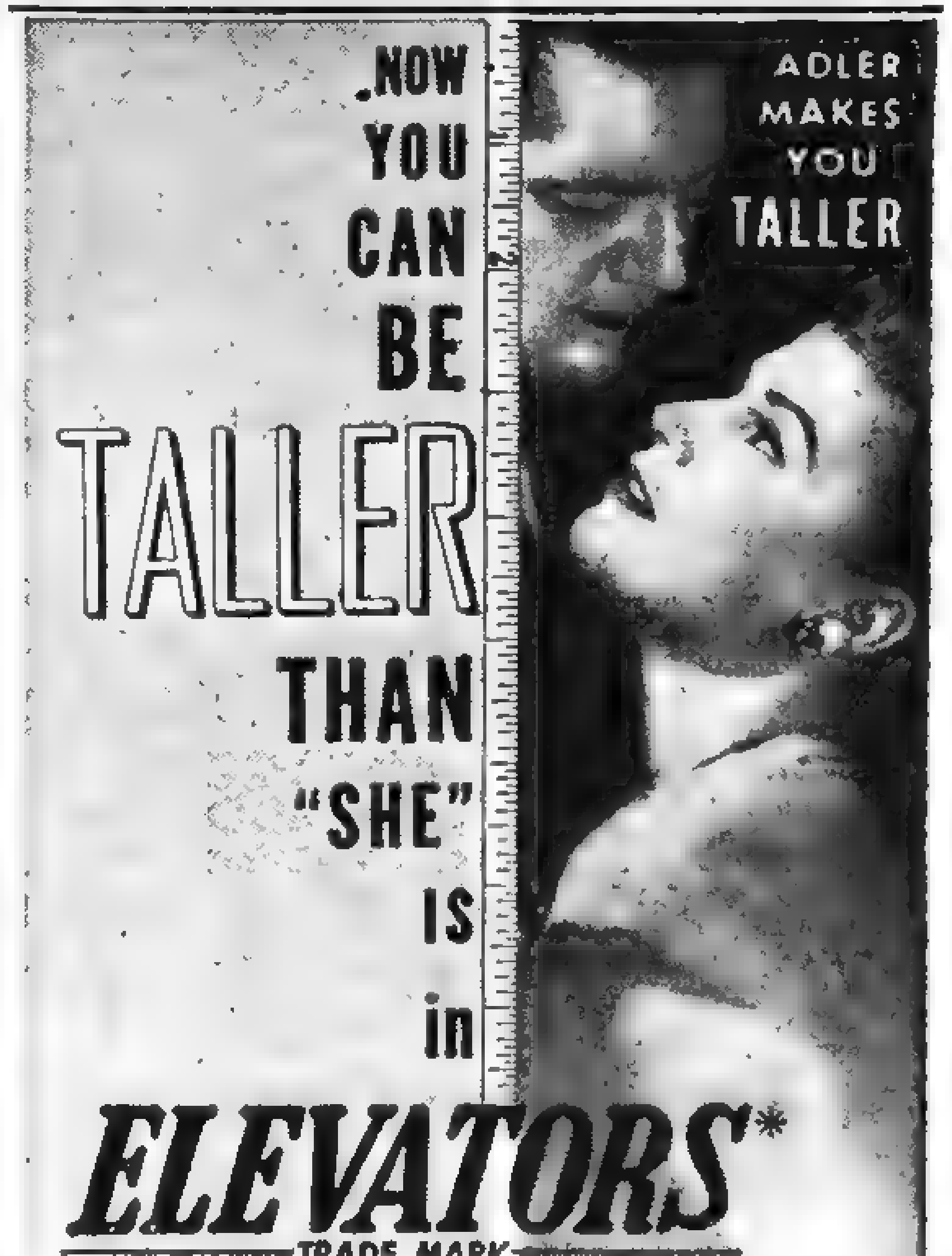

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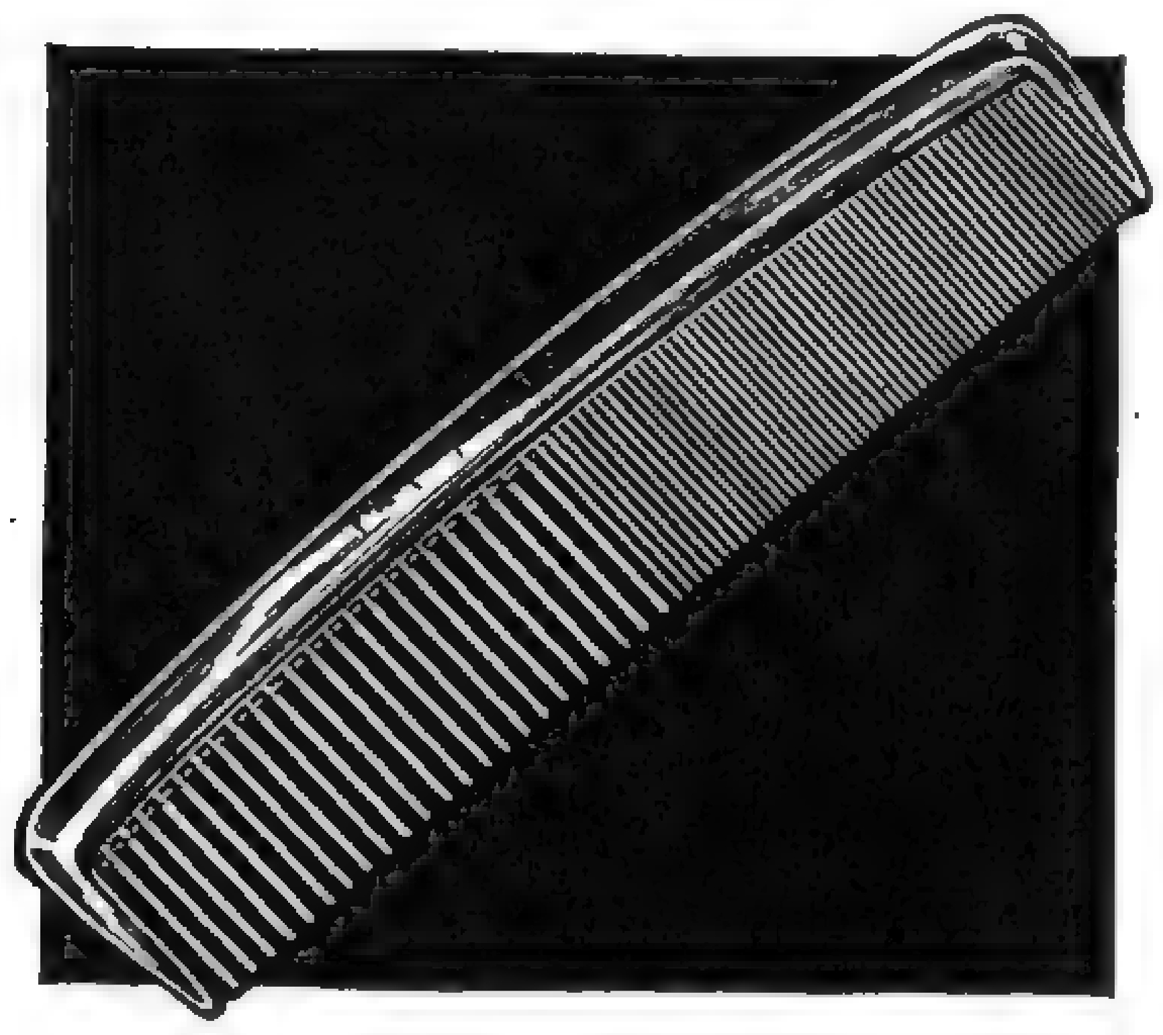

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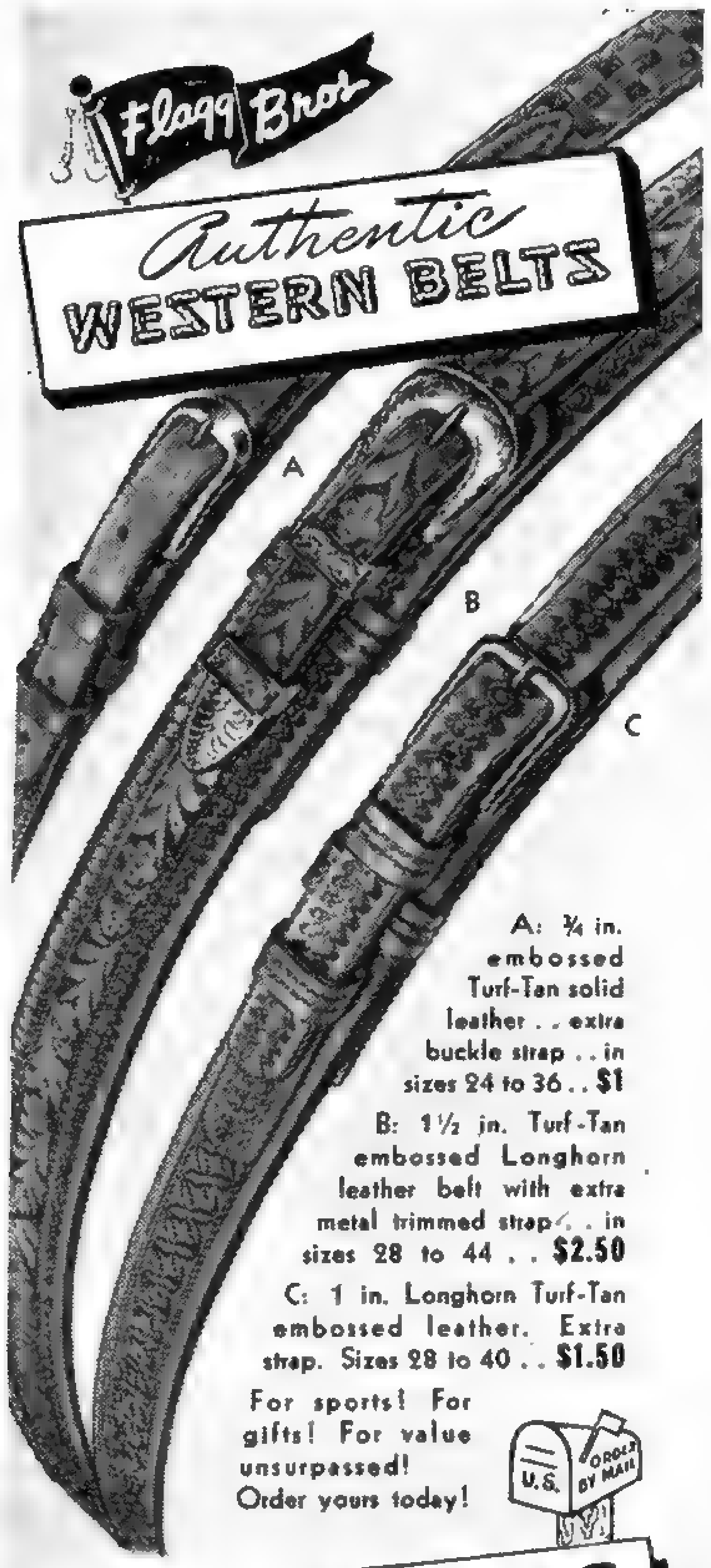

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Talking Shop with Esquire

PERSONALLY YOURS. Ten years ago, there were approximately a half dozen firms making men's toiletries. Today, there are over 200, with the number increasing rapidly. American males spent close to fifty million smackers last year, in behalf of better grooming. Why? Because the field is becoming specialized...to wit: One toiletry firm has broken down after-shave lotions seasonally . . . a special formula for winter months, another for summertime. They argue that in summer, man's skin is likely to be moist, pores open and perspire more freely causing an oily condition. Therefore, an after-shave lotion with more cooling and astringent properties is indicated. In the winter, when low temperatures and harsh, skin torturing winds leave skin dry, taut and tender, the skin demands a smoothing, lubricating type of lotion.

DOG DAYS . . . and your pedal extremities demand something to keep them cool and comfortable. There's a cooling lotion, pale, clear green, which provides an icy tingle and considerable relief. And to invigorate the chassy, there's a fragrant fern scented cologne to be slapped on, once-over lightly as you step from the shower. Comes in frosted bottles, 3 to 6 oz. sizes.

SPLOTCHY SKIN. Among the most common blemishes which appear on the skin, are liver spots (brownish patches) and vitiligo ... technical name for white patches which may appear on any part of the body. White patches become more noticeable after a summer in the sun when the skin becomes tanned, but the vitiligo spots remain white. When such discolorations appear, they can be concealed by applying an opaque cream, which will also help hide birthmarks, veins and scars. It's harmless, and does a good temporary job of concealment.

SOAP AND WATER'S fine, but it isn't the answer to complete safety from unpleasant odor. It is true that directly after bathing there is no odor, but since new perspiration is exuded immediately, the problem of keeping immaculate again presents itself. Use of a pleasant and effective deodorant is one answer. Many men cling to a series of fresh scents (Tumbleweed, Clover Hay, Blended Spices, Boots and Saddle, by name) which have *deodorizing qualities as well.* If properly used, they should prove perspiration-proof all day long. You can also take more stringent steps and use an anti-perspirant which will *check* perspiration. One type should give complete protection when applied twice a week, the other type should last a day. It has been definitely established that to restrict or to prevent perspiration in one part of the body does not cause injury to the average, normal skin, as the perspiration which would normally be evaporated at the treated area is diverted to some other part of the body.

HAIR CARE. There's a new hair oil on the market which contains *animal* oil, the *natural* oils of the most luxuriant animal hair. Swell for dry, brittle hair as it tends to restore natural lustre without greasiness. And now for dandruff. Many outstanding authorities contend it is not a natural condition, but actually is caused by a germ. If you have this type, there's a lotion which goes to work on your scalp and actually kills the germ on contact, via a special, active antiseptic.

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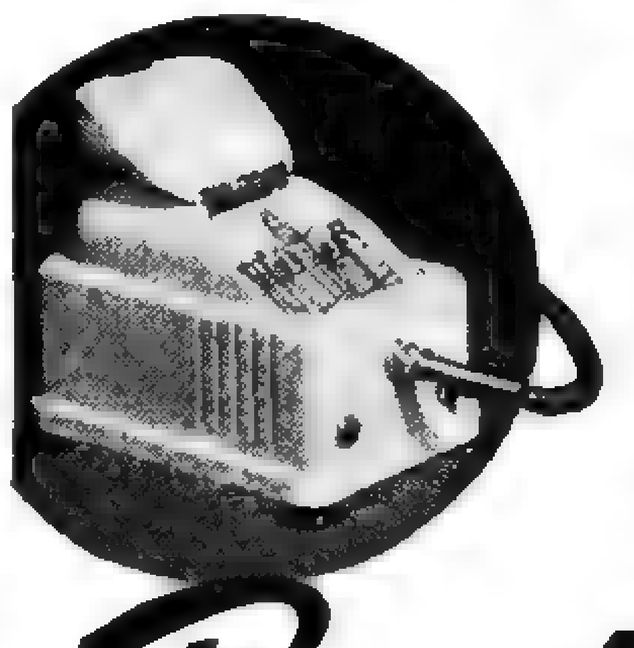

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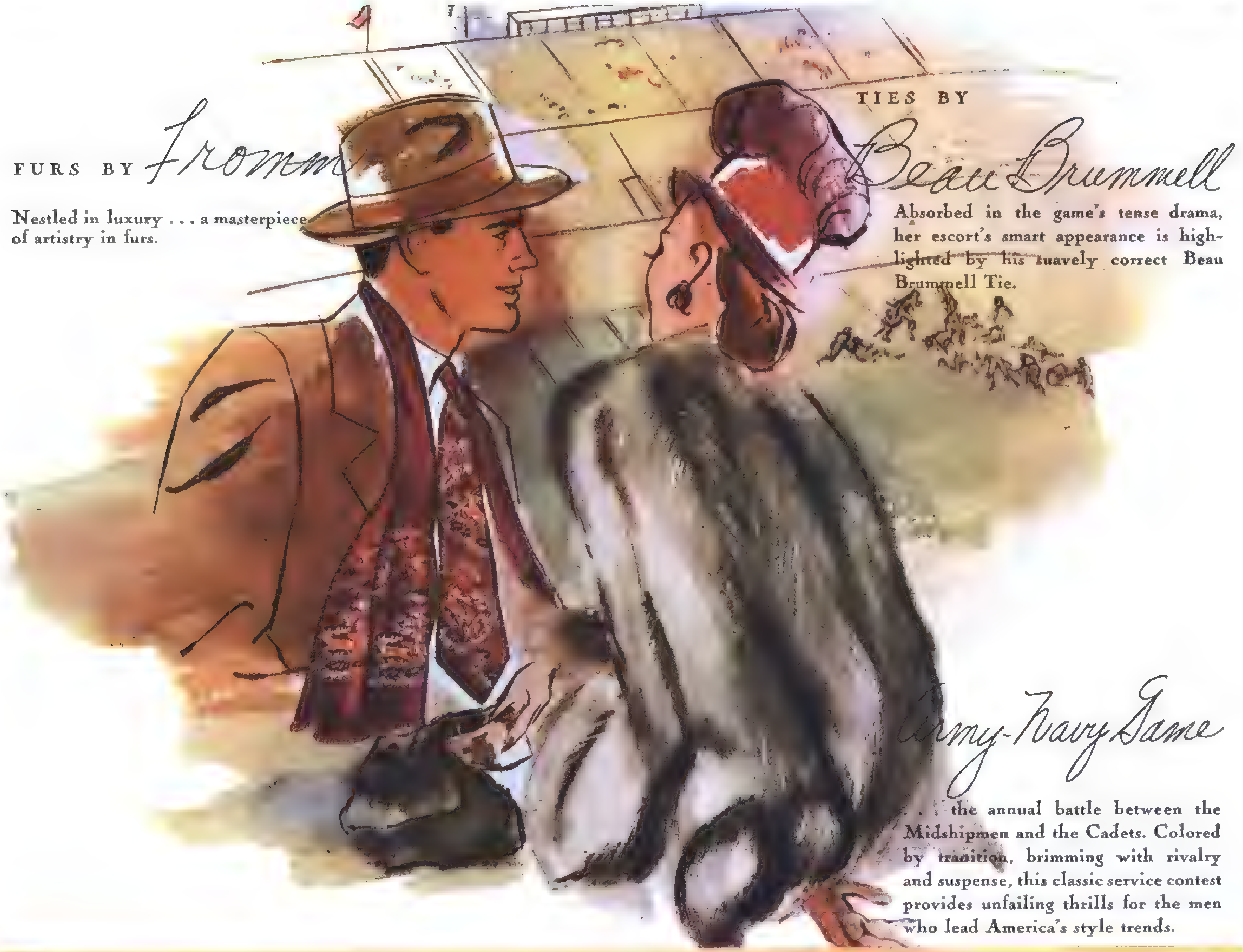

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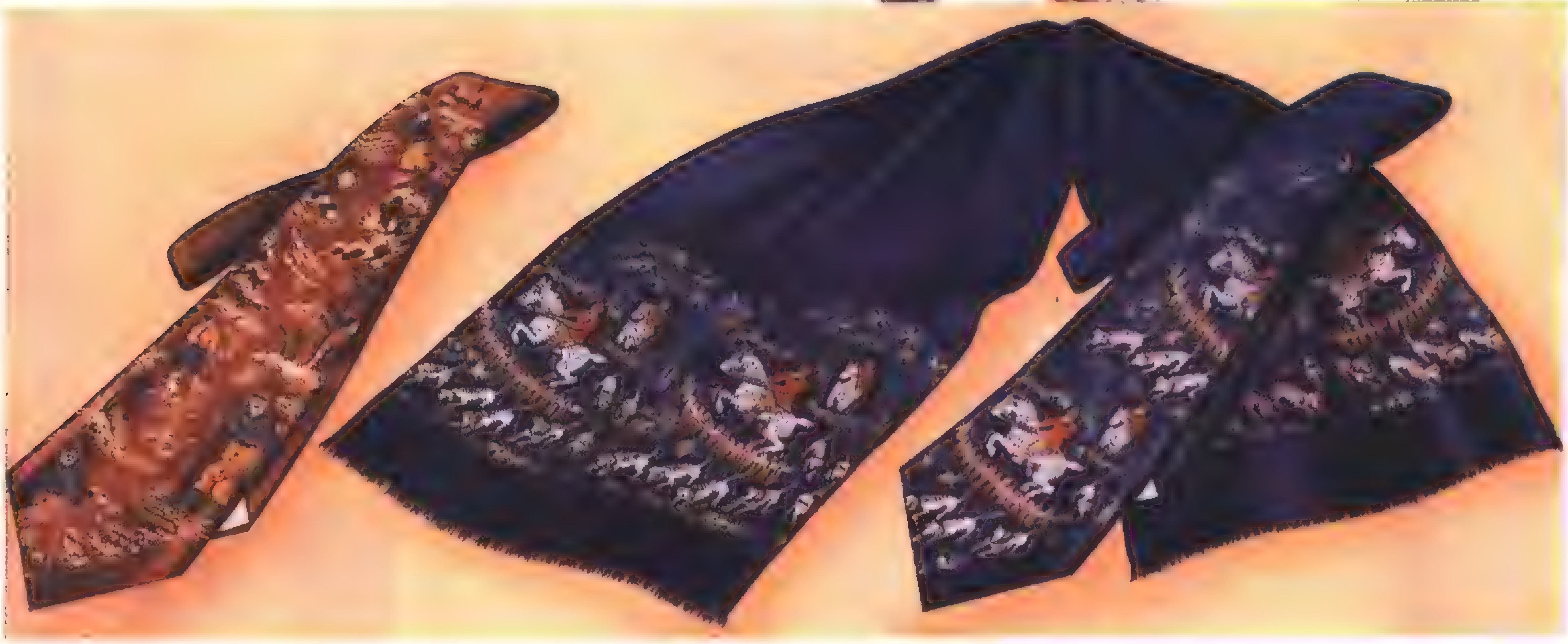

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Painting the Town with Esquire

EL BORRACHO is unfair to Brooklyn! The print collection of lips, lips, lips, with which the Kiss Room is ceiled doesn't include a Durocher . . . Esteemed clams are open for business at Billy the Oysterman's, 10 West 47th . . . Louis Jordan and his band are jiving them crazy at the 400 Club, with the Modernaires harmonizing in . . . On account of its phenomenal catch-on, crystalline-fronted Montes on the Park—modernist restaurant at 24 Central Park South where planked sirloins are really something—has had to add unto itself a sizable Rosewood Room (in back) with handsome paneling and élite baroque doodling. Meats, sweets, and moistenments are available only within certain hours, however—from 4:00 A. M. till it reopens at 8:00 A. M., this place is inhospitable.

DON'T PROFFER hay to the zebras at El Morocco . . . Admen and radio execs swap shop over sea food salad, swordfish with mustard, and such-like at Louis & Armand's, 42 East 52nd. To intruders fuming for tables, the way host Armand and headwaiter Victor pamper the entrenched is most irritating—especially when everything brought in from the kitchen looks so good.

MAYBE it's just a coincidence, but Iceland (Broadway's vast smörgasbording-house) now features an ice-revue which, like the food, is going big with Iceland lubbers . . . Long after Old Sol has set, the Three Suns are tunefully busy at the Piccadilly Circus Bar in theatredom's throbbing heart . . . Propped-up newspapers are absent from breakfast—officially "Bracer Breakfast"—staged every Sunday noon in the sleek Café of the Hotel Madison. As a starter, there's the bracer (Whiskey Sour or what you will); after which, sausages and waffles, chicken livers, kidneys, and so on are selectable. At one o'clock an orchestra strikes up for dancing.

MAN BATTLES octupus with happy outcome (for man, fortunately) at Raffaele's, 100 West 57th—a new establishment dedicated to nutriment in the Neopolitan manner, but not so narrowly Neopolitan as to estop the chef, famous for his lobster Fra Diavalo, from doing scaloppini in eleven different styles, which comprise smacked veal artistry from the heel of Italy to the Alps. A bottle of chianti fits in with any of them. As a preliminary, try a glass of chilled vermouth with a twist of lemon peel dropped in. Whettier than you'd think!

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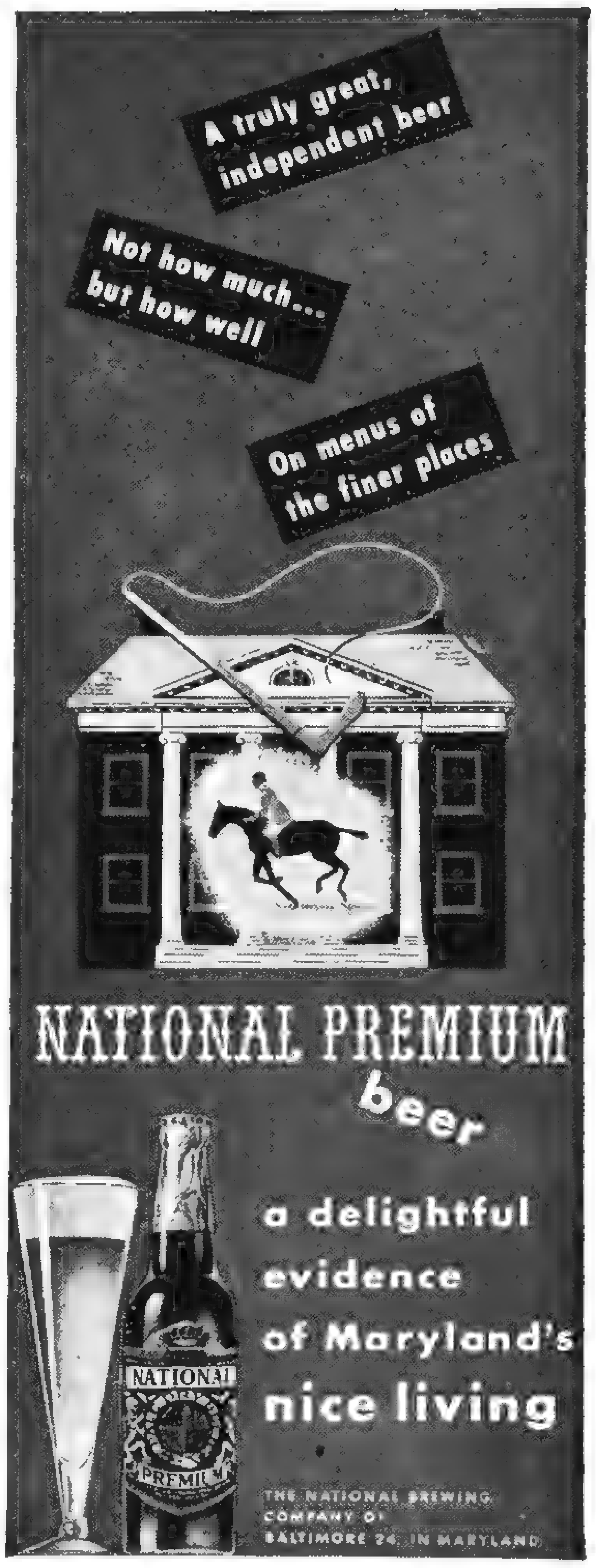
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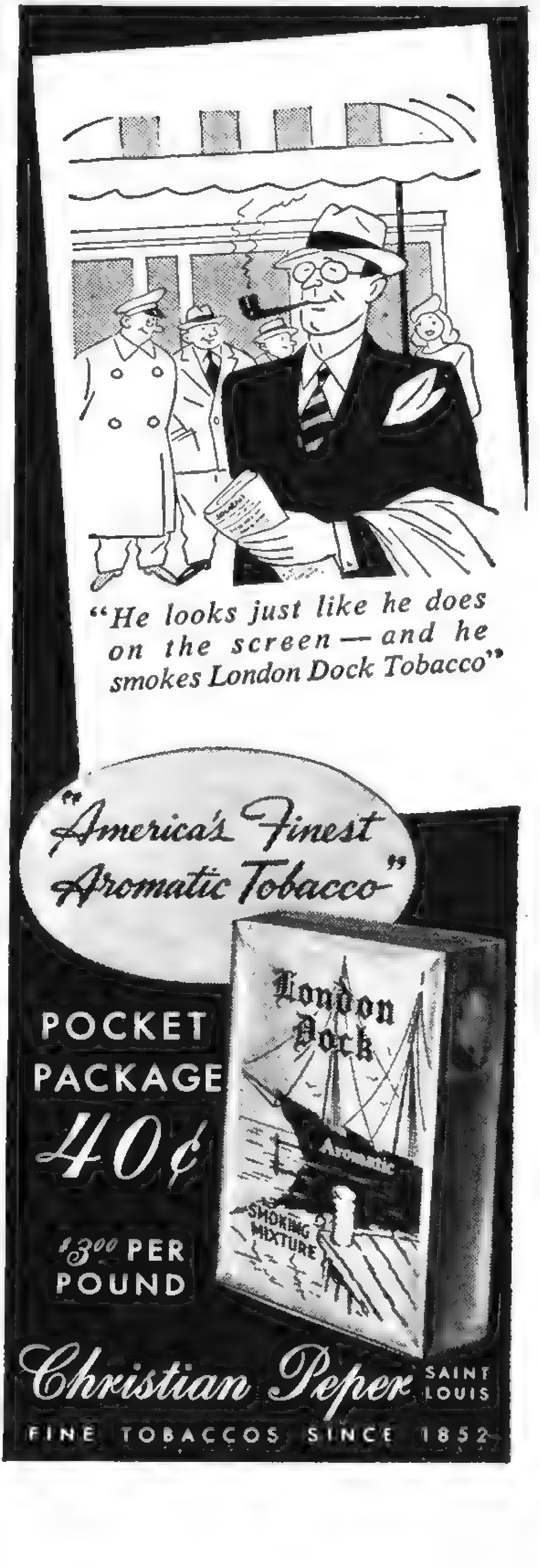
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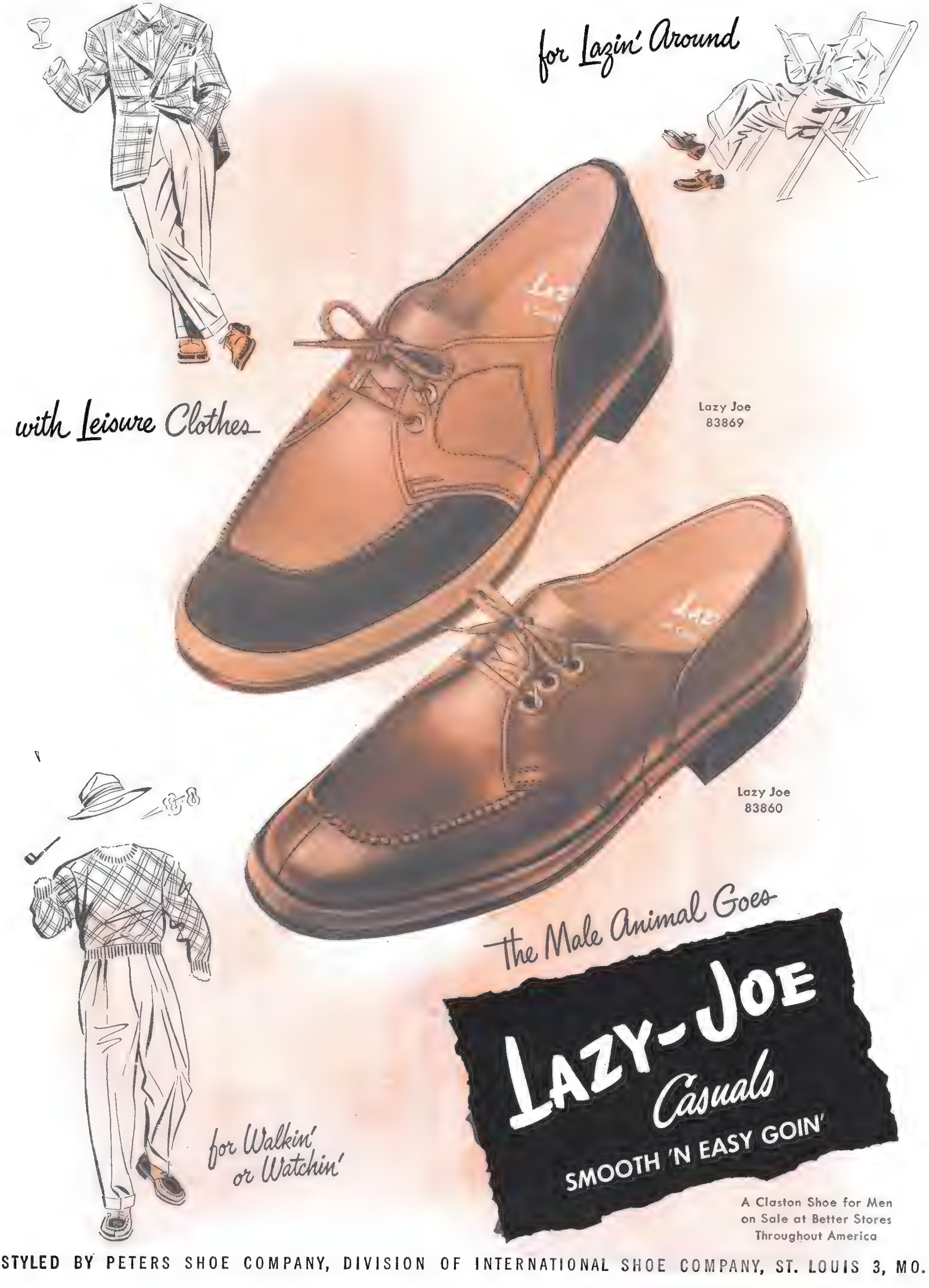
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Painting the Town with Esquire

ASTUTE strategists applying for admission to the always-crowded Stork Club bring goddesses. "Dress the room with pulchritude" is house policy, keeping us blinking . . . Blue Angel haunters are in a state of joy, mingled with guffaws, over the return of pint-proportioned drollster Irwin Corey to that boite, 152 East 55th. Also putting in reappearance there is swingster Robert Maxwell, with slick pickings on his harp.

STOWAGE for waist spaces is gladsome at the Gripsholm Restaurant (Swedish holm cooking), 324 East 57th. The stainless steel smörgasbord table, equipped with refrigeration, is an exclusive designed by host Ragnar Asplund; plate-toting guests tramping around it as though it were the Central Park reservoir, loot as they please, emboldened by appetite rousing aquavit. For the main course, a seasonal specialty is crawfish, fresh from the brooks in Wisconsin and cooked in dill. Other Scandinavian favorites are *grav lax* (Smoked salmon with tasty sauce), *fräsare* (small steak), biff à la Lindström (elaborated hamburger), Swedish apple cake, and Swedish pancakes. Since ice-water is flavor's foe, Svensk custom calls for beer with the smörgasbord, and wine from then on up to the Swedish Punch with the dessert.

WELL-KNOWN enchantresses and their stage, screen, and radio mannerisms are merrily taken apart by young comedienne Patricia Bright in the Refrigier'd atmosphere of Café Society Uptown, 128 East 58th Street. David Brooks ("Bloomer Girl's" baritone friend) does the vocally magnetic; NBC's Bernie West collects laughs; Sonny Thompson furies the ivories. Ed Hall's orchestra and Dave Martin's trio are the ensembles of the occasion. Adoers at Café Society Downtown, 2 Sheridan Square, include comedy find Timmie Rogers, indigo chanteuse Sarah Vaughan, boogie-woogians Pete Johnson and Cliff Jackson, and the hot band of sheepskinner J. C. Heard.

PRESIDENTS Grover Cleveland, Teddy Roosevelt, U. S. Grant, and other erstwhile patrons of Cavanagh's Restaurant, 260 West 23rd, would bristle at the news that this cherished and hitherto changeless dispensary of roast beef, fish cakes, Irish stews, green turtle steaks, etc., with beefsteak party rooms upstairs, has acquired a cocktail lounge. But it's an eastward addition, not a desecration. Called Old Chelsea Room, it sports an ample Honduras mahogany bar, fish and game designs, and a frontage of New Orleans grillework. Pet prescriptions carefully compounded.

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Is there a pipeful of "Country Doctor" in the crowd?

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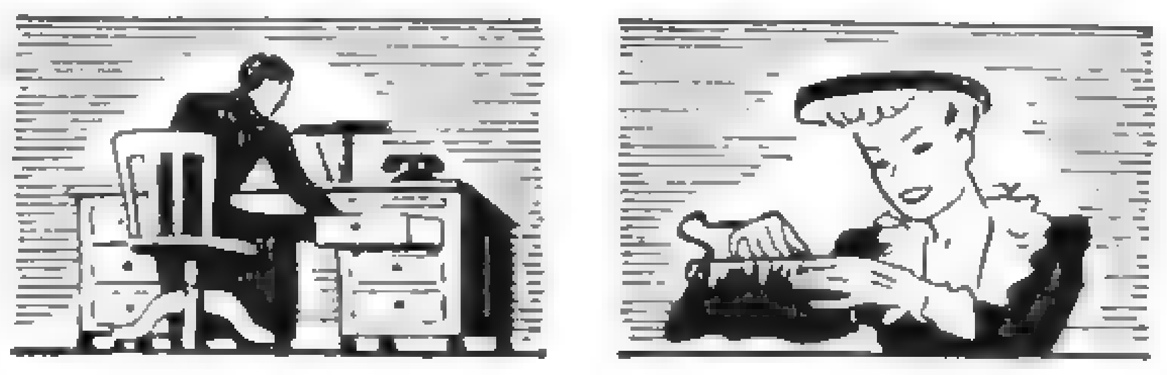

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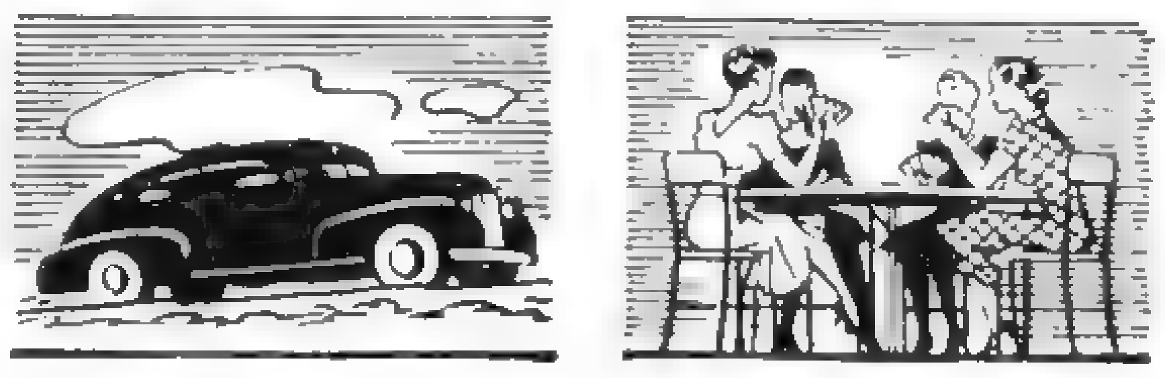

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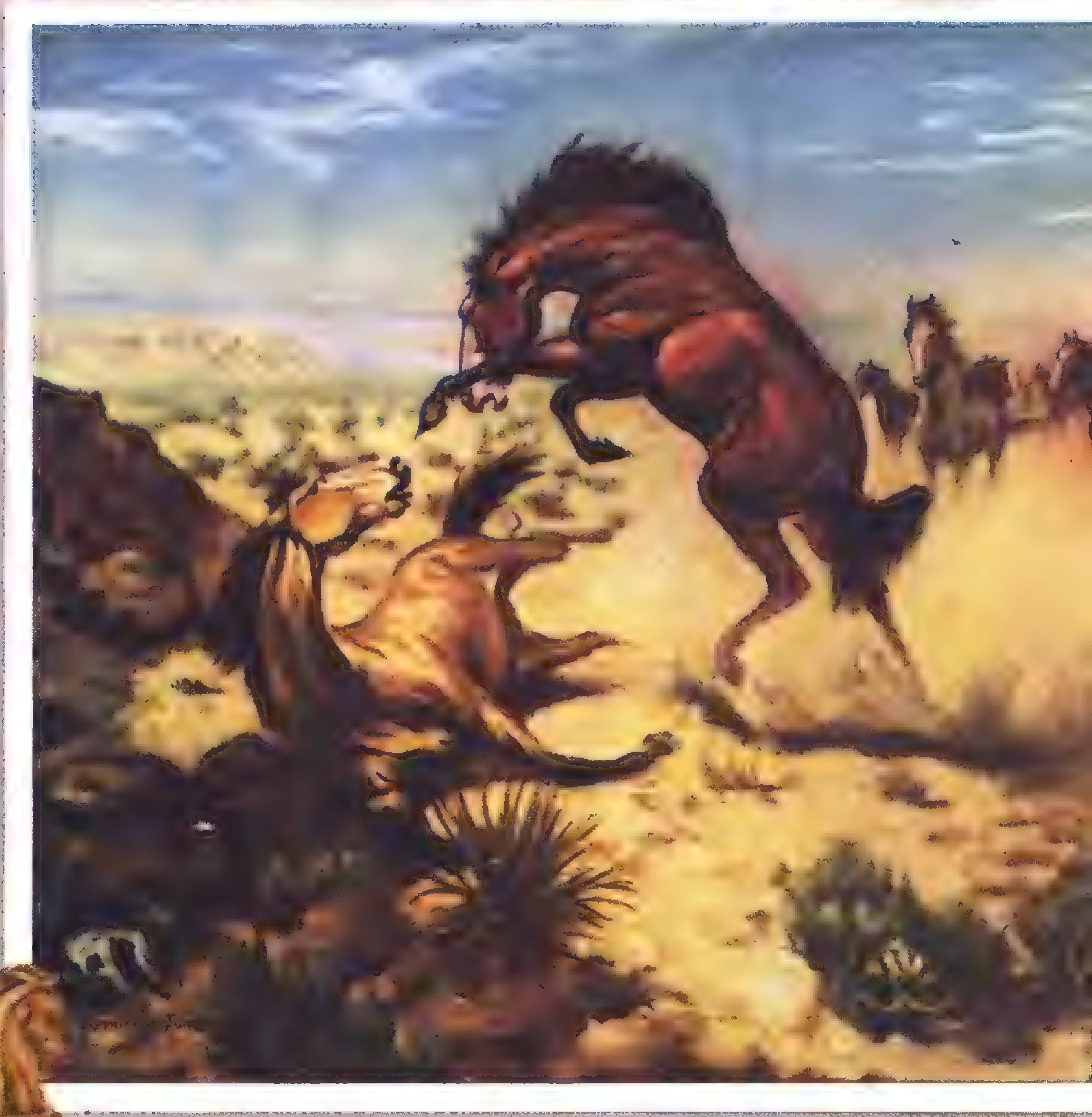

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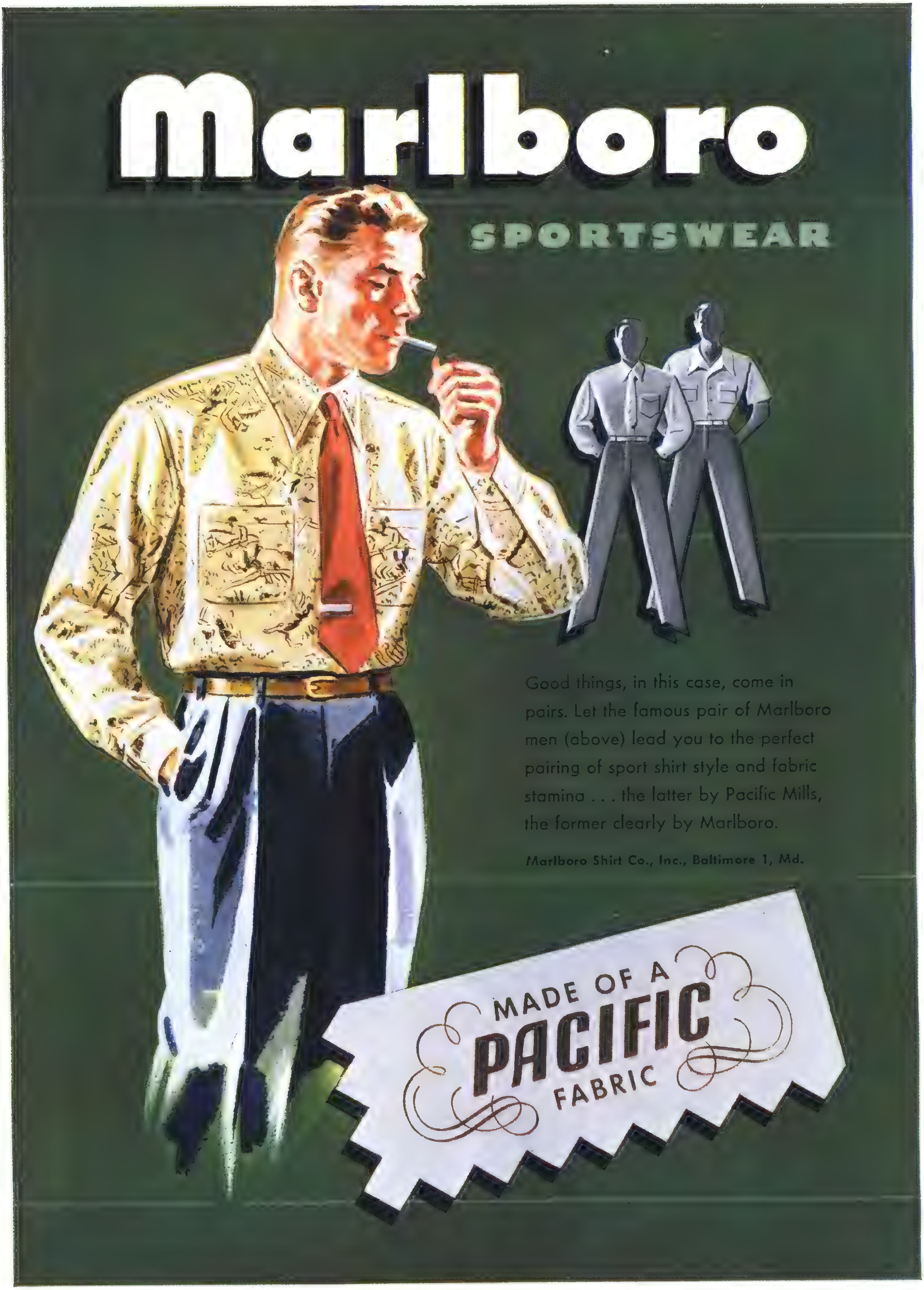

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Good things, in this case, come in pairs. Let the famous pair of Marlboro men (above) lead you to the perfect pairing of sport shirt style and fabric stamina . . . the latter by Pacific Mills, the former clearly by Marlboro.

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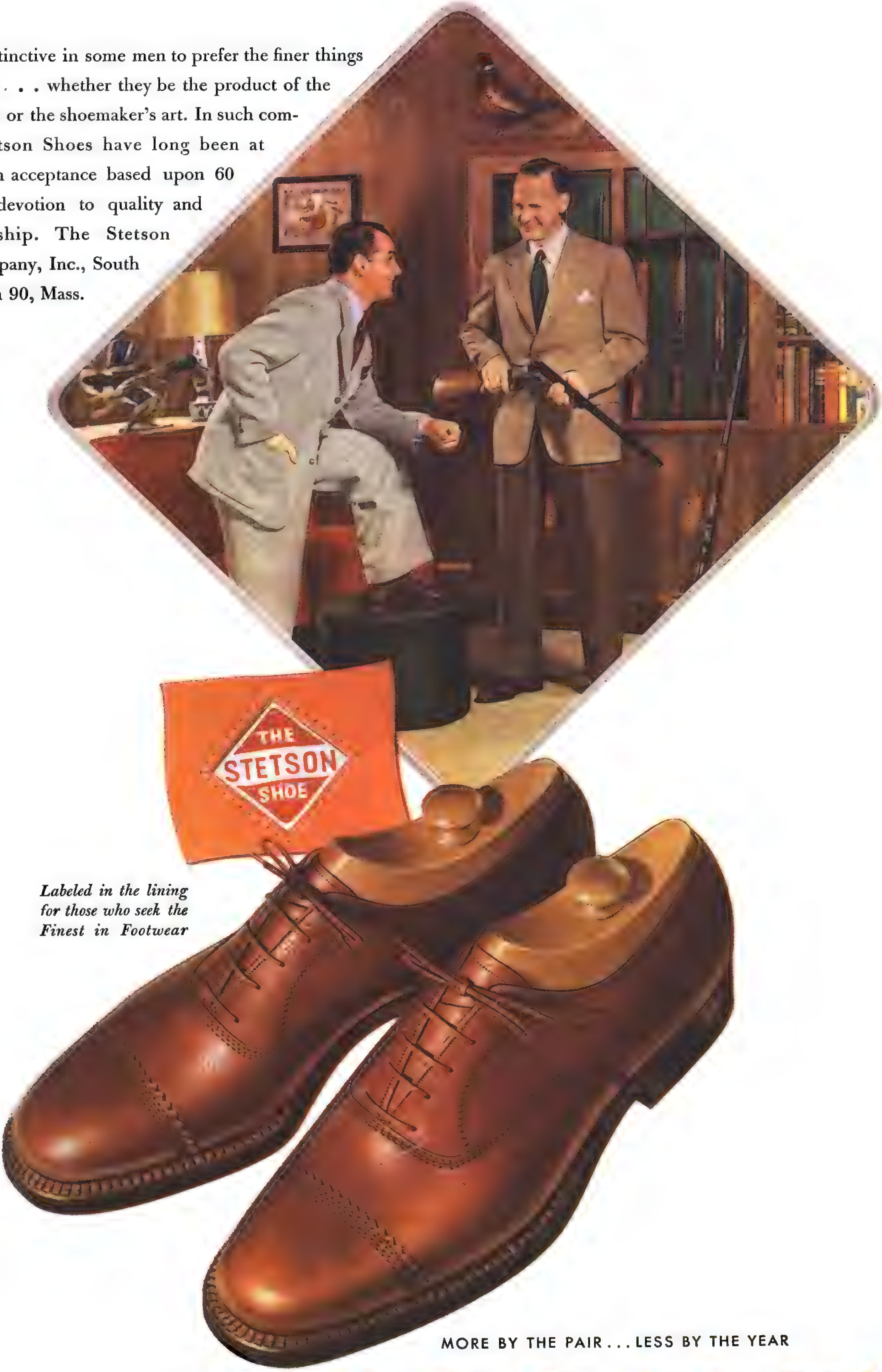

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Painting the Town with Esquire

WILLOWS weep on the lawns of the old Colonial mansion, 161 Summit Ave., Jersey City, which houses Bruno's Restaurant, but people emerging from dining there feel just dandy. Clue to contentment is supplied by menu, which says conspicuously: "Large sliced steak sandwich with melted butter on toast, French fried onions, French fried potatoes, chow chow." Smaller print makes mention of extra sirloin steak (for 2), broiled T-bone steak, broiled Virginia ham steak, broiled live Maine lobster. But reading these items is a hollow pleasure compared to meeting them in person, with a bottle of Fountain Grove Pinot Noir on one hand and a wooden bowl of Bruno's Italian mixed green salad on the other.

REMINDERS for gliders: Frank Dailey's Meadowbrook in Cedar Grove, big favorite of the younger crowd, is rhythmed by topflight maestros and their men. Terrace Room of Bill Naue's luxury-glittered Chanticler in Millburn has Maximillian Bergere & Co. on the podium. At Blue Hills Plantation, just off Route 29, Dunellen, it's Mace Irish in command of tunes. In West Orange, Mayfair Farms (431 Eagle Rock Ave.) and The Moresque (111 Prospect Ave.) are distinctive spots that earn shank thanks. And now the new Carousel supper club in Newark's Hotel Essex House is a beauteous boite where anybody but a twerp would want to terp.

ROAST Long Island duckling, orange dressing, is feasted upon with well-merited fervor at Buttonwood Manor (lakeside pavilion 'mid gardens), Routes 4 & 34, Matawan. To confuse the issue, a distractingly impressive Shore Dinner is also featured. Steadfastly we duck it.

UP JUST south of the New York State border, sign on Prospect Ave. marks your entrance into the greenswarded, tree-shaded grounds of Chateau de Woodcliff Lake, alias Chez Charles. Good word on nutrition is conferenced in the bar, chef given instructions, and in due time international diplomacy bears fruit. Succulent.

MR. G. B. SHAW can keep his Caesar and Cleopatra—we'll take Cesare and Teresa, of Villa Cesare, Lincoln Ave., Hillsdale. She's the cook and Cesare's the character, visiting around rotundly while she presides in the visible kitchen, using herbs and seasoning fresh from the garden. Her home made ravioli draw raves, and the sauce she contrives for egg noodles isn't exactly a handicap to them. So a woman can't be a great chef? Ask the many restaurateurs who come here to eat Teresa's art.

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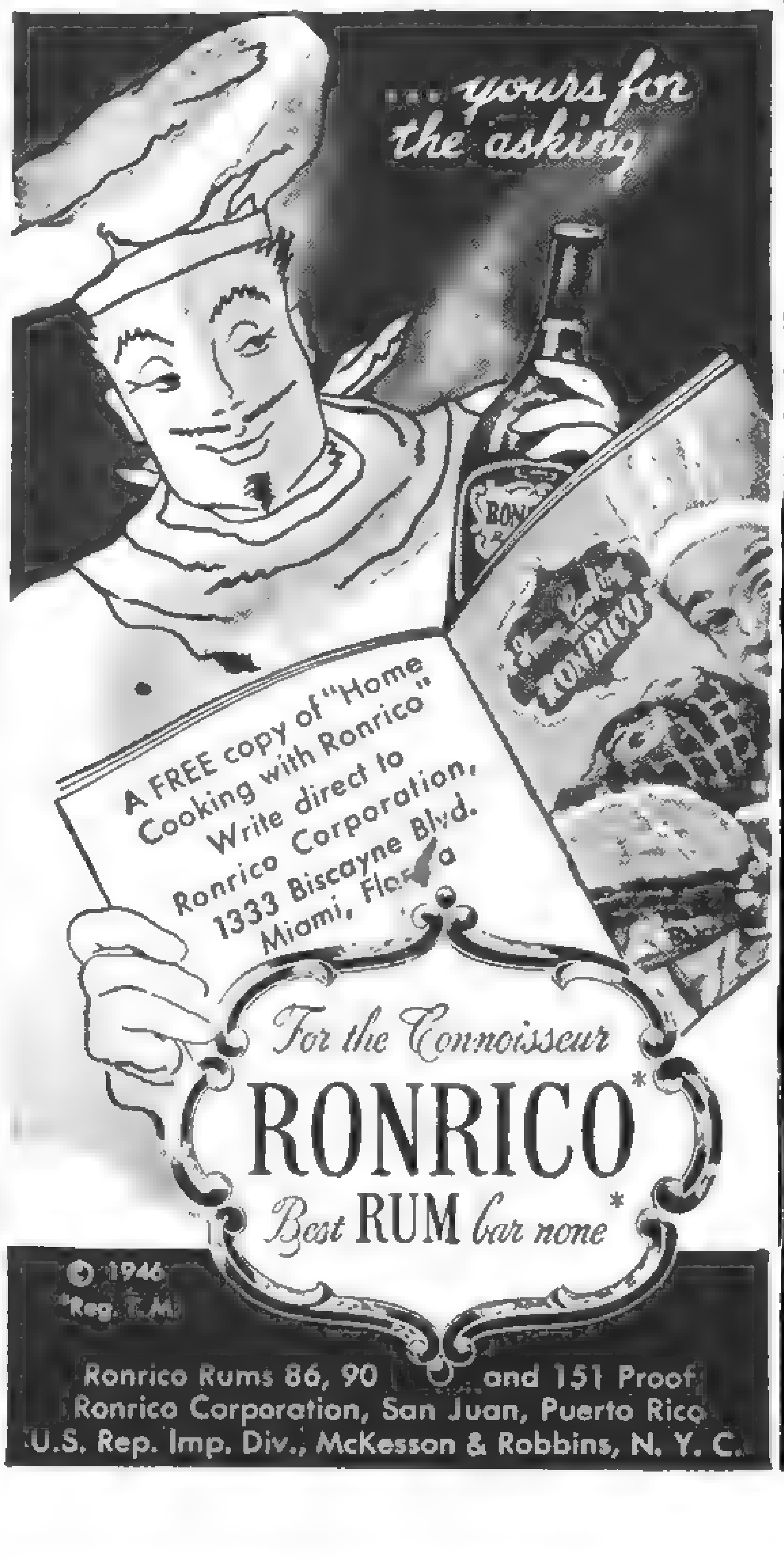

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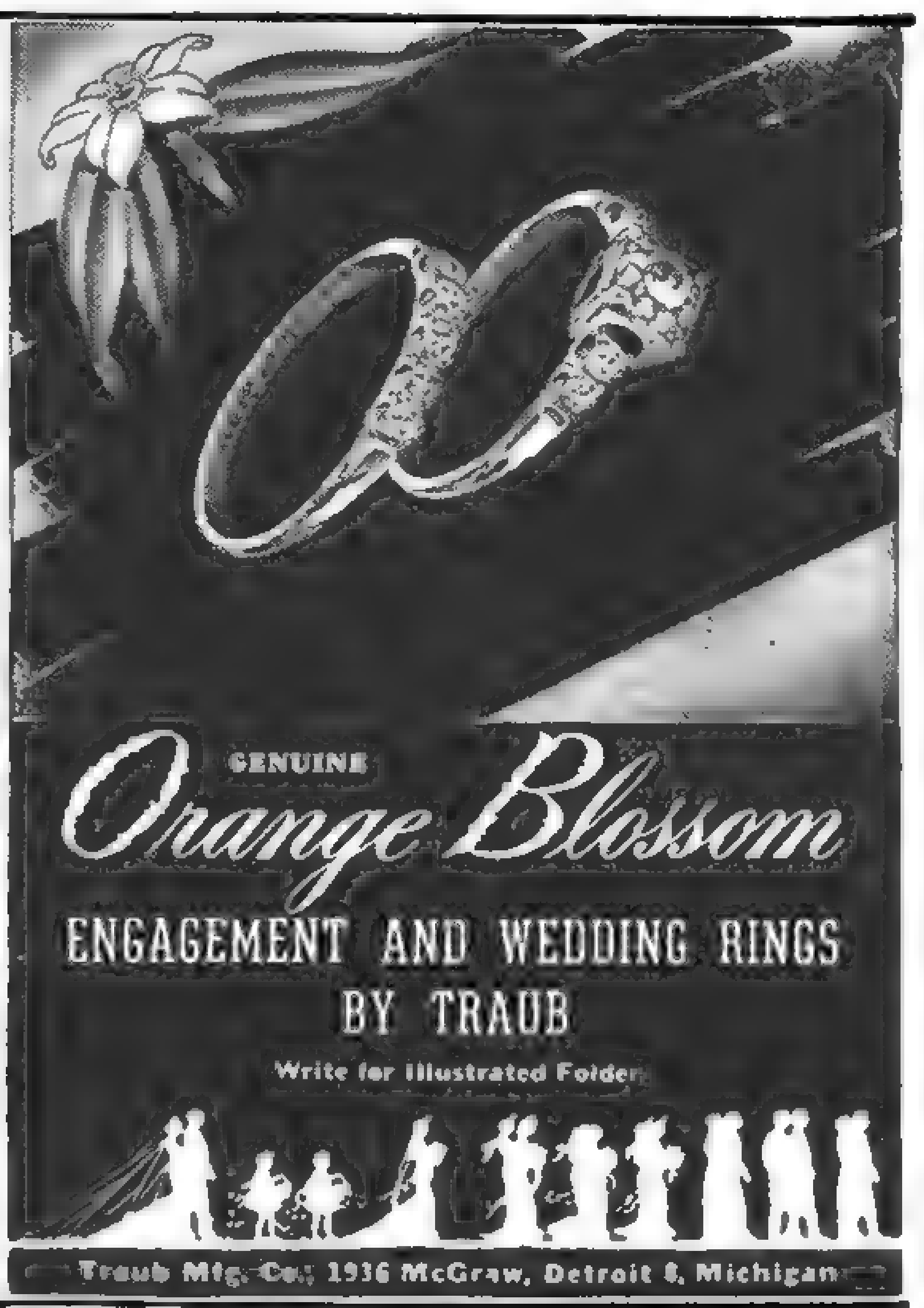

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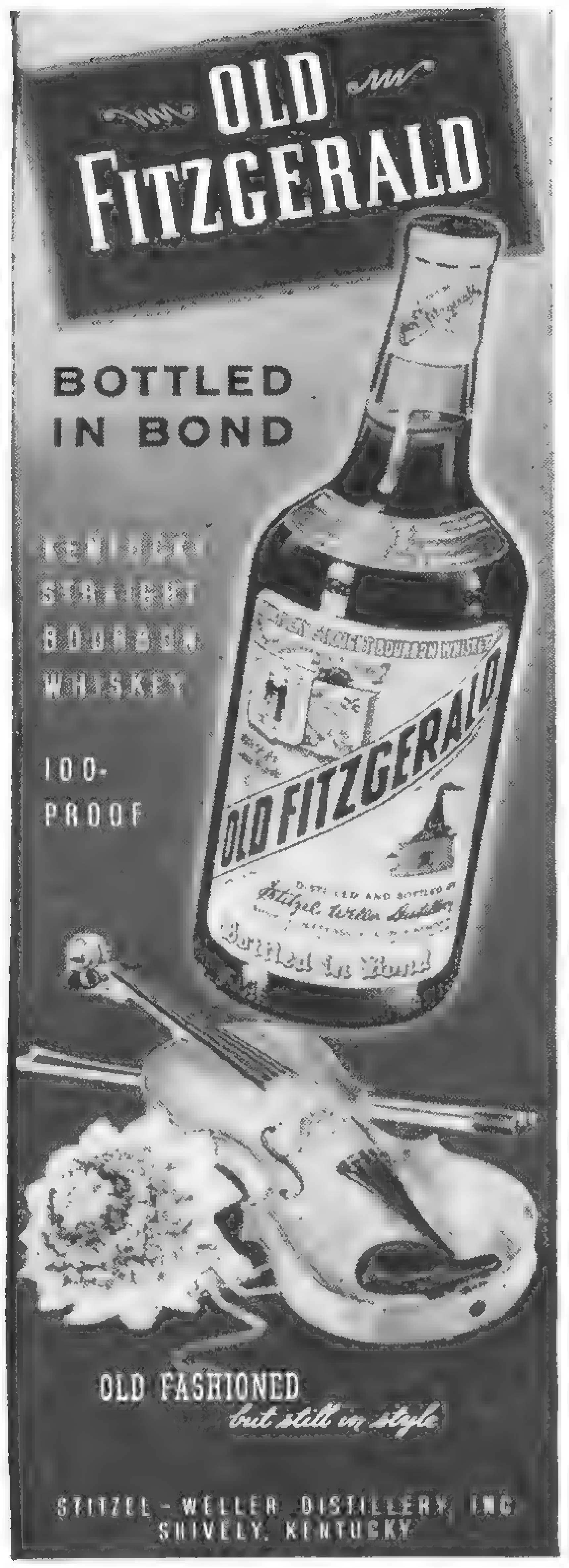
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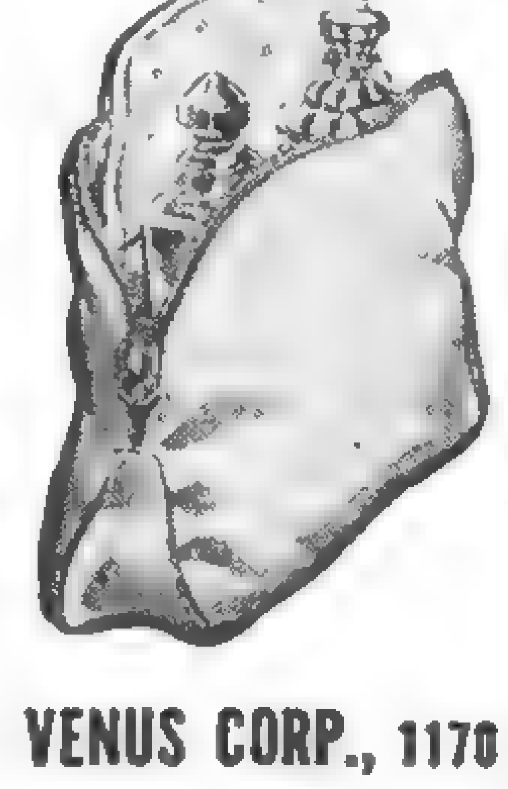

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Painting the Town with Esquire

INVADERS of New Jersey, harking for the wayside tinkle of highballs and the cry of a filet mignon to its mate, can be reasonably certain they won't have to subsist on dew and tree-bark. That is, if they know their gustatory geography. Some of the prize places are the peskiest to find.

OASIS LODGE is an easy one, perched beside Route 9W, just short of the Palisades Ave. intersection, few miles north of George Washington Bridge. Outwardly this dull brown hut has nothing; inside, it's got a clump of cosy dining and cocktailing rooms in the hunting-lodge mood, and a pleasant bar stocked with choice liquors. Kitchen turns out excellent steaks, chops, and other forthright fare. Crowd is local and select . . . Leo's Restaurant —yellow building, southeast corner of the intersection—is kept busy serving its competent versions of chicken cacciatore and other Italian classics, plus steaks. Swarming with applicants on weekends . . . Shortly beyond, sprawls Rustic Cabin, stone-and-brick job, corn-beef hash style, accommodating 2,000. Name band policy and pop prices are what bring 'em—food merely incidental. The grandiose super-de-luxe Riviera (whose glamours we reported on last month) gets the fling set; the swing set streak to Rustic Cabin.

CLOSTER MANOR INN, on Piermont Rd. (via Closter Dock Rd. from 9W at Alpine), neat-but-not-picturesque shingled affair with considerable grounds. New management has redone this place throughout and installed well trained help. Everything gleams. The alert lad at the bar electric-mixes a Frozen Daiquiri of a commendableness rarely met with in Manhattan. Food is highly edible and your waiter knows and shows wines that go with it.

RED COACH TAVERN, same Piermont Rd., Closter, is a pipperoo on all counts. Its Old English bar lounge, snug and cheery; beamed dining room is auspicious for lordly assault upon roast beef, stuffed young turkey, leg of lamb, sirloin steak, chateaubriand with Béarnaise sauce, accompanied by a bottle of eminent California burgundy. Hosts Walter and Edward Woit are wine enthusiasts and smart pickers as their list attests—from dry to sweet, from red to pink to pale golden. (Waiter, never mind that deep dish apple pie à la mode. The vacancy we were holding for it seems to have gone.)

For information about any hotels, restaurants, or night clubs, write "Esquire-about-town", 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y., enclosing self-addressed stamped envelope for reply.

ATTRACTIVE DECANTER

A popular gift for any man, especially if he loves horses. Made of clear glass, shaped like actual stirrup. Pint size. A pair for Scotch and Rye or Bourbon makes a welcome gift. Also attractive filled with ivy. Price only $2.50 per pair prepaid.

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The DASH that makes the DISH

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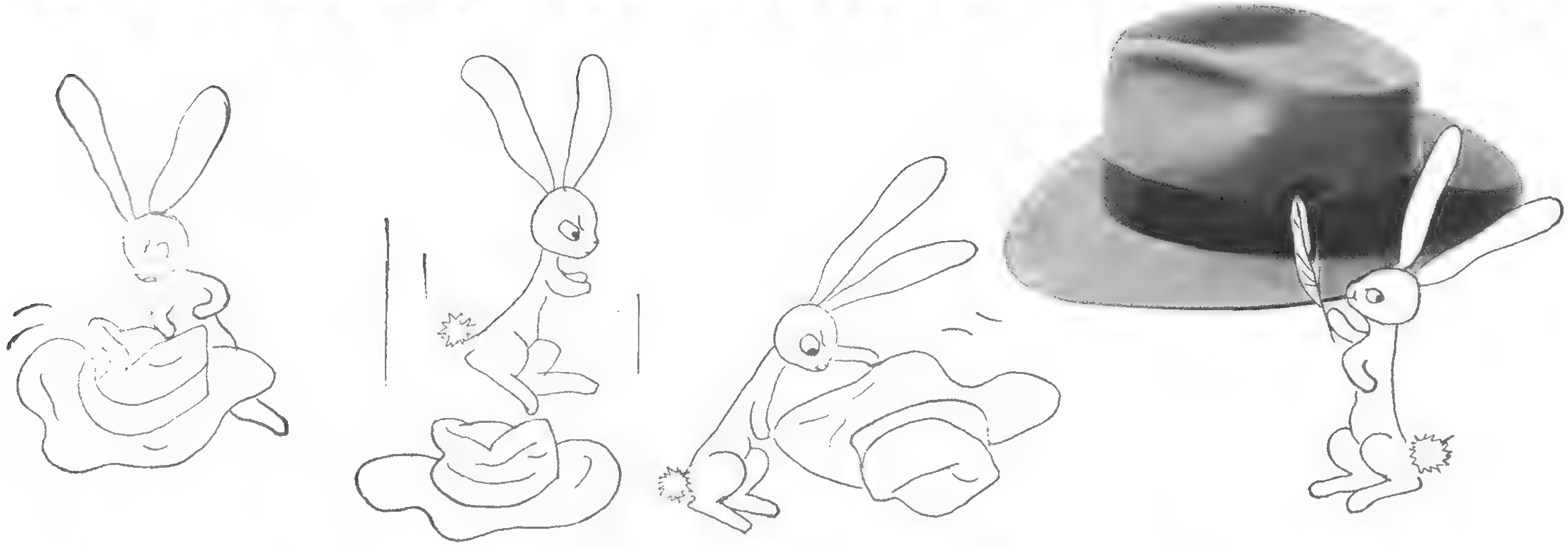

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Here's good news for the man who used to worry a hat . . . creasing and denting it again and again in vain effort to recapture that "hat-store" look.

It's Lee Pre-Shaping . . . a unique factory process which fixes the smart crease . . . for keeps.

Bump it . . . crush it . . . man-handle it . . . then touch it lightly. It comes back . . . right into the original dents and creases exactly as they should be . . . always.

Lee Pre-Shaping assures superb Lee style for the very long life of the hat.

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Sport and Country Hats . . . a fascinating variety of colors and textures.

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And the famous Lee Hats for all-around wear . . . Shetland, Trinity, Vent-O-Lite (invisibly ventilated), Trail, Roma, Handlee, University.

Priced from $8.50 to $20.00.

Tune in Drew Pearson and his "Predictions of Things to Come" every Sunday, coast to coast, over the American Broadcasting Company's (Blue) Network.

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Backstage with Esquire

★ *The Esquire Gallery*

Thornton Utz

THORNTON UTZ, who makes his first bow to Esquire's audience this month with the glamour girl painting on page 104, is a native of Memphis, Tennessee. He attended art school in Chicago where he met and married his favorite model. Now they, with their two small daughters, live in Westport, Connecticut. Mr. Utz marvels over the fact that it is possible to earn a living by an occupation as pleasant as drawing; he contributes illustrations to the *Saturday Evening Post*, *Cosmopolitan*, *The Woman's Home Companion* and *American*, and does some "Sunday" painting between assignments. More than any other artist, he admires Rembrandt. AL BUELL, another new contributor to Esquire's glamour gallery (see *Speculation*, page 103), is Kansas-born and Oklahoma-bred. When he was twenty years old he forsook the life of a cowboy to study engineering at Northwestern University. However, he says: "A quick look at my mathematics textbooks convinced me that I would make a much better artist than an engineer. So I handed in my slide rule and after four frenzied weeks in night school at the Art Institute in Chicago, I hitchhiked to New York. It seemed that New York was not quite ready for me, or vice versa, so I decided to go back to the comparatively secure life of an Oklahoma cowhand. But the local belles were beautiful to look upon so I painted most of them and married one and she shoved me off to Chicago with my samples on my back. Now I have three helpful kibitzers—Ruth, my wife; Janice, my eight-year-old daughter; and Jon, my six-year-old son." We told you all about FRITZ WILLIS and JOE DE MERS when we introduced them last month. But just in case you missed that issue, here it is again, in a capsule version. Both of these artists were formerly production illustrators for Warner Bros. Studios. Now they have formed a partnership, and are writing and illustrating children's books. They work separately, but occasionally they have "story conferences" in true Hollywood style. And in their more frivolous moments they enjoy knocking out paintings of beautiful dames with or without mercy, like *Prologue* and *Reiteration* on pages 67 and 68 of this issue.

Al Buell

After a year of graduate work in philosophy at the University of Chicago, MARTIN GARDNER became a reporter for the Tulsa *Tribune*, then held various jobs in Chicago, including one as a social worker in the Black Belt, before joining the University of Chicago's Department of Press Relations. Since his discharge from the Navy last spring he has been hiding in Chicago, working on a novel, *And You Might Feel Funny*, about a Navy veteran and a lady magician.

Lewis Ossi

LEWIS OSSI (*Sailfish on Sewing Thread*, page 117) sent us this crisp autobiography: "Born in Poland; went to school in England; University in Hamburg, Germany, and so to work in the U.S.A. Between wars traveled extensively. One way, usually as a first-class cabin passenger, and returning, usually as a coal passer. When not collecting rejection slips I ghostwrite screen plays and radio scripts for which other writers take credit or the blame, according to odor. The sailfish in Esquire and a shark in another magazine have bought me a 16 m/m Bolex and 3,000 feet of Kodachrome. Now I'm off for Acapulco and a certain place in Mexico that nobody has ever heard of, for more fish stories and some pictures that will be at least super-colossal."

HORACE HOFFER was for a time a scenario writer for one of Hollywood's major studios. Now after a hitch in New York writing for radio, he lives in Texas, where he's working on a novel—about Texas.

Jack Stenbuck

JACK STENBUCK says that although he has sold about seventy-five pieces to magazine editors, most of them still tend to refer to him as "Steinbeck." Originally a newspaper editor, he switched to circulation and was circulation director for Hearst newspapers for fifteen years in Milwaukee, Detroit and Boston. He recalls that *Time* Magazine once described him as "tough" and "prognathous jawed" and *Fortune* labeled him "ebullient." When his first magazine piece, *America's Goshawfulest Store* landed in *Reader's Digest* and brought one of their fabulous checks, Stenbuck decided magazine writing was a more interesting profession than peddling papers. He is forty-six, lives with his wife and daughter in Chestnut Hill, outside Boston, and has a son, a lieutenant, in Italy.

John Scott Renwick

JOHN SCOTT RENWICK is a former newspaperman engaged in publicity and public relations. Forced by vocation to be concerned with serious subjects, he finds escape and recreation by writing in a humorous vein. *Defender of the Weak* is his first light article to be published since newspaper days.

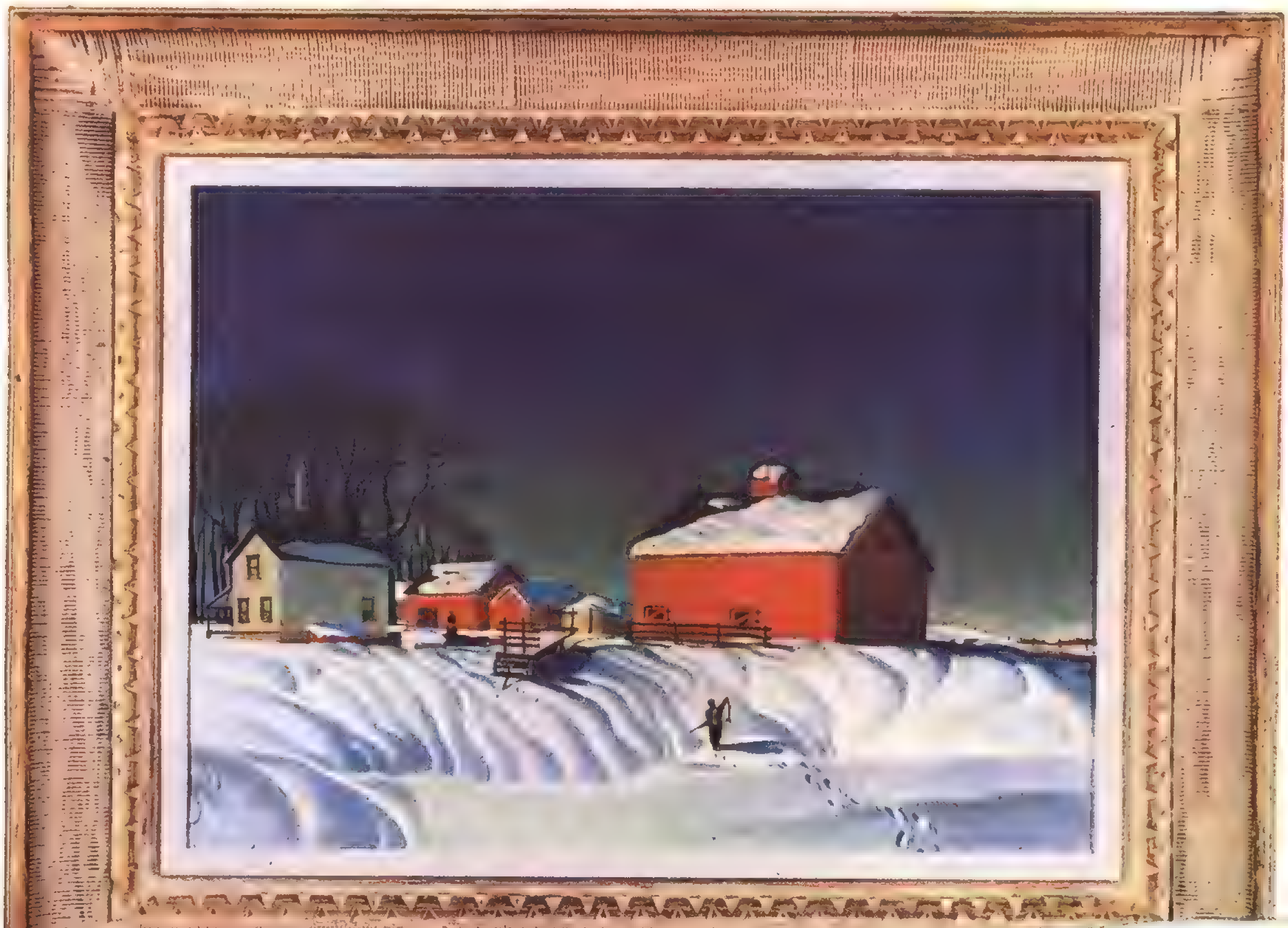
Confessing that since reading a broad-slam on writer-biographies in this magazine he is wary of furnishing further material for satire, ASHER GERECHT offers these stray items: "I quit an infantry regiment of the 34th Division in late 1945 after two years in Italy, and am presently living in Chicago. Calypsofying is my hobby. I like talking to people who feel superior because they themselves know they know, or because they belong to groups that know they know. Now back to A.P."

R. MAGRUDER DOBIE, author of *Soccer Bids for the Big Time*, writes: "Before attending the University of Virginia I spent a year at a Swiss school for American boys and wealthy Europeans. We had a soccer game between teams composed of nobility (including relatives of former King Alfonso of Spain and Count de Metternich) and just plain commoners. If I remember correctly, the nobles won. During the war while I was in the Pacific with the U. S. Navy, I saw soccer played by barefooted "Kanakas" in New Caledonia and the Fiji Islands. I have also attended soccer games in Brazil and in France.

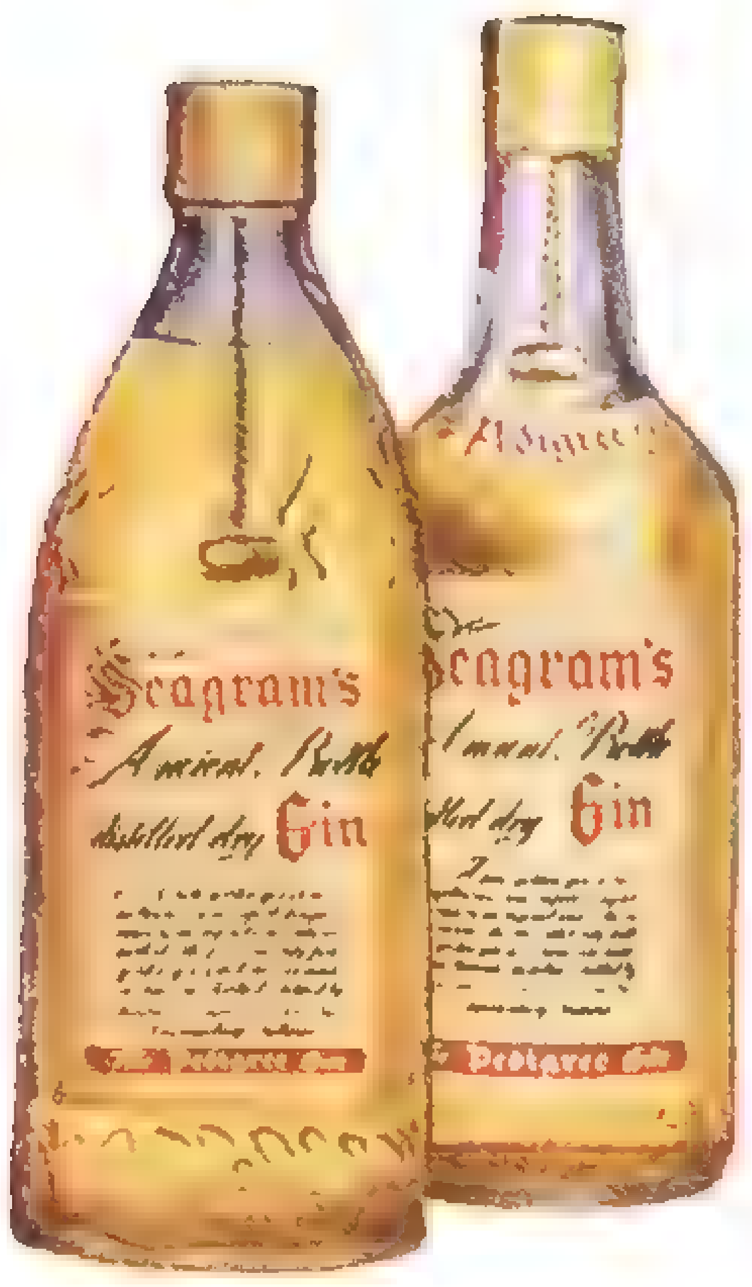
These two portraits of DONALD A. ALLAN comprise a graphic before-and-after sequence. The first is an identification picture taken by the German prison camp photographer the day Allan arrived, exhausted and nearly starved, in Silesia, after the boxcar ride from Budapest described in his story, *Triumph of a Realist* (page 90). The second was taken after his discharge from the U. S. Air Force. He says: "My best war story is too fantastic to get printed. It concerns a young American (me) who escaped from a prison camp near the end of the war in Europe, and was discovered, hiding in an abandoned church, three weeks later by the troops of his infantry colonel father!" Allan graduated from Stanford University last June, claims he now lives with his wife and two daughters near Redwood, California, in a Rural Free Delivery mail box, waiting for the postman to bring news of journalism job offers. *Triumph of a Realist* is included in a volume of *The Best Student Short Stories of the Year* soon to be published by Stanford University Press.

Donald A. Allan

American Originals



Reproduction of an original by Dale Nichols, distinguished American artist.



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This rare and wonderful gin has the color of fine vintage champagne . . . a *natural* result of our leisurely, time-honored way of producing it.

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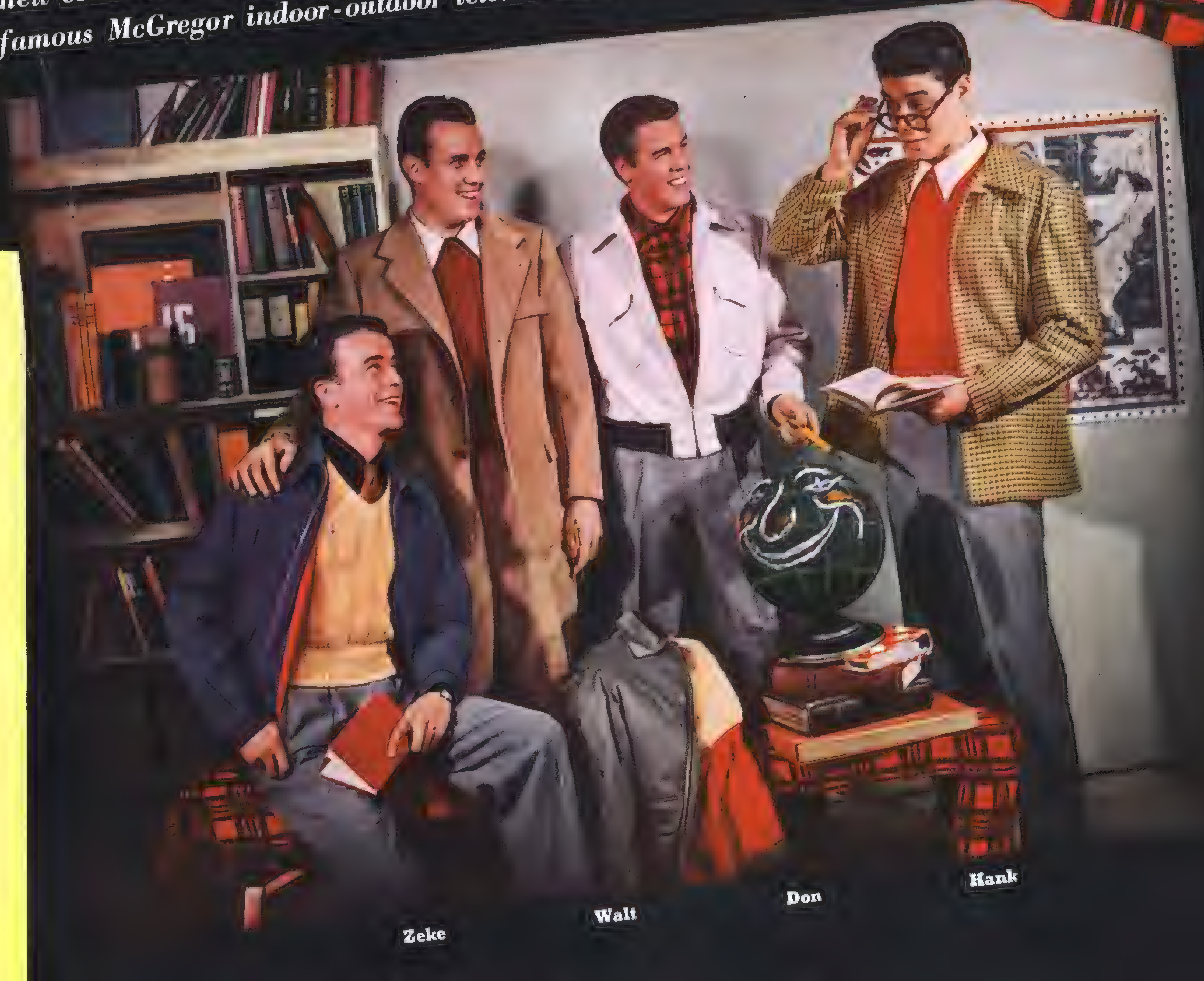
in famous McGregor indoor-outdoor leisure wear



ZEKE—He understands what's going on. With sportswear like that he lines up all top credits.

TAHOE Sleeveless Sweater, 100% all-wool.

McBISON Shirt with Collegiate Widesweep Collar. 100% wool by *American Woolen Mills.*

MOUNTY DRIZZLER Jacket. Norane-treated, Green Lighted, *Ameritex* Fabric. Lined with 100% pure wool *Parkella Flannel.*

WALT—Looks happy because he's all set for study hall, campus or date with the local belle.

SUBURBIA CORD Sack Coat. *Cooleroy* fine-wale corduroy. Fully lined; hand details.

SUBURBIA CORD Slacks. Designed to blend or contrast with sack coat. *Conmar* zipper fly.

AUTUMN TWEED Shirt of washable, Green Light *Mooresville* fabric. Tweedy pattern.

SCOTIAN Crew Neck Long Sleeve Pullover of *Fallspun* 100% pure wool yarn.

DON—He's learned a lot about sportswear. Just take a look at that head-of-the-class style.

POLAR ZIP zipper Jacket. Blouse model of 100% pure wool suede cloth by *American Woolen Mills.* Full-fashioned, snug-fit bottom.

McDONALD Winter Sport Shirt. Bright, vibrant colors in authentic Tartans.

KNOLL Flannel Slacks. 100% pure wool *Dickey* flannel, in fine, hound's tooth pattern.

HANK—Looks smart and is. Those sports clothes of his are a "Grade A" course in style.

GUN CLUB Shacket. "The shirt that's a Jacket"*. 100% pure worsted *Newnan* flannel.

CREWBURY Sweater. Three-ply wool shaker.

CALICANA Shirt. Of McGregor's exclusive *Elbahsaw* (*Washable* backwards) cloth.

ICELAND WARMUP Outdoor Jacket (lying below). Sturdy, combed Klondike Cloth Shell. Warm, *Timmie-tuft* lining. *Conmar* zipper.

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

TAD—He's ready to weather the toughest blizzard in stride and keep that big smile going.

CANADIAN WARM-UP GIANT COAT. Water-repellent gabardine. Lined with rich Golden Shearling. Topped with genuine Blonde Beaver-dyed Sheepskin.

NATURA Precious Fur Shirt, the first *new* idea in fine fabrics in a generation. A *Milliken* woolen. 80% wool, 15% Muskrat, 5% Mink.

GLACIER Covert Slacks. Of *Lippitt Covert*. Richly loomed of 100% all-wool worsted.

BULL—Could be color-guard in any company, He knows his sport clothes and he wears them.

LABRADOR Jacket. Rugged all-wool blanketing by *American Woolen Mills*. Large book or game pocket in back. Rich red color.

McVIKING Shirt. 100% all-wool shirting in vivid shades. Famous McGregor tailoring.

ZACK—Chesty, cheerful, chummy. Brightly dressed for fun and for comfort by McGregor.

KANUCK Shirt. A *Milliken* woolen with sensational new chest stripe. Built-in zipper pocket.

ALL CLIMATE Jacket. Water-repellent *Hego* Paratwill Shell. Choice of three different, warm *Conmar*-zipper detachable linings.

MAC—He's got a long edge on style. Dressed for sports, campus or easy-going date in town.

TUCKERMAN Coat. Warm *American Woolen* fleece. Rich, wool plaid lining, two-way pockets.

IMPERIAL PINES Shirt, 100% wool. Perfectly designed collar. Completely new shades.

GOODWILL GAB Slacks. 100% pure worsted *Goodwill Gabardine*. McGregor designed.

BRAD—The ski champ. Look at that colorful authentic, made-for-movement ski-sportswear.

EVEREST Reversible Parka. Water-repellent, windproof, *Green Lighted* Drizzler Cloth reverses with *Seymour* 100% all-wool blanketing.

GABSUEDE Shirt. Soft, *Regal* fabric with sueded finish. Sanforized, fast-color, washable.

SNOW ELK Ski Sweater. 100% all-wool authentic ski patterns. Warm crew neck model.

CANADIAN DOWNHILLS Ski Pants. Sturdy weight *Airedale* gabardine. Water-repellent. Zipper pockets. Professional Downhill cut.

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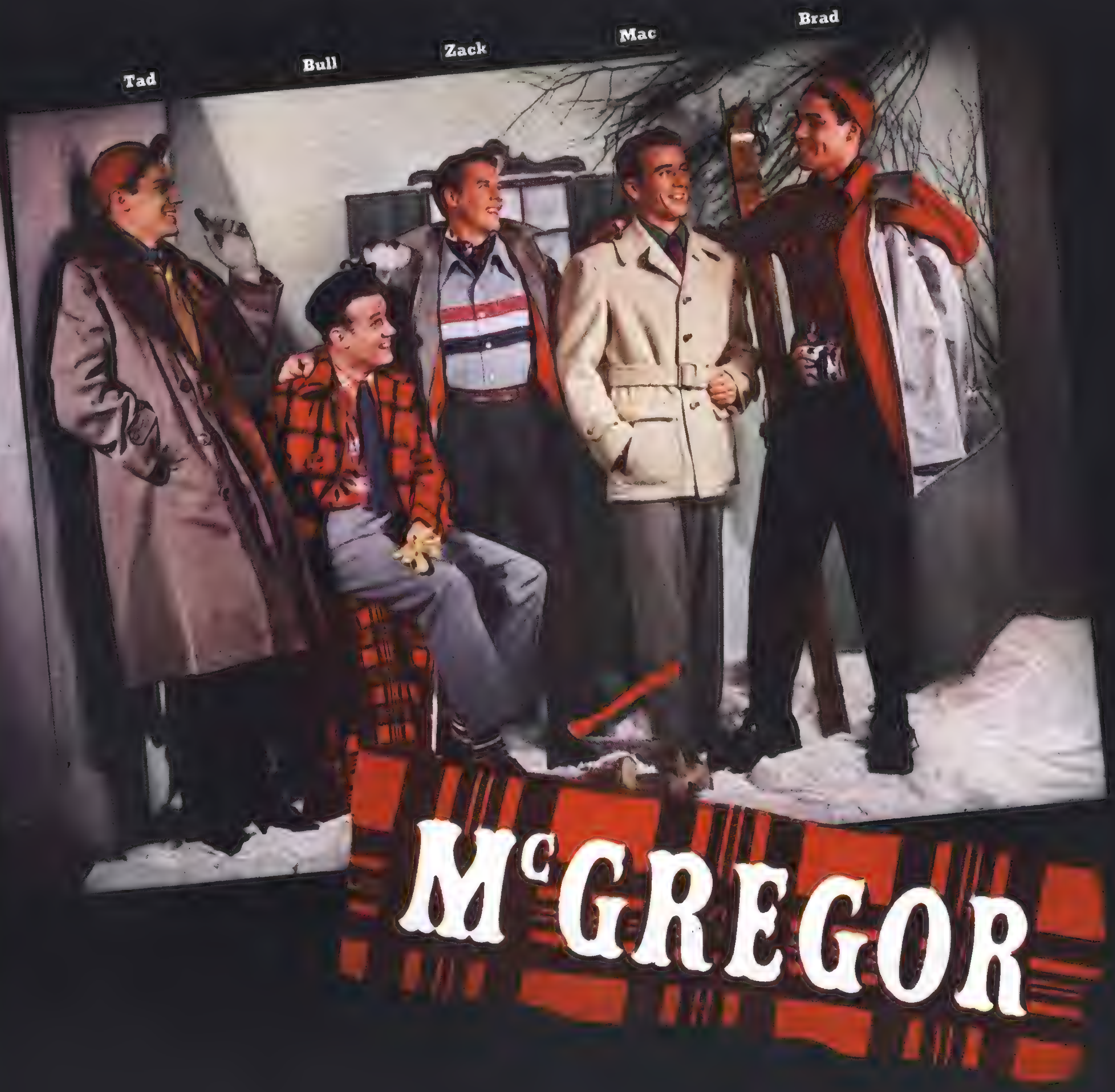

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the superlatively smooth, mellow taste of PM.
Here's beauty and quality and jollity . . .
Pleasant Moments coming right up!

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Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

What in the World . . .

MUELLER

Combining, this month, such disparate topics as *The Gentleman's Companion,* the world's most primitive tribe, an incident at the Waldorf-Astoria, and a trip around Sydney Greenstreet

Campaign

Last month, in the maiden installment of *What in the World,* Esky struck out with a one-paragraph campaign against modern deafening automobile horns. Nothing happened, of course, but Esky, undaunted, presents herewith his second one-paragraph campaign. October, once the eighth month of the year (hence, as the saying goes, its name), was moved up to tenth place by Julian and thereafter was the month of the sere, the yellow leaf; the harvest moon; the forward pass. October is also, throughout America, the month when concerts, recitals, musicales, and other Apollonian doings begin to get going in noisy earnest. Esky therefore takes occasion this October to air his longest-standing musical gripe. *Esky is against mannerisms on the part of musicians, long-haired or short.* Against jazz drummers who rhythmically chomp gum because the great Gene Krupa rhythmically chomps gum. Against harmonica players who squeeze their eyes shut and expect you to laugh because they squeeze their eyes shut. Against coloratura sopranos whose Art-dedicated nostrils dilate, during the pianist's introductory bars, as though they smelled a dead rat. Against tenors and/or baritones whose voices catch and/or break by way of indicating passion and/or grief. Against conductors who conduct with their coattails. Against violinists who play with their hair. Against pianists whose eyebrows go up every time their hands come down; or who, on concluding a bravura piece, turn to the audience a face reminiscent of Mussolini at his triumphant worst; or who, when playing Chopin waltzes, perform an accompanying rump waltz on the piano bench; or who, for reasons Esky never hopes to fathom, mar the beautiful sounds of their art by humming, droning, snorting, or zzzing. Esky is against all that, and doesn't care who knows it.

The Pitjendadjaras

The *What in the World* editor was highly fetched by an article, *Earth's Most Primitive People,* which he recently read in the *National Geographic.* Author of the article was Charles P. Mountford, who, with his wife, one assistant, a camel driver named Tjundaga, and Tjundaga's wife, Nibiana, investigated the Pitjendadjara tribe by way of anthropological research. The Pits are a tribe of some 300 aborigines who live in the dead center of Australia, more specifically "on both sides of the lonely western section of the border between South Australia and Northern Territory." They are strictly Stone Age folk who wear no clothes at all, live on grass, grubs, ants, lizards, kangaroos, and Dingo dogs, and employ, for all their needs, only five implements—a spear and a spear-thrower for the men, a dish, a grinding stone, and a digging stick for the women.

It took Mr. Mountford and party over two months to reach Pitjendadjara-land, traveling by train, bus, camel caravan, and shanks' mare. The expedition's itinerary alone is worth a year's subscription to *National Geographic:* Oodnadatta to Ernabella to Mutiguluna to Owellinna to Oparina to Nirunya to Puka to Erliwunyawunya. "Their homeland is so inhospitable," wrote Mr. Mountford, "that few Europeans have ventured into it . . . it is a country that to civilized people seems utterly uninhabitable. Yet these aborigines, without a stitch of clothing, have been able, for untold generations, to wrest an adequate livelihood from their desolate surroundings."

Not only that, but their wilderness is, for the Pits, paradise enow. They never make war, they never steal, they never spank their babies, they believe that they sprang from "kangaroo-men," and they are, in the real sense of the word, happy. They share their food on a tribe-wide basis and believe that procreation is entirely the work of tiny "spirit children" called *Yulanya,* who live in boulders. (When brash Europeans ask where these boulders are, they are gently put in their place with a soft-spoken: "Little bit far away.")

The Pits have strict tribal totems and tabus, but they aren't stuffy about them—witness the incident of Mrs. Mountford's hair. Mrs. Mountford wore her "luxuriant golden hair" in a coil on the back of her head. It happens that only fully initiated Pitjendadjara men are allowed to wear their hair this way. So Mrs. M's hair-do aroused considerable grave (but not hostile) comment, in the Australian aboriginal tongue and in pidgin English. And when Mrs. M let down her hair one day, just to see what would happen, the whole tribe crowded around in an orgy of excitement and compliment. Pitjendadjara bucks leaped into the air, brandishing their spears and yelling, appreciatively: "*Nandaraku!* Him big fella hair, that one!" That should be a lesson in both good manners and good-neighborliness for any and all tribes on the planet.

They have no trouble explaining things the non-Pit world might find abstruse. Take, for example, a certain strange and geologically baffling hollow, big enough to hold a B-29, in the side of a thousand-foot-high monolithic rock. "Hollowed out by a mole named *Itjaritjari,* to keep the rain off him," say the Pits, closing the subject. Nor would the Pits be fazed by talk of civilization's fearsome new weapons of modern war, for they know all about "*Kadaitcha,* the magic that kills people without touching them." They've solved handily the problem of adjusting, without even one G-string among the lot of them, to temperatures which range from 120° to 17° below freezing: on freezing nights they sleep comfortably behind a windbreak of boughs and between two small fires; on freezing days, they carry blazing "fire sticks" in their hands. When drought comes, they suck a pearl shell called *Ringili* and pretty soon (as awedly reported by Mr. Mountford) it rains.

Their art consists of cave drawings (comparable to prehistoric European Stone Age art) and a yearly tribal ceremony called "The Dance of the Mountain Devil." This annual shindig, performed by the boys of the tribe in costumes consisting of charcoal, chalk, and red ochre paint, reenacts a terrible event, now mythological but undoubtedly rooted in some actual archaic tragedy of the Pits. The Mountain Devil, with his companion, the Sleepy Lizard, once invited all the birds and lizards of Pitjendadjara-land to a ceremony. None dared refuse. After they had all gathered, somebody started a fire that set the whole countryside ablaze. All the birds and lizards were badly scorched, some were burned black all over, and many died. The article doesn't tell whether the Mountain Devil had a funny mustache, or whether his sinister companion, the Sleepy Lizard, had a paunch or a clubfoot. But the purpose of the dance is clear enough: it's to keep the Pits from forgetting what happened and to prevent the recurrence of catastrophe—the identical mission, implemented with considerably less grace and color, of the United Nations organization.

Apollos

Siegmund Klein, a "strong man" of considerable renown and holder of several weight-lifting records, operates a gymnasium at 717 Seventh Avenue, just off New York's Times Square. A man who takes exercises in Klein's place has written in to *What in the World*, stating that there is on display in a corner of the gym a silver loving cup inscribed: "Presented by Joe Bonomo, World's Apollo of 1921, to Siegmund Klein, World's Apollo of 1927." Our correspondent asked the 1927 World's Apollo—in other words, Mr. Klein—who the 1946 World's Apollo was, secretly hoping it would turn out to be still Mr. Klein—for it would be a rare privilege indeed to lift one's weights in the very presence of the God of Youth and Manly Beauty, to skip one's rope on Olympus itself. But Mr. Klein shattered his iridescent little hope. "They don't choose Apollos any more," he said, glumly.

Food & Drink, Exotic & DeLuxe

Crosby Gaige, the theatrical producer, was recently called, by Luscious Lucius Beebe, "America's No. 1 Gourmet." It's probably true. But remember: Gaige spent years working up to his dizzy gastronomical eminence, giving so many man-hours to his hobby that he was sometimes hard put to it to find time to read scripts, let alone produce them. Very few people have the time, or the recipe sources, to go in for Gaige-style epicureanism.

Crown Publishers, of 419 Fourth Avenue, New York, have recently published (to be exact, republished) a two-volume work which can be called, without exaggeration, a treasury for the layman gourmet. In five lifetimes, you couldn't eat all the dishes or drink all the drinks lovingly and expertly compiled therein by the author, Charles H. Baker, Jr. You could try, of course. This little article is an unashamed blurb for this wonderful work, whose overall title is: *The Gentleman's Companion*. Volume One is *An Exotic Cookery Book*, Volume Two *An Exotic Drinking Book*. Baker makes it plain in his preface to Volume One that his encyclopedic tome is aimed at men, not women. He takes a dim view of the ladies as cookery, or drinkery, experts. "No," he says flatly, "to our wry and ungarnished male mind it seemed high time some loyal brother did something about cookery for his fellow *man!*"

Baker sure did something. His *Companion* was first brought out in 1939 by the Derrydale Press at $15 a whack. Only 1,250 sets were printed and they were snapped up so fast that used sets of this issue sell now for upwards of $125. The new Crown edition is priced at $5 and has been corrected and expanded. It contains over 700 food and drink recipes (or receipts, as the author angrily insists) gathered by Baker in a quarter of a million miles of travel, including three circumnavigations.

The embarrassment of riches in both volumes makes searching for quotable examples a man's-sized job. But here's a shot at it. In the hors d'oeuvres section are recipes, or receipts, for, among scores of other things, Imperial Russian Caviar, *Blini* Rolls (Parisian), Barbados Pickled Fish, Spanish *Gazpacho*, and Virginia Ham Whets. In among the soups are Polish Cold Tart Apple Soup, Puerto Rican Red Onion Soup, and Stuttgart *Schneeklosschen*. In the fish section, Bretonese *Brandade* (you don't need to go to Brittany; cod is the vital ingredient), Baked Fish Manila Style, Roasted Shads *á la Sevillana*, and Chinese Fried Trouts. Under "Poultry," Louisiana *Calalou* and East Indian *Mulligatawny*. Under "Meats," True Beefsteak & Kidney Pie, Tongue of Beef with Butter-fried Almonds, Herbs & Spices Swimming Under a Delicious Mexican Sauce . . . and so on through Game Dishes, Desserts, and Assorted Sauces.

Volume Two, the drink book, starts with An Absinthe Cocktail as Mixed by an Itinerant Russian Prince at Harry's American Bar in Paris and ends, 266 drinks later, with Bengal Hot Drops Known in Singapore as Raffles' Quiet Relief. If you want to know what drinks are listed between those two terminals you'll have to get the book, for the *What in the World* editor has just stepped out, remarking, as he sped past the Esquire receptionist, that he had suddenly become both famished and thirsty.

Big Bad Man

Sydney Greenstreet, Hollywood's fattest and probably best villain, said during a recent interview with a *What in the World* scribe: "Playing menace roles all the time is like eating roasts all the time or playing Bach all the time—you get sick of it." The elderly, bald, tun-shaped actor didn't mean he hates his "menace roles," as he always calls them. He likes them (and roasts and Bach, too, for that matter), but he also likes an occasional change of pace—preferably to comedy roles, in which he was successful on the legitimate stage for 40 years prior to his success as the villain, Gutman, in *The Maltese Falcon*. That was in 1940 and he's been throwing his weight around Hollywood ever since.

Greenstreet hates to see his Warner Brothers publicity constantly refer to him as a 280- or 300-pounder. "I weigh 255 pounds," he says with some heat, adding: "It's the camera angles that make me seem fatter on the screen. They do it on purpose." He has hazel eyes in a round, pink face, and, off stage, he's as jolly as Santa Claus. The corners of his mouth turn down even when he smiles, which is a trick you might try in front of your mirror.

Esquire readers who happen to be Greenstreet fans hardly need be told he's English. He was born in Sandwich, Kent, 67 years ago, son of a tanner. His youth was athletic, which explains why, despite his weight, he gets around so nimbly. In his teens, he was sixth ranking tennis player of England, later captain of football, cricket, and hockey at his prep school. He still plays 80-ish golf, usually with his son, John Ogden Greenstreet. Greenstreet *père* and *fils* live in a Spanish-type, antique-crammed home in the West Hollywood hills.

Greenstreet began playing legit when barely out of his nonage. He specialized in Shakespeare—Shylock, Henry VIII, Caliban, every male role in *As You Like It*, one thousand consecutive Belches (Sir Toby Belches, that is), but, surprisingly, nary a Falstaff. It was during those days that Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree called him "The greatest unstarred star of the English stage." He also sang in musical comedy and sailed like a blimp through a variety of bedroom farces. Shortly before he hit Hollywood and the jackpot, he played a lot of comedy roles with the Lunts.

The key to his celluloid success is, he says, simple: "Stage training—I know not only me own part but that of all the other actors before I set foot on the lot." He takes his menace work pretty hard, referring to his roles as "That devil in *The Maltese Falcon*—that greedy, snake-blooded scoundrel in *The Mask of Dimitrios*." He likes parties and sometimes entertains by advancing on some sweet young Hollywood thing in his most murderous menace manner, clenching and unclenching his fists—the sweet young thing always screams and runs for her life.

There are hundreds of Greenstreet anecdotes, mainly built around the hackneyed comic fact of his fatness. *What in the World* chooses to skip them all but the most famous one, which, printed thousands of times, and placed variously in London, New York, and Ceylon, has it that a horse ran into him and was killed but that he, Greenstreet, was unscathed. "Balderdash!" is Greenstreet's comment on this anecdote. He explained, for *What in the World* readers, just what did happen. One day when he was seven, back in Sandwich, England, he came out of a baker's shop with a Chelsea bun in each hand. He was knocked down by a horse and injured so severely that he was bedridden for a year. The horse was unscathed, but that's not the point. The point is that Sydney Greenstreet, although knocked for a loop, didn't let go of his Chelsea buns.

Weak End at the Waldorf

A gentleman-around-New-York has had, and reported to *What in the World*, a curious experience at the Waldorf-Astoria. Seems he had an appointment—to state it bluntly, a date—with a lady who was stopping at the W.-A. He was to meet her in the Waldorf lobby at noon. He arrived about 11:30, took a seat in a lush lobby chair, and, because he'd been at El Morocco until three that same morning with the same lady, closed his eyes, the better to favor his small hangover. Almost immediately he felt a polite but firm hand on his shoulder. He opened his eyes to see a uniformed, resplendent bellboy bending over him. "Sorry, sir," said the bellboy, "but sleeping is not permitted in the lobby of the Waldorf-Astoria." "I was not sleeping," said the gentleman, testily; "I was sitting here with my eyes closed." "Sorry, sir," said the bellboy, "but if you stay here you'll have to keep your eyes open." "Humph!" said the gentleman. The bellboy thereupon vanished, and, after a moment, the gentleman's eyelids drooped again. A low, sharp "Pst!" startled him upright and wide-eyed. It turned out that the bellboy had re-materialized, Cheshire Cat fashion, at a near by point, and, with an immaculately gloved forefinger raised in warning, was regarding the gentleman sternly. This sequence of uncontrollable eyelids and "Pst!" was repeated thrice. At the third "Pst!," the gentleman, now in a first-class huff, got up and took himself out of the Waldorf-Astoria and over to the Biltmore, where he called up his girl and told her their rendezvous had undergone a change of venue; then he sat down under the Biltmore clock, closed his eyes, and, unmolested, dozed there like the Dormouse until she arrived. #

Readers are encouraged, even requested, to send in ideas and reactions to the What in the World *editor, Esquire, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11. Contributors will be paid $5 and upwards for anecdotes and editorial musings accepted. Material must be accompanied by source of information. Sorry, but rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.*

ERDOES

A caustic fable, translated from the Hungarian, and citing the precept that expedient virtue is close akin to vice

The Three Sisters

by HELTAI JENÖ

They were three, those sisters. Two, Ella and Irén, were good, honest creatures but, alas! the third, Putyi, was not. She was not even a real actress, just a show girl with rather negative morals. To put the matter quite clearly, she was the possessor of a very rich friend who kept her, furnished a big flat for her, overwhelmed her with money, jewels, and clothed her.

Now Ella and Irén lived with Putyi, from whom they received money and jewels, because Putyi was generous and greatly appreciated that her two little sisters were respectable young women. Ella and Irén also were proud of being good and of not having to give anything in exchange for their fine home, silk stockings, beautiful feather hats and patent-leather shoes.

Ella indeed had yet a second reason for being pleased with herself, for she had studied to become a teacher, won her diploma and was now only waiting for a good appointment. There was some delay in this final crowning of her goodness, however, even though the baron —Putyi's baron, of course—had condescended to visit one or two members of the school board, several councilors and even the mayor. Irén on the other hand was a dreamy girl whose only desire was to marry. To marry respectably, honestly, like other decent girls, to do her cooking in a three-room flat and to quarrel with the servant —Oh! Paradise—and for this dream she lived, waiting impatiently for the redeeming man, the husband. And so they waited, all three together: Ella for her appointment, Irén for her husband and Putyi for the realization of her sisters' dreams.

One fine day Ella came home, full of smiles. "My dears," she said, "I do believe they are going to give me my job. The man on whom my appointment depends has sent word I am to call on him."

"Well, at last!" beamed Putyi.

"Your luck is on its way at last," said Irén, adding with a sigh, "But where is mine?" The three sisters pondered over this.

"I can see," Putyi said, "that I shall have to take the matter in hand. You'll never marry by yourself, you are far too helpless. I will find you a husband."

"Oh, if you only would . . . you are always successful," said Irén.

Putyi was very touched by this remark and looked at her sister.

"It was stupid of us not to think of it before! Your sort of poor girl always waits in vain for a Prince Charming. In this world it is money that counts. Suitors are afraid of coming near you, because they think you are penniless. But they are making a great mistake because—I have made up my mind to give you a dowry of twenty thousand kronen. I thought of it just this very minute."

Irén was speechless with joy.

"Twenty thousand kronen!" she stammered.

"You are the best of sisters," Ella said, almost as deeply moved as was Irén.

"Yes," replied Putyi, and there was feeling in her voice, "whatever you may say, I am a good girl. These twenty thousand kronen is all the money I have, but I'll give it to you."

Before Putyi left for the theatre that night, Ella returned from her visit to the man on whom her appointment as a schoolteacher depended. She appeared depressed.

"Is there anything wrong?" Putyi asked her in a worried voice.

"That's how it is!" Ella replied.

"Why? What happened?"

"Well, nothing much . . . it would be quite all right, in fact, I'd get my job at once, only the man very strongly stressed the fact that he wouldn't do it for nothing."

"Did he ask for money?"

"No, of course not! But he seems to have taken a fancy to me and . . ."

"Oh!"

Putyi was thinking, so was Irén. Ella said nothing.

"What did you say?" Putyi inquired after a moment.

"Well, what do you think I said?" Ella burst out, offended. "You surely don't imagine that I would or could speak to a man like that! You know my principles and . . ."

"Please, please don't misunderstand me," Putyi interrupted her, "I know you are a good girl . . . but after all, how did the affair end?"

"I went away and left him. I told him flatly he needn't bother about me any more. Because I would rather die than do anything which is not respectable."

"Quite right," said Irén with approval.

"Yes, indeed!" agreed Putyi, "but . . . what did he say?"

"He said it was ridiculous and that I should think the matter over, for after all my whole future is at stake. He said he would like to help me and that I should go again tomorrow . . . I replied that I would never set foot in his room again and walked out, crying. But on the way I thought the matter over, because it would be a pity to miss this really good opportunity . . ."

"Of course!" said Irén.

"Naturally," said Putyi.

"Well, it seems to me that there is a way out . . ." Ella said rather hesitantly.

"How?" asked Putyi and Irén.

"Well, if someone would go to this man and explain to him. Tell him that no one can ask such a thing of me. If only somebody would tell him to behave like a gentleman and not blackmail . . ."

"Yes, but who is to go?" asked Irén.

"Putyi! She has a name and knows how to talk, how to impress people." Ella said this somewhat uncertainly.

Putyi turned pale.

"Me! I should go?"

"Why not?" Ella replied more boldly now. "This is not such a great sacrifice for you . . . You could do this much for your sister, surely!"

Putyi looked at Irén as if she were expecting a protest from her. But Irén only said:

"You are so generous, Putyi . . . you have already provided for me, so now you must do something for poor Ella, too . . ."

"And . . . and . . . supposing the man won't do it except at a price?" inquired Putyi bitterly.

The two girls smiled at each other and said simultaneously:

"Well, after all! Putyi!"

It seemed that Ella's job also brought Irén luck.

One of the high school teachers, Ella's colleague, began visiting at the sisters' house and fell in love with Irén. Nor was this sister averse to the young man and, indeed, his love grew rapidly when he heard that there was a twenty thousand kronen dowry in the offing.

Ella encouraged him.

"Ask Putyi for her consent," she told him.

"Why? . . . Must I ask her?"

"Yes! She is the head of the family. Besides, Irén's dowry is her gift."

The schoolmaster paled.

"Putyi's!"

"Yes, why not?"

"Because . . . well because it is a little unpleasant. But don't misunderstand me, please. I greatly respect your honored sister, Miss Putyi . . . but . . . but well, I am rather sensitive!" the schoolmaster added defiantly.

Ella looked at him coolly.

"Rubbish! Irén is a good girl and you're honest enough. You should be happy together. There's nothing else to discuss and it's a pity to waste time."

The schoolmaster stammered something, then told himself that after all, common sense is the foundation of happiness. He donned tails as for a great occasion and went off to ask for Irén's hand in marriage.

Putyi nearly cried for joy and blessed them both with a mother's love.

The engaged couple was very happy. The schoolmaster visited his fiancée every day and every day was given an excellent tea which he rounded off with the baron's cigars. He was, however, as he himself said, a very sensitive soul.

"I don't like this sort of thing," he confessed to Irén, "and if there was any way to refuse the dowry I would . . ."

"Madness!" said Irén excitedly, "to refuse all that money . . .!"

"But all the same . . . You know, your sister is an excellent girl, but after all you cannot make light of respectability."

"That's true," replied Irén with conviction.

"And when we are man and wife . . ."

"What then . . . ?"

"Well, don't be upset my sweet, but then we shall not be able to associate with her . . ."

"As you wish, my dear," replied Irén dutifully, as she gazed with respect at her fiance.

As I have said, there were three sisters. Two were good, the third—was not. ⌘

Boners pulled by amateur radio performers wow studio audiences and often leave glib masters of ceremonies hanging on the ropes

MC's with the DT's

by JOSEPH E. SHANER

BOB HAWK, one of radio's select coterie who harvests his cabbage by doing the asking on quiz programs, admits he was stopped dead cold just once.

A svelte, warm-throated pretty sparkled as she answered the winning question. "What do you do for a living?" Bob asked.

"I'm a streetwalker," the girl replied.

Bob swallowed. "A what?"

"A streetwalker."

The diminutive Hawk, who with other top quizzers prides himself on his ability to put folks at ease and to handle *any* situation, was as overawed as the audience. In his memory, there was never such ponderous ferocity of silence in a studio. He leaped to the control-room window to check if the program was still on the air. On the floor inside, laughing convulsively, was the engineer!

Back to the mike. The audience hurled roar after thunderous roar of tense silence.

"You mean," Hawk's ordinarily rich voice squeaked fearfully, "you walk the streets looking for a job?"

"Yes, that's it," answered the girl, whose pretty face had chalkened.

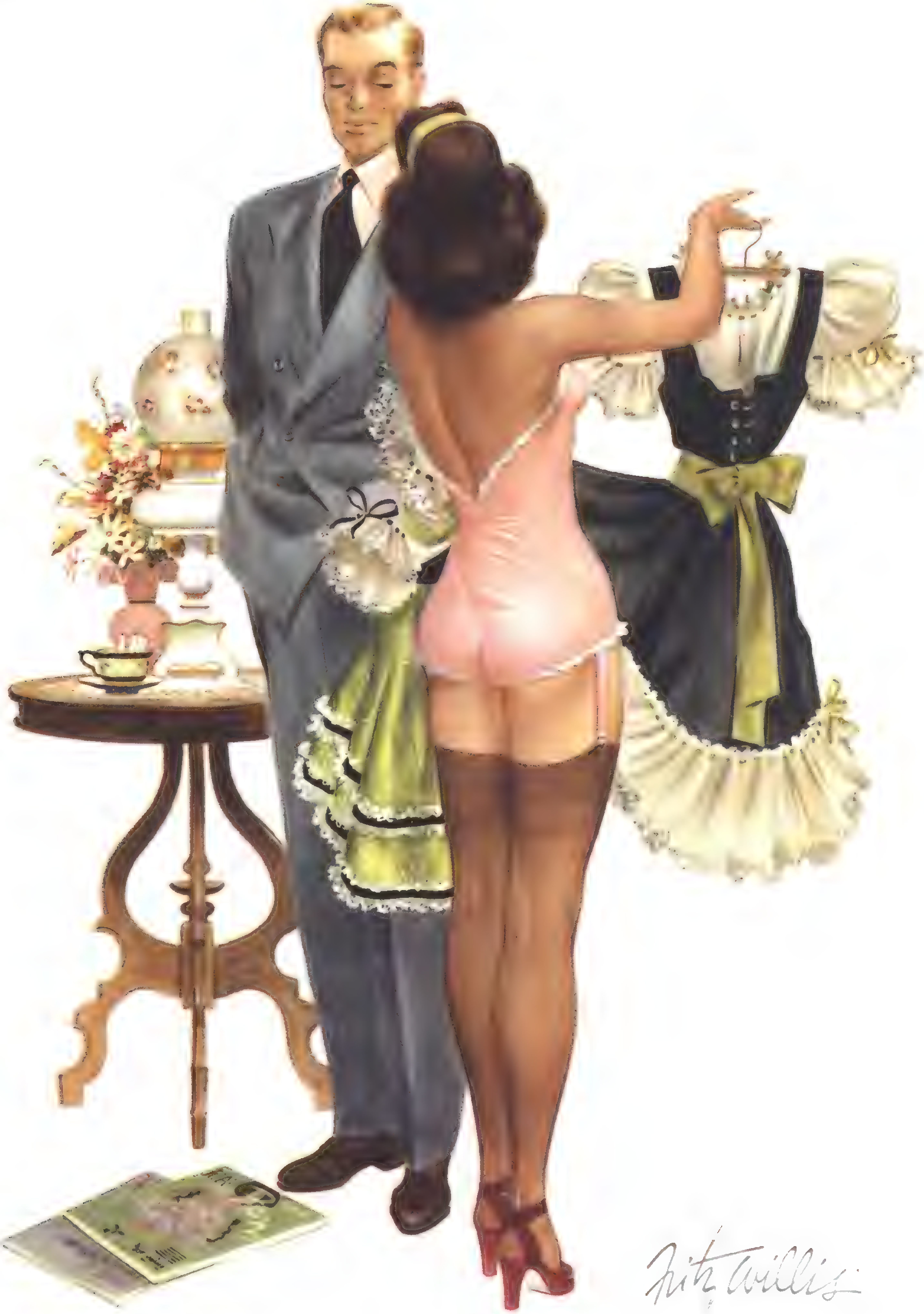
"Next contestant!" Hawk flashed. Just as he applied the first bit of torture to the man who shambled to the mike, the relieved audience let loose. They howled. They whistled. They cheered. Hawk's hands shook, and they still shake as he tells the tale. "It was seventeen weeks of my life before order was restored," Hawk says.

Hawk and aides ensnared the girl before she could leave the studio. She'd never heard that phrase applied in worldly fashion, she said sweetly. When they told her why everyone had gasped and howled—she fainted.

Hawk knows what MC's DT's are. So do John Read King and Uncle Jim, who have had stop-show spontaneity, too. A Brooklyn girl explained that she and her husband were brought up together. "He was always making passes at me," the girl said. "Oh," said King, hoping to save the day, "you mean he was always fighting with you." "Naw," she exploded, "making passes, you know, making *passes*."

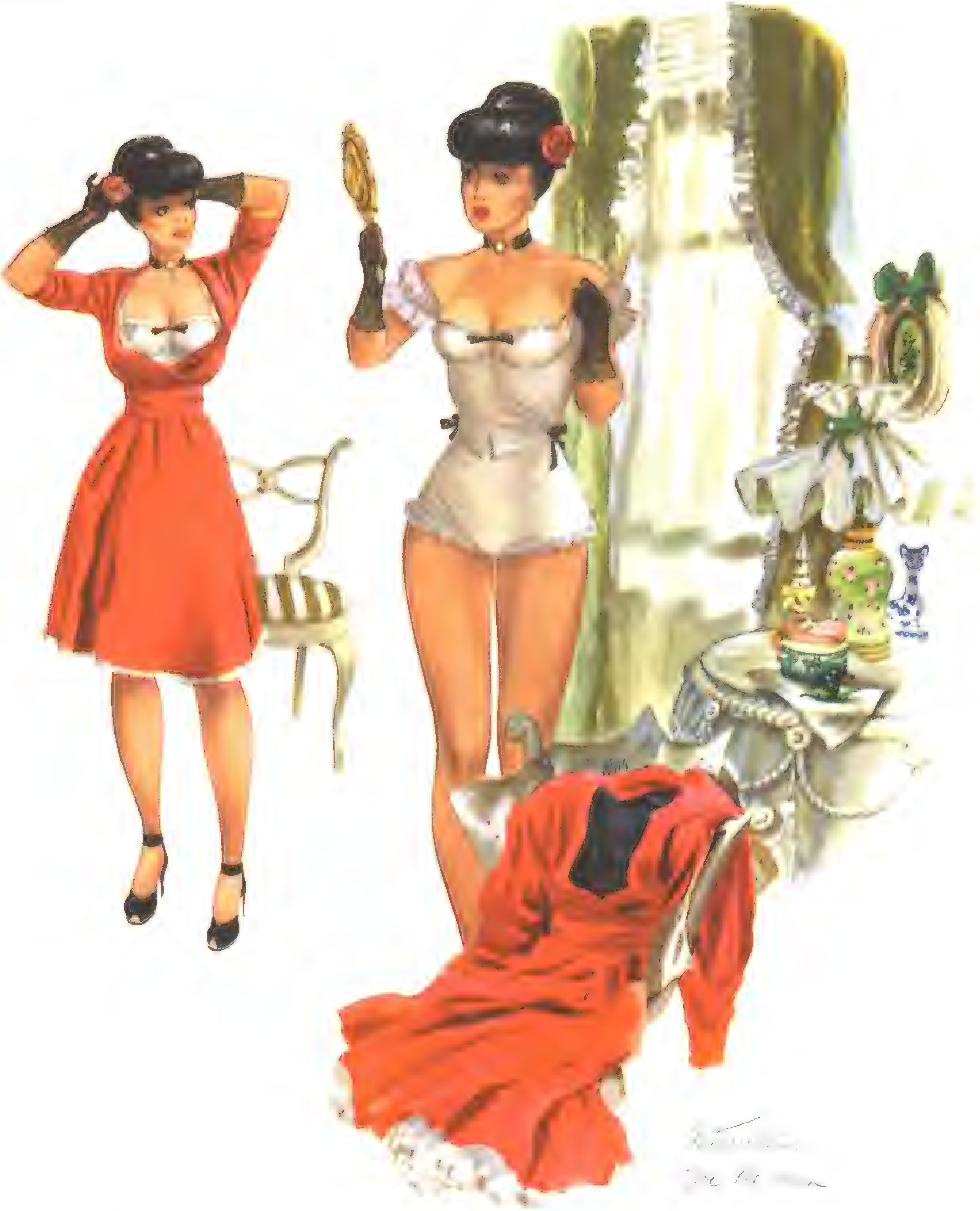
A line like that gets by without too much woe for the MC, though if you live by the radio code, the expression does lack elegance. Victoria had a hand in shaping the code, and the MC dies a little with every program for fear someone will louse him up plenty.

On a Chicago show, the MC asked a bright-looking young man how he had met his wife and who was it that asked the other to wed. "We met at a party," the guy replied, "and as for the asking that was in a movie. She leaned (*Continued on page 202*)



Prologue by FRITZ WILLIS

In addition to his immaculately-chosen attire, our gentleman friend is wearing something familiar to all married men—the look of a husband resignedly waiting for his wife to get dressed and get going. Forgivably smug in his own faultless taste and laudable haste in dressing; he is outfitted as a perfect foil for the more spectacular attributes of his Frau. The suit is grey, pin-striped worsted, the tie properly and contrastingly dark. And the pink shirt will make a picture backdrop for the little woman's lovely head at the supper club—if, when and after she covers that delicious form in one of the two girlish numbers with which she's playing eenie-meenie and etc.



Reiteration by JOE DE MERS and FRITZ WILLIS

The artists have collaborated here in an appetizing demonstration that there can't be too much of a good thing. Behold identical twins to make the masculine heart beat double-time while the blood sings duets. What is more rare than one pretty woman primping? The answer most emphatic is given above in a symphony of red, white and black. Blessed is the lovely girl who looks into the face of her sister and sees her own beautiful self, and twice blessed is the man who seeks one lyrical vision and discovers a bonanza of two. What more delicious dilemma than to face bravely the unsolvable and decide which of the two to date.

The island in the Pemboto Archipelago was once "the home of exiled kings" but now it holds far stranger inhabitants

The Ghost of Impeti

by **SIDNEY CARROLL**

I SUPPOSE that in time when the Dutch have finished attending to more urgent matters like Rotterdam and the dikes of Tiel, they will get back to the business of printing their maps of the Pacific Islands. I'd like to lay my hands on a Dutch map of the Pemboto Archipelago. It would bring up some fine memories.

The Pembotos are French islands, but the French maps of the islands were not the best you could buy. Their soundings were never really up to the minute, and the maps themselves were never really complete with that infinite loving-care completeness you like to find in maps of the small islands in the big oceans. You like every island to be in—no matter how small—and every name of every harbour and town on every island, and stray little bits of information printed here and there among the soundings and the markings of the tides. Once, on a Dutch map, I found a line of type floating in the wavy lines that indicated the waters around a certain island. The line said: "It is questionable if the peoples of this area still indulge in cannibalism."

That was the sort of thing that used to enliven the maps of the Dutch Geodetic Survey and the Dutch East India office.

It was because of a Dutch map that we decided to visit an island named Rapua. It is one of the smallest in the Pemboto group and it is sometimes left off the English maps or French maps of the Pacific—but on the maps supplied by the Dutch East India office it has a shape like a crouching rabbit and it is colored a faint mustard yellow, and there is one of those stray little bits of information printed in a line of microscopic type just over the rabbit's ear. It says: "This island was once the home of exiled kings."

We decided it might be an excellent idea to lay over one night in Rapua. It had the shape of a rabbit and it had once been the home of exiled kings. By these two facts the Dutch cartographers enticed us in. I am grateful to them, for it was on Rapua that I met M. Repplier.

M. Repplier, the French agent on Rapua, had lived on the island all his life. Rapua is not quite three miles in diameter and its people hunt and fish and dress and build houses the way their ancestors did a thousand years ago. But M. Repplier could talk about Swedish cooking and California wines and Al Capone. He had a short-wave radio in the parlor of his home, and there were nights when he could listen to the news broadcasts from San Francisco. He was exceedingly well informed on international affairs, on the latest in ladies' hats, and he knew that Joe DiMaggio had come up to the Big Leagues from the San Francisco Seals. American baseball was only one of many strange passions he had. Repplier was a short, dark, shaggy-haired half-caste—half Pembotan and half French. He dressed in white ducks, white sneakers, a blue shirt, and a black sash around his middle, like some high-born Parsee tennis player. His costume had nothing to do with his job. He had a job which seemed to him to be perfectly prosaic, but judge for yourself what the word prosaic means in the islands.

Repplier was a sort of circuit judge. Every month, precisely on the first of the month, he would set off in a small cabin cruiser which was provided for him by the French government. He would visit eight islands of the Pembotan group. When he arrived at any one island, the French resident would have ready for M. Repplier a list of the various crimes committed locally in the past month, plus a list—if possible—of the criminals. If the criminals had been apprehended, a trial would be held. M. Repplier would act as judge, jury, lawyer, and prosecuting attorney. This is not as arbitrary as it sounds, for M. Repplier was a man of good sense and an almost religious respect for justice. In the islands, as the saying goes, you make do. You do not have a citizenry consisting of juries and lawyers and prosecuting attorneys—nor the courtrooms and the panoply and the machinery of the law. You merely have the criminals and the Reppliers. And whenever the two get together, the system seems to work out.

But sometimes the two did not get together. Sometimes M. Repplier arrived at an island where a crime had been committed but the criminal had not been apprehended. Then—why!—"*formidable!*" said M. Repplier—this was the sort of job he liked best of all. If the criminal were not apprehended, it was Repplier's job to apprehend him.

Imagine a white man tracking down a black man on the black man's own island. It is an absurd situation. The black man can melt, dissolve, submerge into the deep tangled wildwood, and the biggest big game stalker in the world, if his skin be white, is helpless after such game. The black man can match the green brush like the chameleon, can become the color of the purple earth, can hoot derisively in your ear in the tones of the wild whistling blackbird—and you cannot see him, if you are white. But if this half-white man, Repplier, would come to one of his eight islands in his bailiwick in the Pembotos, and the resident of the island would meet him and tell him that a black man had committed a crime—like stealing a chicken or eating his father—and was hiding in the hills—why! *Formidable!* The slight, smiling, shaggy-haired, spectacled M. Repplier would lick his lips and waste no time. He would go off into the hills, all by himself, and in twelve hours, or in a day and a night, he would come back with the black man. Nobody knew how he did it.

I asked him. He smiled and answered, "Psychology! I am no hunter. I use psychology." I asked him what sort of phychology. He said, "I scare them."

How a white man alone in the brush can scare a black man who lives in the brush I never found out. M. Repplier was giving away no secrets.

So that was the half-caste M. Repplier's job—half circuit judge and half detective, and the part he liked best was the detective.

If the essence of detection is the man-hunt, then M. Repplier was a great detective. For two weeks of every month he traveled around the islands, either trying criminals or trying to find them, and for two weeks he stayed on Rapua, listening to his radio, reading, cultivating his garden, hoping for visitors from the incredibly distant civilized world, and playing with his family. His wife was a pure Pembotan, with a lovely face marred by a deep scar on her left cheek. His two daughters were aged nine *(Continued on page 173)*

Frank BEAVEN

"Now just string him along for fourteen more rounds"

The composer was possessed with a wild surmise that all emotions, even life, could be governed by a musical pattern

The Tempo of Death

by FRANK VELOZ

Unbelievingly, I stared at the picture, my hands trembling as I fingered the program. The photograph definitely resembled the brilliant piano virtuoso I once knew so well. The handsome Ivan Zokov, rage of prewar Warsaw, whose young genius promised music comparable with that of Poland's greats.

Many years had gone since Ivan and I graduated from the Warsaw Conservatory together, his first symphony already acclaimed. The years were kinder to me, perhaps. I had been spared the vision of my country's murder.

I turned in my seat, recognizing familiar faces, luminaries of the musical world. I could almost feel the undercurrent of excitement which permeated the auditorium. Tonight, Zokov was giving his first American concert. The first personal rendition of his famous *Postwar Concerto*.

A faint smile formed on my face as I thought of the Ivan I knew. Again I saw his piercing eyes, heard the eager words spilling from his lips.

"Tempo is life, Peter, you hear? The sun, the wind, the waves. Everything has its own vibration just as in music."

"Everything?" I recalled scoffing. "What rhythm is there in a blade of grass?"

"It moves and grows, Peter, in a pattern of tempo. And that pattern, as in mathematics, must always be the same."

Ivan, the dreamer, constantly expounding his strange theory of rhythm.

A wave of applause interrupted my musings. Limping perceptibly, a gaunt figure labored across the stage towards the gleaming Steinway. He paused, sat deliberately, his good foot touching the pedal. I felt a swift inner pang as the bright spotlight suddenly highlighted the deep sunken eyes and heavily lined countenance; for I quickly realized this truly was Ivan, or rather a shadow of Ivan, my old friend.

I watched his head bend slowly, his fingers twitch nervously. It hardly seemed possible this was the same man whose words still rang in my brain.

"Your mind, Peter, lives from vibrations which, when they change, bring different emotions just like music. Someday we will find the patterns, control emotions."

As the words echoed within me, I marveled at the physical transition from the memory to the reality on the stage.

A somber chord instantly brought me straight in my seat. Zokov was playing. The magic first strains of his concerto rippled in widening waves through the theatre. His odd treatment of the theme puzzled me. But the tenseness in my body eased gently and I slumped lower, comfortably, completely relaxed. An uncontrollable heaviness weighted my eyelids, dropping a pleasant curtain which took me with the loveliness of the music back to the peaceful days of the Warsaw Conservatory when Ivan and I shared our minds together.

Again I saw the strong, lithe figure of Ivan. Listened to keen recountings of findings fostering his unique obsession; findings which were often a source of amusement to my practical mind. But, under the spell of his fine enthusiasm, I found myself almost leaning to the theory. Didn't doctors say seventy-two beats in one minute was the correct rhythm of the heart? Music, even sound, changed this heartbeat, bringing thoughts which compelled varied emotions. One day I asked him.

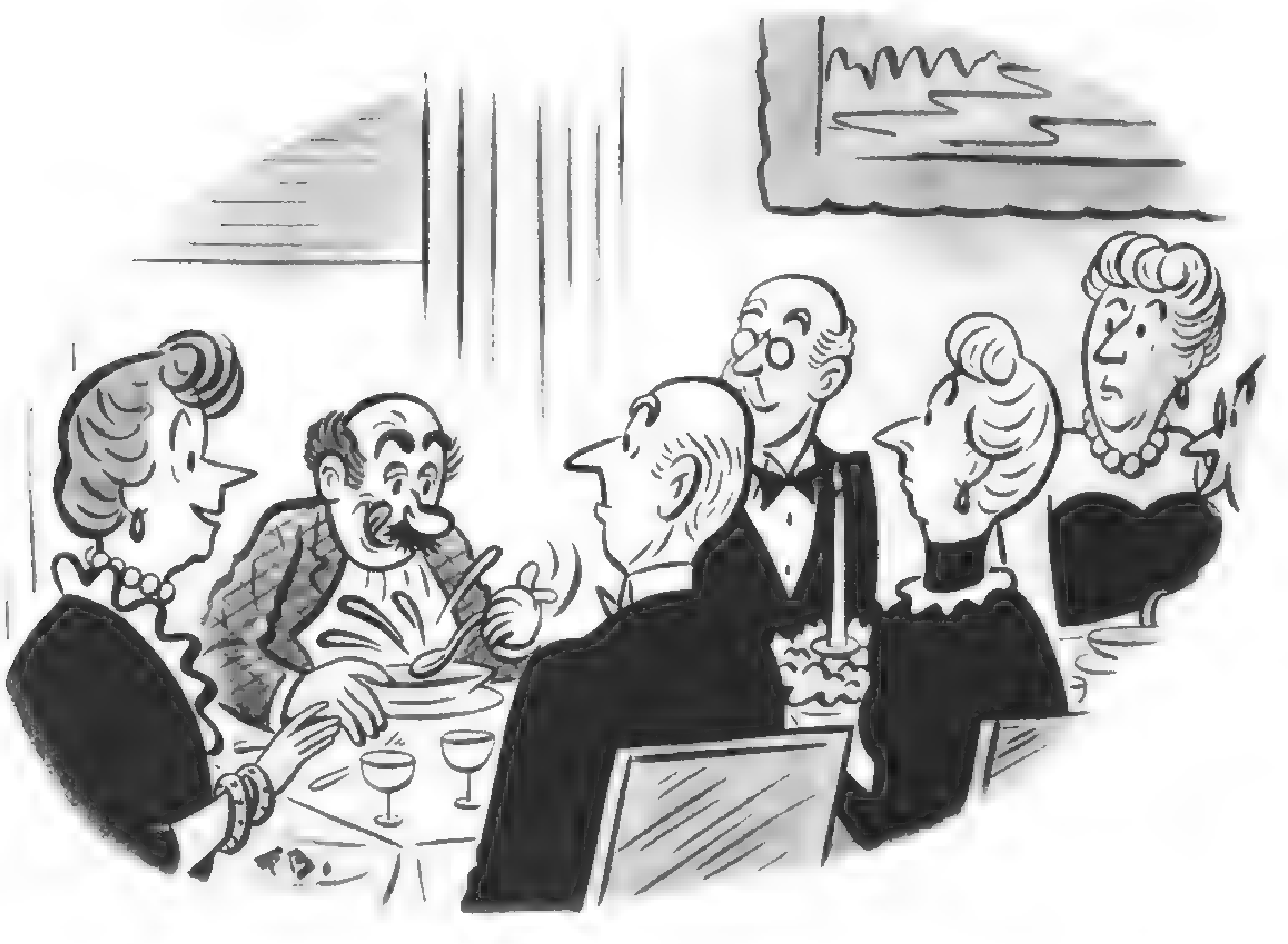
"Ivan, if it's true that vibrations influence everything in life, why stop there?"

Ivan glanced at me searchingly. After a long pause, he shook his head slowly, and said quietly, "I don't stop there, Peter. There is a tempo for death."

The mood of the music changed, blotting out my recollections. This was the second movement. The high trill of the upper register unified with an ominous gathering momentum of deep bass sent a tingle of uneasiness down my spine. My heart raced queerly, unevenly. I glanced from side to side in the semidarkness, unable to distinguish the still faces all pointed towards the stage. The symphonic interpretations of this famous composition which I'd heard never even remotely approached the stirring mood now being projected. The tone, gradually but constantly growing in volume, seemed like a clear clarion coldly voicing an impending, inevitable doom. My mind pictured the vague form of an octopus with its quivering tentacles slowly winding itself around my heart, chilling it. The spell grew completely overpowering. I was thoroughly afraid. The realization suddenly struck me. Ivan must have found the key. This must be a perfect pattern of vibration compelling a single emotion. The pattern of fear.

The movement ended on a minor chord. The audience, spellbound, remaind motionless. Not a hand stirred in acclamation. Silence fairly rang throughout the house.

Ivan began the third movement with a barely audible bass tempo reminiscent of a march. Suddenly it exploded into a wild crescendo, his fingers flying over the keys. There was a sense of animated panic in the tone. And in the music I saw the ugly picture of war. Ivan's fingers pounded the keys brutally as if to drown out the anguished wailing of the theme. My heart grew heavy and I felt a lump forming in my throat. I stared at his face and saw his eyes glare at the keyboard, his jaws knotted together tightly. There was a confused conglomeration of moods, a hopeless cry of despair growing into a fortissimo of pain. I well recalled this moving passage which the public already had acclaimed. But as Ivan played it, my eyes filled, veiling the view of the inspired genius whose heart and mind poured into the music. The lump in my throat ached as hot tears involuntarily spilled on my



"It's in the lease—we've got to have the landlord to dinner twice a week!"

hands, for I knew Ivan had seen all that he had written into his concerto—pain, despair, hate and death.

Suddenly, Ivan faltered. I couldn't see his face, but I recognized a definite intrusion into the flawless technique. I brushed my eyes and saw him dimly, his hand over his eyes as if to blur a memory. Then he threw his head back and smiled as he began the final movement familiar to all, the stirring *Song of Triumph*.

The other movements faded from mind as if gathered by a passing wind cloud. A glimmering of hope replaced the heavy somberness. Now a touch of sweetly bitter gladness crossed my heart. And, as the music rose to a thunderous crescendo, I felt an overwhelming sense of release. Zokov struck the final ringing chord and sat there motionless. The deafening rumble of applause was soon mingled with a sustained chorus of hoarse shouting from all parts of the theatre. I readily added my voice to the ovation. Then, after many smiling-faced, formal bows, Zokov limped off the stage. I hurried backstage to see my old friend.

Zokov was waiting for me. He had recognized me in the audience. And as we embraced, I again felt the keen inner pang, for here I saw intimately the physical result of his unhappy experiences. But Zokov was exuberant, infinitely happy. In his dressing room he poured questions at me, his face all smiles. With a mischievous glint in his eyes, he suddenly paused, and, placing his hand on my shoulder, asked, "I wonder if you remember. So long ago, back in Warsaw . . ." I nodded, anticipating his thought.

"Yes, Ivan, I do. You mean the patterns?"

"No," he cut in quickly, with an impatient shrug of his thin shoulders. "More than that. Tonight I found it at last. Now it's finished."

"Something new, Ivan?"

"No, The Concerto." He ran his hand nervously through his thinning hair. "I always knew it would be like that. Just as in pathos and humor. Only a thin little line divides them. And still so different."

Puzzled, I pressed him.

"I don't understand. What have you found?"

He glanced at me with shining eyes.

"The tempo of death." He said happily.

Seeing my face cloud, he reassured me, urging me to visit with him later when he would play it for me. A crowd of men and women thronged into the room. Ivan quickly wrote down an address and handed it to me.

"Come after midnight," he said, and turned to the crowd clamoring for his attention.

"I'm on probation!"

I left and walked out into the cold, night air, still bewildered by the strange conversation.

Time palled. Incessantly I glanced at my watch. More than an hour remained before midnight. I went into the Russian Bar where musical lights congregated. The place was overcrowded, everyone extolling the astounding genius of the Great Zokov. After the fiery warmth of a few vodkas, I wanted to shout, tell everyone Ivan Zokov was my friend, that I soon would be with him, to have the honor of being the first to hear the really complete Zokov *Postwar Concerto*.

Near the appointed hour, I eagerly hailed a taxi, my heart pounding with keen expectation of our momentous reunion. As the taxi pulled up to the entrance to the hotel, I was surprised to see an ambulance hurrying away. I ran into the lobby where the clerk soberly gave me a room number and motioned me to the elevator, telling me I was expected.

The butler, his face tear-stained, opened the door and ushered me into a spacious living room. The brightly burning logs in the fireplace glowed warmly. Near the side wall stood a beautiful, ivory-colored French piano. The butler, distraught, sobbed, "They have just taken him away."

Thereupon he told me that upon Zokov's return from the concert, he had asked not to be disturbed as he wanted to complete a short manuscript. After awhile, Zokov had started to play an unusual passage which had impressed the butler deeply. The music ending in a discordant crash caused the butler to look in. He found Zokov dead, sprawled over the keyboard, his fingers still on the keys just as he died.

"Zokov dead?" I wouldn't believe it.

It was evident the butler loved his master well. His large frame was convulsed with sobs as he left the room.

I went to the piano. Several sheets of penciled manuscript lay on the floor by the pedals. I felt a great emptiness within me as I picked up and glanced through the music. At the top of the page, it read, "To Peter."

A brief scrutiny of the manuscript instantly revealed the true greatness of Ivan's talent, for the composition, with all its modern intricacies, was based on a startling, simple pattern. But the varied, unfamiliar harmonic and rhythmic passages brought the realization that only a far greater mastery than mine could do it justice. I nevertheless decided then to call upon all the meager resources at my disposal to aid me now in playing this, his final composition, for him.

With a profound sense of humility I began *The Tempo of Death.* The first strains sang of haunting mystery accompanied by an odd, almost monotonous rhythmic tendency of shifting from the high octaves to low bass.

The message, at first dimly distant, gradually grew clear. The cold ivory suddenly flamed as the strong, steady heartbeat of life pulsated to my touch. Everything blurred into nothingness and I ascended into a suspended state of ethereal loveliness, every atom of my being vibrating perfectly with the tempo. Slowly, almost imperceptibly, the rhythm slackened, a slight diminuendo in its tone. A sense of placidity calmed the vibrant pounding and a feeling of supreme contentment prevailed.

Again the tempo slowed. Swinging gently into space, like a pendulum, my body caught the rhythm. The rare atmosphere brought a heaviness to my arms, a shortness to my breath. I ascended higher, keenly conscious of the gradual, constant slowing of the rhythm. My heart beat so slowly, ever so slowly now as I soared into the firmament, senses reeling ecstatically, each physical move seemingly weighted by the earth. The retarded progress, now infinitesimally slight, buoyed my ascent and in the shining distance I saw the journey's end. My head swam from the multi-toned blare as the goal hove closer into view. Then a noise roared in my brain as it drew nearer and in the noise a distinctly foreign element appeared, disturbing the perfection. The warm serenity quickly vanished, leaving an icy cloak enveloping my brain. I struggled to regain the pure vibration, but all physical action ceased to function as if numbed into inertness by the terrible coldness. The noise, the disturbing influence, now in complete command, rose like a shrieking peal of thunder. I felt excruciating pain as a blazing knife plunged deep into my heart. And then all was total silence.

With an effort I lifted my head and saw the little pool of blood near the keys where my head had struck the keyboard. My first conscious thought was the severe physical pain in my heart. My body shivered from the intense cold. As my senses gradually cleared, I felt my pulse which was running astonishingly slow. My teeth chattered as the true conception of Ivan's masterpiece crystallized in my mind.

The Tempo of Death wasn't merely a musical interpretation. It was an actuality. Impulsively, I grasped the music and stumbled to the fireplace where I threw the manuscript upon the glowing embers and watched the flames eat into the pages. I vowed this secret must die with its discoverer for I was certain that all who listened to its correct interpretation would surely die.

How close to actual death I had come I didn't know. Very close, perhaps. But in my heart I knew that if piano, and not the cello which has always been my forte, had been my instrument, if my pianistic technique had been adequate, these pages could not have been written. ###

His spectacular showmanship and genuine erudition have graduated both him and his science out of the lab and into the news

Harvard's Hooton

by JACK STENBUCK

Someone once aptly described Prof. Earnest A. Hooton of Harvard as America's No. 1 wit who, in his spare time, is also America's foremost authority on physical anthropology. There is nothing wrong with that description except that it doesn't begin to cover the ground. He is likewise the loudest and most articulate calamity-howler of science, the leading showman of the campus, and a self-appointed press agent who, singlehanded, has dragged anthropology out of the musty laboratory onto page one of the daily newspapers alongside Grable's legs and the atomic bomb.

He's a phrasemaker and storyteller, too. Tucking his tongue in his cheek, he can pack enough dead-pan whimsey into a five-minute discussion to rival Fred Allen and enough irony-coated barbs to give George Bernard Shaw a run for his money.

Hooton's favorite target is man; his darling of all God's creatures, the monkey. He has an irritating way of comparing the two in public and rarely, in these comparisons, does the monkey finish second. Indeed, he hasn't hesitated to declare that "any respectable ape would repudiate the imputation of a common ancestry with man." Hooton, however, hasn't limited his firing to the subject of man's skeletal structure and his physical decay. Like a nasty little boy with a beanshooter, he takes pot shots at man for a wide assortment of shortcomings, hoots at him for the mess he's made of himself and the world, heckles him for accepting popular notions without question, and in general jabs pins into man's favorite balloons.

He has expressed violent and startling opinions on such a variety of subjects as a woman for president—"They couldn't make any more of a mess of things than man has"—sterilization of the unfit, the draft of men over forty-five for war service, and the social pleasures to be derived from playing host to wrestlers and chorus girls at tea.

Hooton's persistent war cry is that man is going to the dogs in a hurry, sliding downhill with the help of an oversize brain that merely fills hat space, a potbelly, decayed teeth, and a shove for good measure from the medical profession, which he once prodded by terming its members—"those vapid pontiffs of the bedside manner"—whose patchwork among the rotten apples of the human barrel he blames for survival of the unfittest and for a stock of rescued men and women looking "like a gigantic fire sale of damaged goods." He has since developed a more kindly attitude toward doctors and these days works more closely with the medical profession.

Man, he complains, hasn't improved in thirty million years because "We never ask ourselves the question which cries out for immediate answer—What is the matter with man—and we are content to spend millions for military defense and not one cent for biological defense."

We have grown fat, he says, in body and fatter in the head. "Our social engine has stalled and it looks like someone has watered the gas."

For years, he has been shouting for "a biological purge and a sit-down reproductive strike of the busy breeders among criminals, morons and social ineffectuals." Recently, as though in despair that this advice would ever be heeded, he has advocated even more desperate measures. "Someone," he says, "ought to gather all the atomic physicists together and drop one of their own bombs on them. Then someone ought to drop a flock of atomic bombs on the rest of the world. It would automatically solve the problem of what to do about the atomic bomb and would give man a chance to start all over again."

Hooton's trumpeting makes him sound like a sourpuss who has little use for his fellow man, but the truth is he is kind, tolerant, a champion of the underdog, and a realist who takes a Puckish delight in watching the panorama of life unfold. Harvard students love him and flock to his courses that elsewhere are too dry to attract a corporal's guard. In class, they actually clock the laughs he dishes up, sometimes with a droll story and sometimes by imitating an ape. His associates say he has stimulated more intelligent thinking among physical anthropologists than any other man in America and that a large proportion of the working physical anthropologists of this country are products of his course.

Hooton's unorthodox blasts always create a devastating three-way effect. There is a group that is merrily entertained, another that is stimulated to thought, and a third that runs for the hatchet and sets out for his scalp.

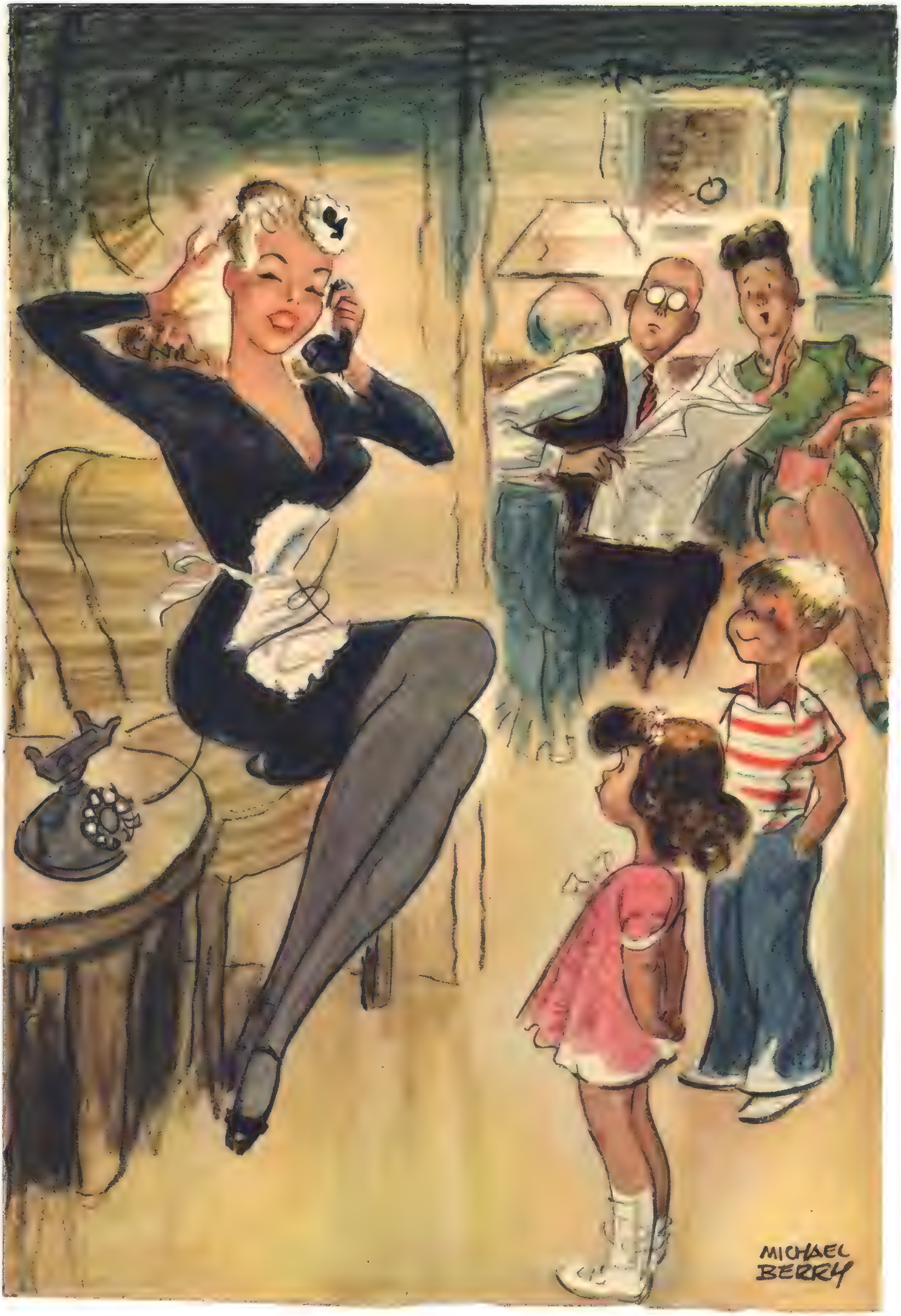
A few years ago, his views on eugenics so irritated a legislator that he actually introduced a bill before the Massachusetts legislature rebuking Hooton and indicting him as ungodly, a corrupter of youth, a Fascist and just about everything else man could be accused of. The bill didn't pass, but even if it had, it would have failed to ruffle Hooton. He is so used to attacks of this kind that he doesn't bother to read the letters that are aimed at taking him apart.

His secretary did get him, however, to read a letter the legislator later wrote him in which was expressed the hope that "God will bring you back to the path of righteousness."

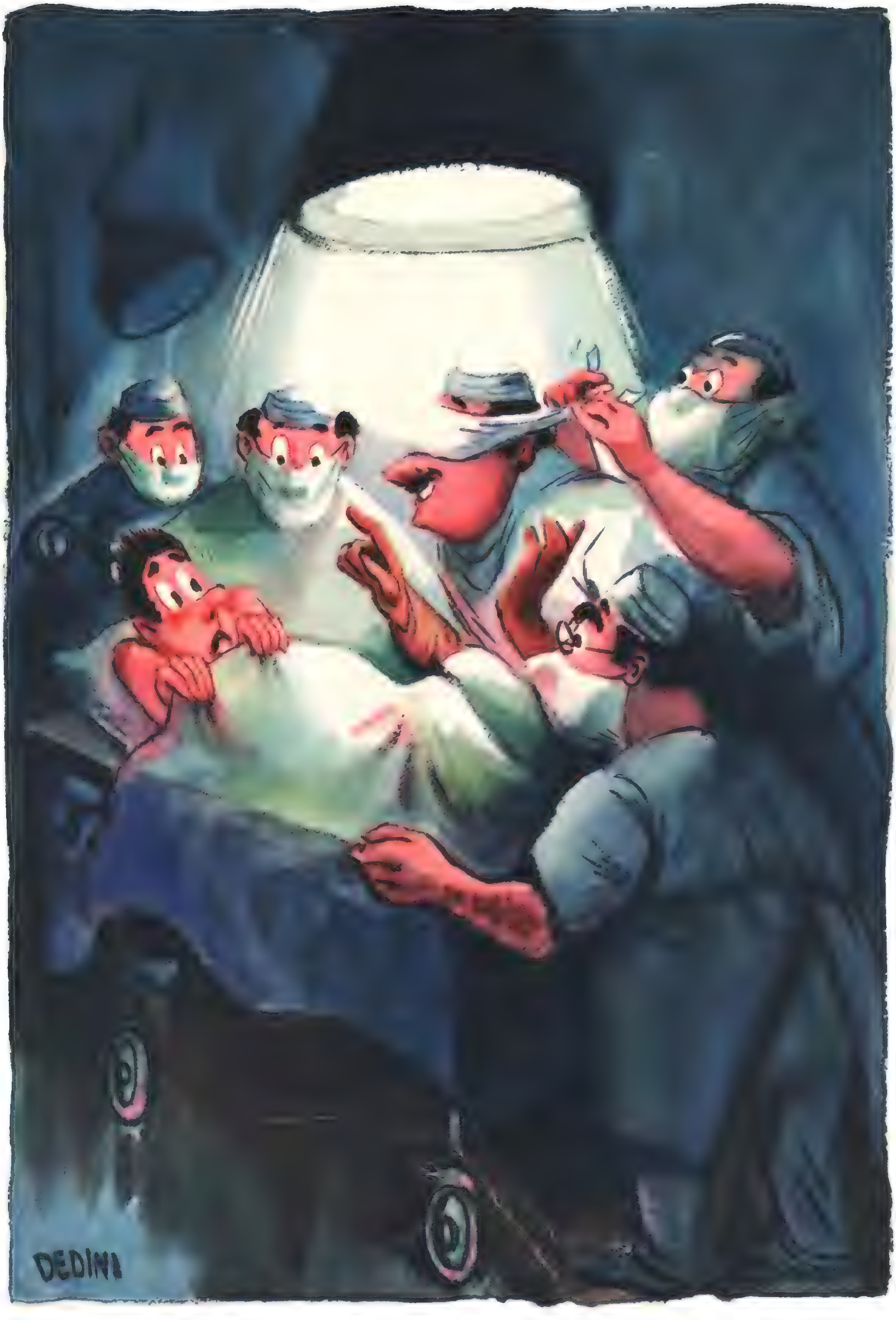
It wasn't the only time that Hooton, the son of a Methodist minister, has been attacked as ungodly. "Many of the church people," he says, "are mad at me." During the war, while serving as warden in the vicinity of his Cambridge home, he once reported that a priest was refusing to douse his lights during air-raid tests. When confronted with a formal complaint, the priest replied: "Hooton has been wrong for forty years and he's wrong about this too. What's more, I refuse to take orders from an ungodly man like him."

The world, of course, has had many other prophets of doom, but rarely a hand-wringer, amateur or professional, who based his dire predictions on any greater storehouse of first- (*Continued on page 150*)

"So you've signed up with M-G-M for three years at only $750 a week! You big ape!"


MICHAEL
BERRY

"Let's get a phone booth for Marie—the children are starting to understand things"



"I've got a little bet with the boys, Mr. Murdoch"

With the whole country horse-happy, track operators are afraid business is too good

Prosperity Breaks the Mare's Back

by WALTER STEIGLEMAN

This is the fourth and final installment in Mr. Steigleman's résumé and exposé of horse racing and betting in America. An Associate Professor of Journalism at Indiana University, his reputation as the nation's leading racing authority derives from a unique combination of talents: training in scholarly research and a vast practical and personal acquaintance with the actualities of racing. ***—The Editors***

With eighteen states harvesting a major crop of hay under the racing sun, the mare now is pounding down the stretch in the richest of all races—the Nationwide Sweepstakes, five billion dollars added, and Jockey Prosperity up.

To the accompaniment of the music of pari-mutuel machines, the whole nation is joining in a verse and chorus of *Happy Days.* With purses increased two- and three-fold, owners of horses once valued at $800 or $1,000 win more than the price of the animal in a single race.

Fans with bulging pockets are calling the man at the $50 window by his first name. Ordinary jockeys accustomed to riding for cakes and coffee eat pie à la mode if their weight permits it.

Little Joe from Utica, unable to go to the races, steps into his bookie's and helps to improve the breed at six or seven tracks at the same time. Bookies are talking to real estate brokers about trading that little house in the country for something with a swimming pool and golf course attached. Horses, too, have captured the spirit of the times and those with more than two good legs no longer wince at the mention of soap and glue. If they finish no better than third or fourth they still earn their board and room and can return the look of the honest village blacksmith.

Paradoxically, the only persons not swelling the joyous refrain of *Horses, Horses, Horses,* are track operators. They believe that the mare racing down the golden stretch is actually running away.

Like the hillbilly grocer who hid in the backroom so customers wouldn't bother him, track owners wish the public would improve the horse gradually and not suffocate him under an avalanche of $10 and $50 bills.

Reconversion was simple for race courses. While other industries were worrying about shortages and ceilings, the tracks reconverted by simply oiling the mutuel machines and giving the buglers the signal to give out with *Boots and Saddles.*

The only postwar problem of track officials was to find an extra money truck for the daily run to the bank. Tracks built to seat 10,000 to 20,000 are being crushed under a record-breaking attendance. Little half-mile tracks whose owners once prayed for sun on Saturdays and holidays to meet expenses have changed their theme song from *Pennies from Heaven,* to *There's a Gold Mine in the Sky.*

About 30,000 of the 100,000 who swamped Churchill Downs for the 1946 Kentucky Derby probably never saw the track and had to drop into their neighborhood movies to watch the race in the newsreels. Some brought portable radios to hear if they could not see. Thousands never succeeded in fighting their way to the mutuel windows to contribute their offering toward the record $1,200,000 bet on that race alone. New Jersey, again recognizing the horse as a noble creature after shunning him for years, opened two new tracks this year. New York is drawing plans for "dream" tracks to accommodate crowds of 75,000, and more states are currently talking about expanding the area in which the horse is acceptable socially for a ten per cent fee, plus breakage.

Instead of merely owning an outdoor arena where horses can display publicly their appreciation of man's interest in them, track officials suddenly have found themselves operating a billion-dollar business. It's a peculiar business. The tracks have built an expensive lake, but 15,000 bookies are boating on it without paying a cent of dock fees.

While those stockholders shamefaced enough to buy shares in tracks as an investment smile at the tinkle of mutuel machines, the old-timers in the business detect a distinct echo of brass. They fear too many people will dart from the grandstand and hop into the saddle as the mare runs down the stretch.

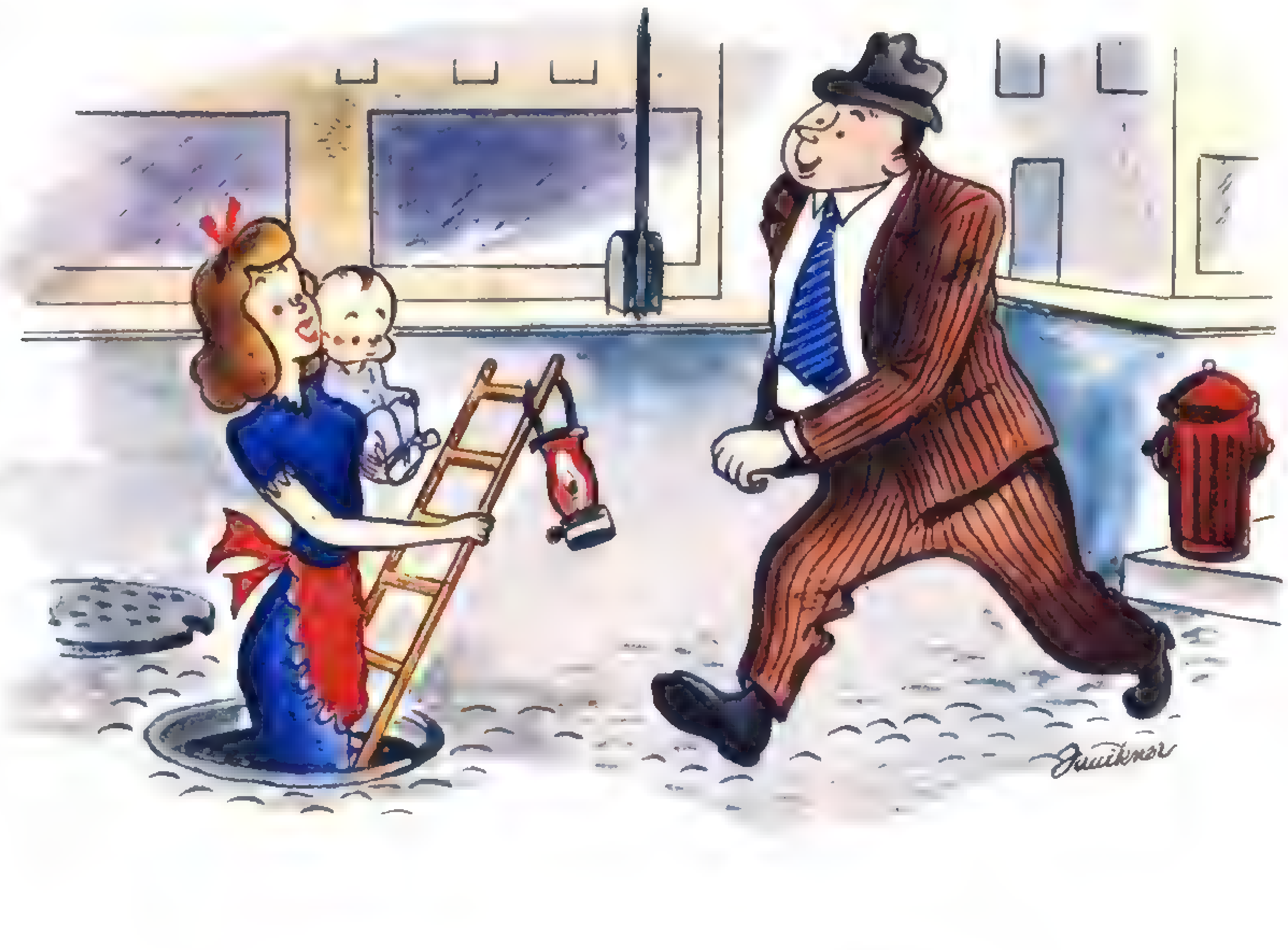
Little more than a quarter of a century ago, reformers all but wrecked racing in the United States. In state after state, they locked the stables while the horses were in them.

Now a goodly band of man tamers has rounded the clubhouse turn in pursuit of the horses. This time the stakes are greater. And they have more racing room in which to get going.

It is not the professional reformers themselves, however, who worry track operators. The running of the Prohibition Experimental Handicap in 1918 showed that reformers are good sprinters but are not built for route races.

It's the people who let the reformers set the pace while they come with a rush in the stretch who worry track owners. With billions at stake, there are more people trying to cut into the racing dollar than Saturday customers in a butcher shop. The $2 bettors, always the backbone of racing, are standing in front of the $50 windows and edging over into the $100 lines.

Track owners fear trouble, too, from other sources. States are cutting themselves a bigger and bigger slice of the racing dollar. New York City has shown that municipalities also can improve along with the horse. Track officials, hypersensitive to public criticism, practically let New York City impose a five per cent pari-mutuel tax by default while bettors were too absorbed in picking something good in the fourth to protest. The racing dollar, once sliced only a nickel's worth, now is being carved fifteen per cent or more and the



"Why, Henry, you're home early!"

bettor's winnings are being returned to him with wound stripes.

Tracks, aware that the horse may not be any stronger than the camel when the last straw is loaded on, are trying to persuade the public that racing is a sport and not a mile-long slot machine with a horse coming up after every spin instead of three pears or lemons. One track has undertaken an institutional advertising campaign in seventy-nine newspapers to educate the public to racing as a sport. The idea of a track spending money for anything except a new bookkeeping machine was so novel that even horses could not believe their blinkers and one or two of them stopped in the stretch until the news was confirmed.

Older tracks still cling to the theory that horse players enjoy suffering for their beliefs like the woman who went through life suffering for her belief that a size seven foot can be crammed into a size five shoe. Anything that made it possible for the $2 player to lose his money in comfort was frowned upon by these tracks as detracting from the zest of the sport. Although they made their money from the $2 bettor, they catered only to the gentlemen who loll about in the clubhouse and then make one $5 wager when the proper people are watching.

The phenomenal expansion of racing within the past ten years, however, has produced some new tracks that try to preserve the small fellow's health and vigor so that he has strength to return another day. It took these new tracks to introduce the simple but revolutionary idea of indicating on the odds board the condition of the racing strip. A casual player can tell if the track is fast, but only an expert can determine if an "off" course is slow or heavy.

To calm public amazement over the millions being dumped into the mutuel machines, tracks have devised a painless way of stating their receipts. In disclosing total wagering pools, all tracks call the sums paid to the winners "money returned to the public." They want the bettor to realize they are merely stakeholders until the race is over; then the total betting pool, less track "take," state "take" and breakage, is returned to the public like a transfusion for the next race. No matter how badly the betting dollar may shrink or get trampled, the track wants it understood it still will find its way back to the public.

Track operators are becoming so tuned to public reaction to anything not bearing the personal approval of Mr. Hoyle that the larger ones have banded together in a protective association. Spencer Drayton, one-time aide to head G-Man, J. Edgar Hoover, has been chosen the guardian of the tracks to slow down the boys who want to take "short cuts" in the racing game. Among other things, Drayton's organization has rounded up some crooked jockeys, "fixers," touts and others whom tracks have stricken from their Christmas greeting list.

Tracks are becoming vigilant not merely to aid the coming era of the brotherhood of man, but also for their own interest, for a racecourse represents an investment of $1,000,000 to $4,000,000. And all the hay must be cut in a month or less of each year.

A track, such as one of New York's principal courses, has a year-round payroll of ten to forty men. During racing days, from 225 to 1275 punch the time clocks.

Its daily income during a meet, other than Saturdays and holidays, averages about $150,000 from the mutuel take, admissions, concessions and other items which owners think up on off seasons. About $10,000 is net profit after figuring year-round maintenance, taxes, depreciation, insurance and other items.

The most expensive equipment is rented. The principal mechanical device necessary for the improvement of the breed is the totalizator which issues the mutuel tickets, records the sums bet, and flashes the odds. One company controls the "tote" and usually receives one-half of one per cent on the first $300,000 wagered and a smaller graduated return on the excess.

Automatic starting gates costing about $15,000 are rented for $100 a day and cameras for shooting the finishes require another $100 a day fee. It costs about $50 a day for a loudspeaker so that an announcer can amuse himself describing the horses' positions while the fans drown him out with shouts of "Come on, you dog!" One track lists $200 a day for music which does not include the railbird chorus when a hot favorite fails to be photogenic.

There is plenty of justification for the tracks' fear that the public someday may retire the goose that is laying the golden eggs.

Fans like to tell the story of the inebriated gentleman who wandered up to the window and wagered $1,000 on an animal in a six-horse race. Soon he was back for another $1,000 block of stock in the same horse. On his third trip to the window the clerk motioned for him to lean closer.

"Don't waste your money on that horse," said the clerk. "He won't win. I know. I own him."

"It's going to be a mighty slow race then," returned the drunk, "because I own the other five."

In 1941, a sports poll by Esquire disclosed that the public at large believed racing was only 60.3 per cent honest. Sports experts, with just a little more faith, upped that percentage to 60.4. This was one typical lay answer:

"Track officials are probably 100 per cent honest, horse owners about 50 per cent; which makes the net result 50 per cent."

Bing Crosby supplied this answer:

"I believe 100 per cent honest as far as the management of the good tracks is concerned—but they can't control all individuals. In any race it's pretty much guess and breaks to get a winner—so all have a good chance to guess right."

A 1946 sampling of a crowd filing out after improving the breed at an eastern track disclosed that about 65 per cent of them believed Diogenes would have to raise the candlepower of his lantern if he started checking the racing game. They seemed to patronize the races in the same spirit as the man who knew the slot machine was fixed against him but what could he do since it was the only one in town?

The bettor who picks a fugitive from a merry-go-round to beat Assault is ready to believe anything as he shreds his mutuel ticket. Before the December pad is torn from the 1946 calendar, some 15,000 races will have been run in the United States. They range from cheap claiming prices for purses of $800 to $1500 to $100,000 stakes. Often the purses are not as important as the wagers a betting stable hopes to win. With such money at stake, there are two ways for reading the track axiom that "anything can happen in a race." And many fans prefer the fine print version.

Those fans found plenty of reading between the lines this year. The trainers for two of the nation's leading stables were suspended on charges of doping their horses to give new life and courage to faltering legs. More than a dozen lesser known trainers also were shooed out of their barns for administering more than mineral water to their charges. Two owners and trainers were suspended on charges that the horses they entered in two races were horses of another color. Two good horses were entered under the names of inferior ones with results that astonished all but those in the know.

Seven steeplechase jockeys at Maryland were barred from the turf for life for holding a little pep rally in a hotel room the night before and deciding who was to win the next day. One of the horses

LINCK

Grand Old Man o' War

Twenty-nine-year-old Man o' War stands for this prized color portrait at the Kentucky farm of Samuel D. Riddle. Big Red still seems the powerhouse that made Earl Sande comment after a race, "It was like being on a runaway locomotive." The August Belmont horse that brought $5000 in the 1918 Saratoga yearlings sale looks back on twenty wins out of twenty-one starts, has sired champions that have collected some $3,000,000. A winning horse may fail to stir the grandstand, but Man o' War, standing a hand above most entries and bursting with spirit, was a "headline personality" they loved. Big-boned, his 1400 pounds are well distributed, and he has one of the handsomest heads ever seen at a barrier. Odds-on favorite since his first race, Big Red has been out in front all the way.

which could not sneak away from the barn to attend the meeting had to be pulled up sharply by his rider to keep him from winning. Several jockeys were ruled off for life for using batteries to persuade their mounts to hurry a little.

Since racing became "big time" in 1920, tracks have developed a number of mechanical devices to make sure the horse's improvement will bear the Good Housekeeping seal of approval. To give every horse an equal chance at the start, automatic starting gates are now used. The horses are shut in the stalls with jockeys alert and anchors up. The starter, from a platform just back of the rail, waits until the horses are properly aligned like ducks in a shooting gallery and then presses a button that releases the gates. Off they go onto the open road and horse and jockey are on their own. Like all mechanical gadgets, once in a while a stall door sticks and then horse, jockey and those who wagered on him merely turn to their program and hunt for something good in the next race, hoping that meanwhile a handyman will squirt a drop or two of oil on the balky hinges.

For nearly half a century, tracks experimented with a camera to photograph close finishes. In 1896, photography was tried out at the old Coney Island track in Ohio, but by the time the plates were developed the bettor was down at the village pawnshop raising fresh capital for the next day's fiesta of the horse. What was required was a camera that stopped motion although some players insist a still-life artist could make a portrait of their horse.

When cameras were first installed at a Maryland track they were focused on the inside rail, southbound mainline of racing. Placing judges took their usual position in a booth at the grandstand rail. In the first race, a horse rounded the stretch turn and headed to the outside rail because he wanted to be alone. He pounded across the finish line a length in front but he was not in camera range and he passed under the placing judges who were busy watching the expresses whiz by on the regular lane.

GLANTZ

Star of Southern Hemisphere Moves North

Inés Carrillo, brilliant young Argentinian pianist, was born in Santiago del Estero, Argentina. (She will give a recital in Carnegie Hall, New York City, this month.) Inés was a child prodigy who played by ear at 3, read music at 5, at 6 played Liszt's Second Hungarian Rhapsody, *and at 14 was the youngest graduate of the National Conservatory of Music in Buenos Aires. She was taught by Edward Steuermann, then by Artur Rubinstein, most recently by Olga Samaroff. She comes from a very musical family, her father being an eminent musicologist and composer, and her mother a retired concert pianist; her three brothers and one sister have a singing act. She practices four hours a day, admires Rodin, Degas, Chopin, Bach, and the novels of the Spanish author, Miguel de Unamuno.*

Before astonished bettors got their vocal chords in shape, the second horse was posted as the winner and the pay-off began. After that it just made interesting conversation like the long count at the second Dempsey-Tunney fight.

All good tracks now rely upon the camera to call close finishes instead of placing judges. But photographs which were to end all arguments have started new ones. Many fans persist in the theory that the camera favors the inside horse whether he is photogenic or not. An ingenious photographer is experimenting with cameras to snap both profiles. That will give fans time for a king size bottle of beer while placing judges are deciding which nose is which. Several tracks also are trying out motion picture cameras to film a race from start to finish to make certain old man Hoyle was riding with the jockeys the entire trip. At a New England track it took fifteen minutes to run off the films for the judges but perhaps someone roped in a cartoon and a newsreel.

Until the motion picture film is perfected tracks will rely on the present system of having patrol judges stationed at strategic places around the track like signal towers along a railroad. After each race, the patrol judges return to the stewards' stand to report "Old No. 99 went by with weather clear and track fast." The Hollywood, California, track places official observers on a stand near the stewards' pagoda and assigns each one a horse. The observer follows that horse from break to finish and records his findings. This Performance Observer method has also been used at Pimlico in Maryland.

The placing judges who called the finishes were affectionately known to fans as "the three blind men." There was some justification, too, for the complaint of players that the placing judges won and lost more races than the horses. Because in the pre-camera era of 1933, there was only one dead heat recorded on American tracks. In 1936, when cameras were in more general use, there were 115 dead-heats. Now there are more than 300 races a year in which horses tie for win, place or show, proving that placing judges either did need spectacles or that horses are more gregarious.

The biggest battle has been against doping. Most tracks require a saliva test of each winning horse to see if he is expectorating properly. But the racing element from the other side of the barns figuratively spat in the stewards' eyes by using new drugs that reputedly didn't show up in saliva tests. Tracks countered with urine tests which put them one up—temporarily. There is no general agreement today that either test is foolproof.

The few cases of "ringers" this year hearken back to the days when some owners valued a paintpot more than they did their horses. With daubs of paint, a tattoo or other mark added to the right spot, a horse was made up to look like a movie star playing a dual role. While the poorer horse stood in his stable and looked on in amazement, the good animal entered in his name would romp past the judges in what turf writers liked to call a "startling reversal of form." That night the good horse was spirited away on the pretext that his granddaddy in Kentucky was ill and calling for him every hour.

Paddock judges are provided with a photograph of each horse, a list of all his identification marks, his exact measurements and all vital data including birthmarks. Trying to make one horse look like another is expensive especially when the co-operation of the weatherman also must be obtained. The Thoroughbred Racing Protective Bureau (a division of the Thoroughbred Racing Associations) is experimenting with lip marks instead of finger prints to further identify horses. But until horses are taught to talk and can be questioned man to man, a ringer will probably show up once in a while. Even when horses start talking, paddock judges still will need a lie detector as part of their standard equipment.

Players no longer can gather in the "stove league" to discuss strange events of the past season because racing is now a year-round sport. From New Year's Day to New Year's Eve, the country is never without one or more major tracks in operation.

The player, then, must hold his post-mortems at night over a quick one at Joe's Place. And when he gathers there, the chief evidence he offers as supporting his belief that there was a "grey horse out there today" are not reports of doping, ringers or fixing. It's form reversals.

On Monday he wagers on Sheriff's Delight which saunters to the outside rail, taps his hoof against the post and starts looking for four-leaf clovers. When he is entered again Thursday or Friday, Sheriff's Delight, ostracized by those Monday bettors who know the meaning of the word and ignored by the others, whisks down the stretch as if in a hurry to get back to the barn and freshen up for a dinner engagement.

Often these form reversals are the fault of the trainer and sometimes it's the horse himself. The trainer of a maiden (a horse that never has received a passing grade from the judges) is allowed great leeway in experimenting to determine in what type of event the horse wishes to major. The trainer may enter the horse in several sprint races without any tangible results on the scoreboard. Then he may try a few distance races. And he also must experiment with different track conditions.

Finally, unless the horse should never have been taken from the merry-go-round in the first place, the animal wins. The trainer then may feel that the animal deserves a promotion and he will enter him against better competition. The horse may not be good enough when he runs with this competition, and another spot must be found.

Technically, after the judges hand a diploma to a horse, he is supposed to be trying every time he steps onto the track. The trainer may agree to that, the stewards may insist upon it and the bettors may implore it, but no one can be certain the horse understands. Or if the horse understands, the breaks may go against him in the race.

There is only one way for a horse to win, but a thousand ways for him to lose. He may be bumped and thrown off stride. He may be blocked as he makes his bid in the stretch. The saddle girth may be tight and he likes it loose. It may be loose and he likes it tight. The jockey may hit him with a bat one day and make him shift gears; the next time out the horse may sulk if hit.

One day he may feel like running and the next time he may be mulling over joining a labor union for better working conditions and an extra carrot on Saturdays. He may like to come from behind but because he got away from the gate too quickly he suddenly is surprised to find himself out front early in the race. When another horse moves alongside to look him in the eye, he may fold up. The track may be hard and dry and he likes to hear his hoofs pounding. The next time the track may be softer and since he can't hear himself run he feels he isn't anywhere and chucks the whole thing.

The jockey may rate a horse badly. Whirlaway, one of the greatest horses of all time, lost many of his early races because he shot from the gate like a cannon ball and ran until his ankles smoked. Then he slowed down until the hotbox cooled. When he hit the last turn into the stretch, he had a habit of heading for the outside rail. That cost him the purse in the Kentucky Derby Trial.

Trainer Ben Jones decided on the eve of the Kentucky Derby that a good strong boy was the answer. With Eddie Arcaro up, Whirlaway left the barrier more slowly and for nearly a mile was well back. Under Arcaro's well-rated ride, Whirlaway didn't bear out at the last turn and shot down the stretch to win easily and set a Derby record.

Assault, winner of the 1946 Derby, almost lost the Preakness because Jockey Mehrtens could not prevent him from clicking along at too fast an early pace. In the Belmont Stakes, Mehrtens was able to rate him better, and fans knew the race was over when Assault hit the stretch and started whistling for the next grade crossing.

Horses are more temperamental than a buxom opera star who bursts her girdle just as the curtain goes up. And the form and condition of cheap horses change more than boarding house soup when unexpected guests arrive. Sometimes a horse feels like running and sometimes he believes a brisk walk is all that is necessary.

dave Gerard

"Wonder where the heck that kid is who always missed half the grass, never trimmed around the trees, and always overcharged me!"

Trainers, however, out to win a purse may maneuver for the right spot. If the horse is best at a distance, the trainer may drop him into a sprint race to sharpen him up. A workout is never as satisfactory as racing competition to condition a horse, and the trainer may enter him over his head instead of breezing him in the morning. When he feels the horse is sufficiently "tightened," the trainer drops him into the proper company, keeps his horseshoes crossed and hopes for the best.

Every time a horse wins he usually incurs a penalty of additional weight for the next race unless he is stepped up in class. The trainer may enter him in stiff competition just to get weight off through losing some races.

Some form reversals look bad only on paper. On the opening day of the Charlestown, West Virginia, track, the favorite in the inaugural race finished far back. Those few players along the rail nearest the stretch saw the horse step into a slight depression and get thrown off stride as he was about to make his bid.

Two days later he was entered among the same company. Hundreds who lost their money when he was the favorite, moaned "something's funny" when he won and paid $34.

An old plater named Enter got himself on the front pages by winning at New York at 2 to 1 after losing his previous race at 180 to 1. The losing race was a six-furlong allowance sprint which put him in Park Avenue company. He never could unwind his ailing legs in six furlongs. His winning race was a cheap claiming event at a mile and a sixteenth.

A race horse is a valuable piece of property. An owner will not permit a jockey to beat him to death when breaks have taken him out of serious contention just because Aunt Minnie has $2 on his nose.

The player must be able to read horse and human minds. For with billions at stake, the public has one sure bet—that all sorts of tricks will be tried—sometimes with success and sometimes with bad results for the owner and trainer as well as the bettor. The surest thing in horse racing is that neither owner, trainer nor the horse himself can be absolutely certain he will lose or win. And if he does win, no one can be certain some other jockey won't yell "foul" and have his number hauled down from the result board.

When novices and non-players talk about racing, the $64 question always is: "Can the races be beaten?"

A well-known newspaper columnist gathered an additional measure of fame by siring the slogan: "All horse players must die broke."

At tracks and bookie parlors are men and women who have been playing the horses for years and always seem able to come back the next day. Some of them shift their dining places from Joe's Tasty Hamburger Shoppe to the Waldorf depending upon the day's results. Others never seem to lack for a taxable amount of the world's goods. They are the silent people of the turf who place their bets, cash their tickets and tell nothing to man or horse.

Once in a while a player with an "infallible system" blossoms on the front pages but quickly returns to the desert sands to bloom and blush unseen.

Last year it was the Lady in Red. Operating at New England tracks, she dumped thousands of dollars on certain favorites to show, or run third. Her operations caused tracks to suffer a number of "minus pools" because there was not enough money to pay all show tickets. Under the law, tracks cannot return less than five or ten cents on each dollar wagered, no matter if they must break open their own piggy banks.

The Lady in Red is reported to have made show bets of $10,000 to $15,000 which pulled the mutuel odds for show to zero. Although New England tracks gladly would have tendered her a nice farewell party, the Lady in Red slipped away quietly. Gossip is that she tried her system at New York tracks but unco-operative horses soon changed her to the lady who is in the red.

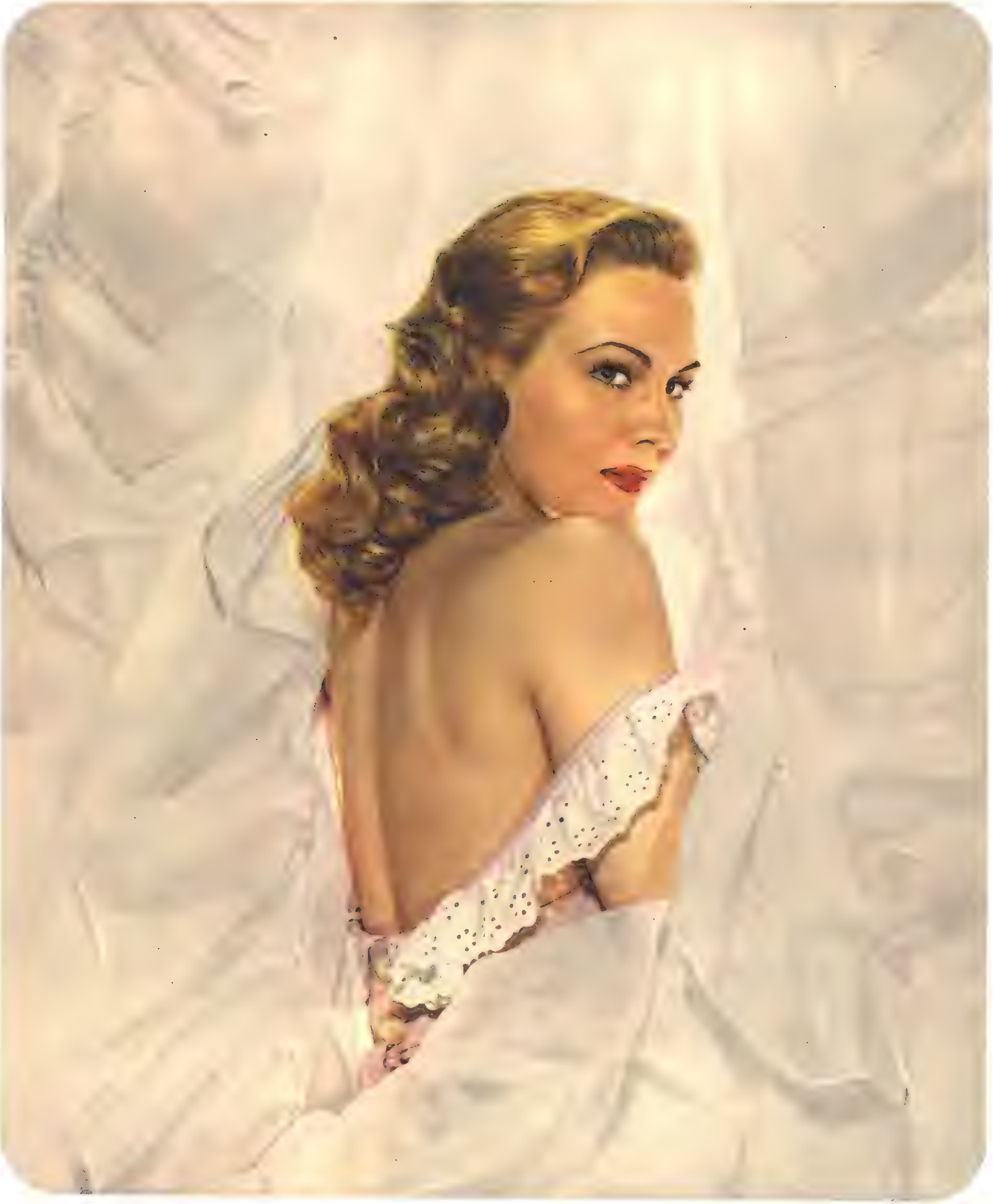
For the average player the question of whether the races can be beaten is purely academic. He never will come out ahead.

If the fairy godmother of the average player gave him a foolproof system with two simple rules he still would wind up in the soup within a week. If the rules pointed out only two plays one day, the bettor would stretch them to the breaking point in order to make five or six plays.

The average player is more temperamental than the horses. He dopes out selections by a combination of tea-leaf reading, hunches, pseudo-handicapping, false systems, "hot tips," and the designs on the wallpaper of his bedroom. After he makes up his mind, he will change it two or three times if a brother player whispers another horse in the same race. He will gladly lose thirty wagers to cash a $20 mutuel ticket rather than try for more modest winnings on better class horses.

Social scientists and psychologists worry about him and try to explore his mind, tap his reflexes and set up behavior patterns for him. The learned men talk of neuroses, psychoses and sublimation, but there are not enough races in their past performance charts for the player to handicap these strange sounding creatures.

While scientists gaze into the bottom of academic tea cups to draw up charts and tables, the player calmly sits and reads the *Racing Form.* He seeks neither statistics nor scientific advice about anything with fewer than four legs. He doesn't want to psychoanalyze himself or the horse. All he wants to do is to fly blindly to track or bookie, bet his $2 and yell: "Come on, something."

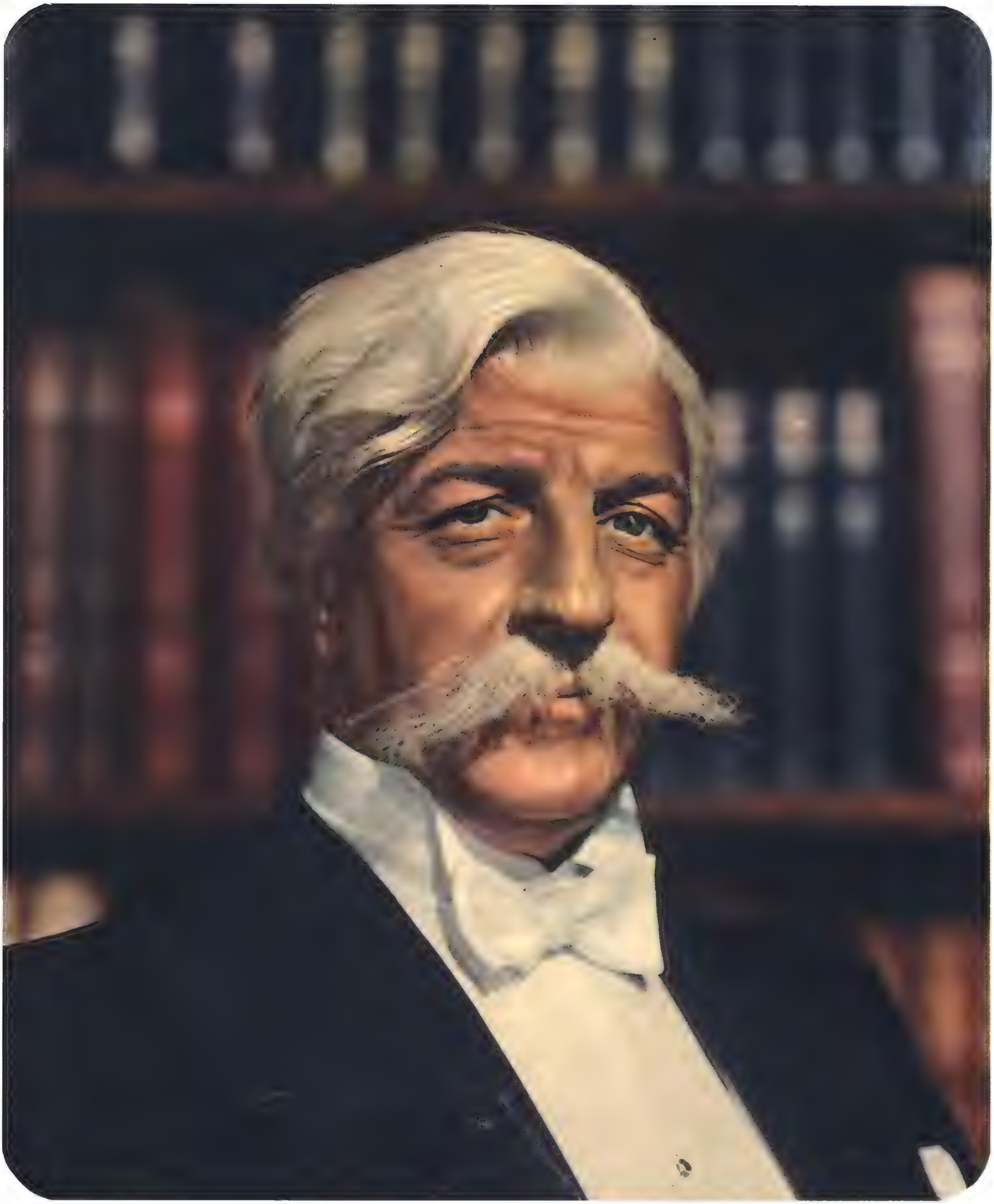


AMERICAN BEAUTY

Virginia Mayo

Photograph by Hal McAlpin

A Goldwyn Girl graduate, Virginia Mayo has recently demonstrated her Technicolor talent as the tender foil in a succession of effervescent Danny Kaye epics. All of which was a loud shout from her beginnings in vaudeville where she played ringmistress for a two-men-in-a-horse routine. Goldwyn snatched her out of Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe, and paired her with Kaye (their latest is *The Kid from Brooklyn*). After teaming with the ebullient redhead again in James Thurber's *The Secret Life of Walter Mitty*, the Mayo will shelve the comedy for drama. A realist, she prefers her men "honest rather than handsome, sincere rather than smooth." *Vital Statistics:* blonde hair, hazel eyes; *Height:* 5′, 5″; *Weight:* 118; *Bust:* 34; *Waist:* 24½; *Hips:* 36.



THE MAGNIFICENT YANKEE

Louis Calhern

Photograph by Wm. Stone

Made up for his role as Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, Louis Calhern's magnificient mustache supports the theory that this foliage so often favored by the great may well be an index to character. That sweeping handlebar has become symbolic of the approbation stirred by the eloquent lines which Mr. Calhern speaks so convincingly at the Royale Theatre in the part of the Great Dissenter. Although Emmet Lavery's drama embraces the three decades from T. R. to F. D. R. which Mr. Holmes spent on the Supreme Court, dramatic emphasis is on the Holmes' private life. That the stuff which dreams are made of can be found in the life of an American who has lived in our day is only one ingredient in the magic of this performance.

This Year—It's
The Yearling

Reviewer toasts the humble beauty in a sensitive film of Southern boyhood

by JACK MOFFITT

It is now almost a year since I first exposed myself to the writers of *The Sound and the Fury* as the guide, philosopher and fiend of Esquire's movie department. My first article, in praise of *The Lost Weekend* was particularly fortunate, since it acclaimed a truly notable picture. Since then, a number of films have been recommended in the hope that they would give pleasure to audiences. But none stood out as another movie milestone until the completion of *The Yearling.*

The Yearling is the movie of the year—one of those rare classics that seems destined to endure. Although previewed just before going to press, it presents no questionable dramaturgy for a critic to chew the fat over. Its simple beauty is too dignified to be cheapened by a reviewer's wisecracks.

Here artistry is not marred by artiness. The picture is both down-to-earth and poetic. The comedy is as salty as a hillbilly joke and the photography of Florida forests and wild life is as lyric as a Shelley poem. Few films have been so successful in showing the relationship between beauty of nature and beauty of human experience.

Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings' novel supplies a background action that is never-ending and universal—man's battle for a living against the forces of nature. Her people speak directly to their God in homespun idiomatic English—often abruptly when hunger forces them to say an abbreviated grace, and sometimes with humble criticism when Providence appears more harsh than common sense justifies.

Mystic lands produce mystic people. Amid the brooding Rockies, it does not seem mawkish for cowboys to call these solitudes "God's Country." And no one who has seen starlight falling on the mauve shores of the Sea of Galilee can believe the appearance of a race of prophets in Palestine was entirely coincidental. *The Yearling's* characters move against such settings of mysterious rivers and stately woodlands that it is natural for them to converse with the creator of this primitive grandeur.

Gregory Peck's portrayal of a Confederate veteran who returned from the war to scrape out a living in a Florida wilderness is a refutation of all dramatists who have seen in Southern farmers nothing but an unrelieved pageant of hook-wormed Jeeter Lesters. This film does much to atone for their persistently prejudiced lampoon of Southern manhood—a dramatic device that has become as false and hokey as the worn out eulogies of Southern orators over Southern womanhood. For more than twenty years, playwrights have concentrated on showing the shallowness of the Deep South. By breaking with this thought pattern, *The Yearling* proves that the screen can be used to promote national unity instead of an instrument for promoting regional prejudice.

The Yearling presents Southerners as human beings. But it does not omit the grotesque and surly types. Forrest Tucker as Lem Forrester is a truculent human boll weevil, always gnawing his way into a fight. Chill Wills gives an excellent portrait of his shiftless brother who is equally willing to comfort a small boy or swipe a hog. Margaret Wycherly, as an ignorant swamp woman, is as good as she was in *Sergeant York.* Even Clem Bevans as a jug-toting old Grandpa keeps from being a comic-strip clown. Dumb, illiterate and blowzy, he still has a heart.

These people are erratic Southern characters, but not typical Southerners. Mr. Peck, as Penny Baxter, regards them with the humorous philosophy and irritation with which all sensible men observe their erratic neighbors. He is represented as the kind of hard-working, patient man who might have developed into such a Southerner as Cordell Hull, if he had been given the breaks.

He shows a native genius for strategy as he sets out to outwit a bear that's killed his livestock. And an unpretentious bravery when he and his dogs come to grips with it. This bear hunt is a decisive battle in the history of a family. Photographed against the actual colored scenery of the swamps, it hasn't been rivaled for realistic hunting action since *Bring 'Em Back Alive* or *Chang.*

Jane Wyman, as the caustic farm wife, may find herself the leading woman in a second Academy Award picture. Her characterization as a mother who armors herself with a dour stoicism against life's hardships is as brilliant as her portrayal of the long-suffering heroine of *The Lost Weekend.*

You forget that she is playing a part as you watch her sweating to build a rail fence and see her grubbing in the mud to rescue a yam crop. Behind her meager smiles, one feels the soul of a woman who is richly emotional. Her tearful anger when her husband "wastes" money to buy her a length of dress goods, and the pathetic ineptitude with which she attempts to tell her son a story are heart-wrenching masterpieces of wry humor.

Against a grim and adult atmosphere, *The Yearling* sets forth a sensitive story of childhood, and the poignant struggle of a boy trying to become a man. Claude Jarman, Jr., is perfect as eleven-year-old Jody Baxter. This tow-headed youth has a coltish clumsiness and gracefulness in his movements. Childish without being precious, he achieves the dreamy quality of adolescence without a trace of phony prettiness. Using him as the keystone, the director, Clarence Brown, erects a flawless dramatic structure. The scene in which the father makes the boy shoot his destructive pet deer is one to make many a hard-boiled masculine eye go misty. An echo of every man's growing pains is in this picture.

Mr. Brown, a Southerner himself, was determined that the boy's part be played by no youngster with the beaten biscuit Southern accent taught in the drama schools. He spent months interviewing youths and their doting mamas. Finally he

(*Continued on page 138*)

There is some doubt whether Beethoven himself could have survived such a trial

The Ordeal of Homer Bigelow

by ROBERT LEWIS TAYLOR

HOMER BIGELOW had received a good deal of recognition during his early years in films. A dark, abstracted young man, a wearer of brown tortoise-shell glasses, and wholly without malice to any fellow man, he occupied a comfortable niche in Hollywood as the staff composer of Apex Productions, Inc. His incidental music for *Dawn Is Sunset* won him an Academy Award, and later he got another Oscar for the concerto which Fidel Hampton played in *The Unregenerate.*

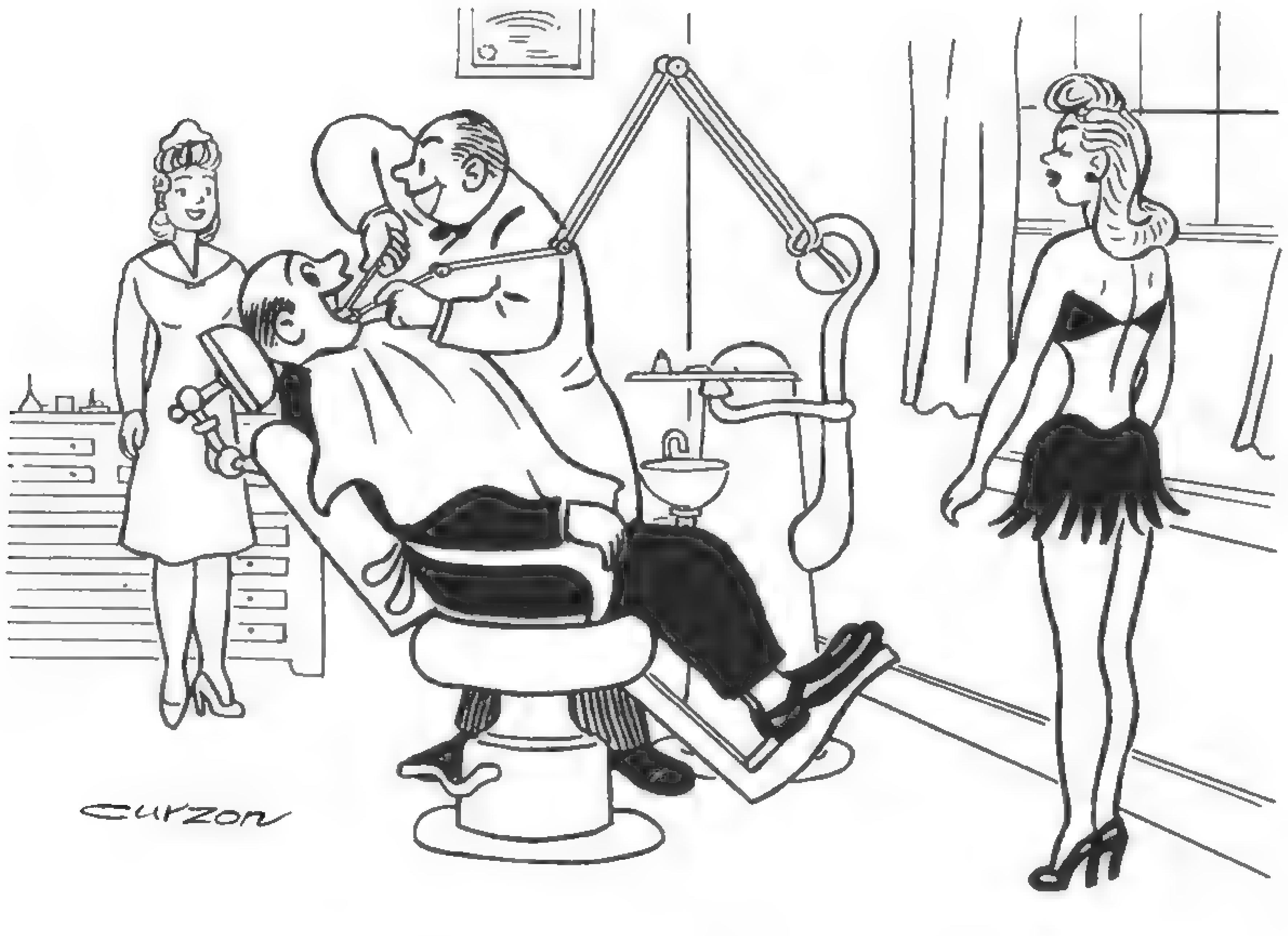
Bigelow was a success; he was more than that—he was sensational. His friends of the Milwaukee Symphony, in which he had played the oboe as a youngster and which he had conducted at the age of seventeen, were proud of him and delighted with his progress.

It was, therefore, with considerable shock that Hollywood received the news that Bigelow was on the skids. The reasons for the rumor were slight, but reached monumental proportions within a few days.

Bigelow had written some folk tunes for *The Pit* which caused widespread controversy. The picture, a prestige item directed by the celebrated Hungarian, Mischa Yaätz, dealt with the depressed and restless minorities of Central Europe before the Nazis came. It was considered an artistic masterpiece, having been filmed in a light so dim that none of the characters were ever clearly visible, and using all-Romanian dialogue, with French subtitles.

While it is doubtful whether anybody, including Romanians, really understood *The Pit*, it was acclaimed as a social document of prime significance. Bigelow's music, as he himself admitted freely, was an experiment. Perhaps influenced by the aggressively high-brow talent at work on the film, he turned out a score which revolved around three bassoons and a tambourine. Yaätz expressed great satisfaction with the music, but it later developed that he was tone deaf, so his opinion was discounted. Even the most rhapsodic devotees of *The Pit* agreed that Bigelow had somehow struck a sour note. "As to the accompanying score," one critic wrote, "although it is doubtless a work of rare musicianship, it has at times a thin, reedy quality, reminiscent of a Chinese wake. It may be that Bigelow has at last missed fire."

Opinions of this sort leave an indelible impression on the public, and they had a jangling effect on Solly Gold, the head of Apex Productions, who was a nervous man. When the reports came in on *The Pit*, he summoned Bigelow to his office for a conference.



"She takes the patient's mind off the pain"

"Homer," he said, "what about that music you wrote for *The Pit?*"

"I'm glad you liked it, Mr. Gold," said Bigelow, modestly. "It was, to be perfectly frank, an experiment. A departure."

"They tell me it stinks," said Mr. Gold.

Although Bigelow was taken aback, he replied, "I believe that any musician—an authentic musician, I mean, and not a night-club horn tooter—would be glad to tell you that my score for *The Pit* is a work that will add considerable prestige . . ."

"Bigelow," interrupted Mr. Gold, indicating extreme frigidity by his use of the surname, "Apex Productions cannot exist on prestige. Apex Productions cannot afford prestige. We will leave the prestige to Goldwyn. I was against this *Pit.* As a matter of fact, I was told it was a prize-fighting number. That fellow Yaätz, I couldn't understand him. He was sent to me from the New York office. A big European director. So far, and I want you to make a note of this, Bigelow, *Pit* has netted exactly thirty-eight dollars and forty cents. My God!"

"I'm sorry to hear it, Mr. Gold," said Bigelow, "but I wouldn't worry, if I were you. I understand that *The Ghoul's Revenge* and *The Wacs Come Marching Home* are expected to be large money winners. I'm sure that my music for both of them will . . ."

"Homer," said Mr. Gold, "that's another thing we want to talk about this afternoon. I took the liberty of looking into that music. I had Manny run it off for me. Homer, I don't care for it."

"What seems to be wrong, Mr. Gold?"

"I only heard the one number, Homer, but it isn't going to work on a light military item. You've missed the boat. *The Wacs Come Marching Home* is a humorous type picture and you've turned out a bunch of squawks and squeaks that would murder a faint smile. I'll be frank with you, it gave me indigestion."

"Did you notice that stretch toward the middle," asked Bigelow, "where there's a string of muffled drumbeats, spaced out slow?"

"Yes, I did," said Mr. Gold, looking angry. "What was that all about, for God's sake, in a light humorous type number about the girls in the armed service?"

"That was my music for *The Ghoul's Revenge,*" said Bigelow. "The Wac score isn't finished yet."

"Homer," shouted Mr. Gold, "that's not the point. The point is, the music stinks. My opinion is that you're on the skids. Bennie Twitchell said so in his column, and he hits them right on the nose."

"Mr. Gold," said Bigelow slowly, "I'm afraid you have succumbed to the tendency around these parts to count a man out before he's down. I can assure you that any music I write will continue to be on a high plane. If you insist, I will rewrite the score for *The Ghoul's Revenge,* possibly removing the drums. I will also have my music for the Wac number ready by next week. Both will be excellent. Good day, sir."

Somewhat nettled, Bigelow shut himself up in his home, a small cottage on Laguna Beach, and set to work. It was not that he acknowledged any possibility of deterioration in his output; his memory of his two Oscars was too strong for him to feel any uneasiness. He was therefore humming a brand-new tune and in the best of spirits when he laid out his score for *The Ghoul's Revenge* and opened his piano. He made a number of mild revisions, consciously writing for the masses, and as he made them he felt both guilty and virtuous.

As a sop to Gold, he deleted the drum passage and substituted a piccolo cadenza which he felt struck just the right level for a scene involving the discovery of a housemaid's body in the refrigerator. Then he altered the opening passage, allowing the bass strings to carry a low, eerie melody that was, in all truth, a perfect prelude to horror.

Much stimulated by his accomplishment, Bigelow then sailed into the Wac score. He dashed off some rippling incidental music and finished three comic-military tunes, all in one afternoon. As an added fillip, he even produced a lyric for one of the tunes, and was so pleased with his effort that he sang snatches of it as he went out to get into his car and drive to Culver City:

"So we'll hoist our packs and step much quicker,
As we board the ship at North Africa."

He felt the last line might be worked on a little further, but on the whole he was pleased with himself. It had been a profitable afternoon.

Arriving at Culver City, he found the head of Apex Productions in, if possible, a more acidulous humor than during their preceding conference. Mr. Gold's afternoon had been anything but profitable. He was having trouble with Hannibal St. James, the well-known correspondent and author of the best-seller, *I Was There*, an account of his sojourn with General Douglas MacArthur.

"But I want to watch, so I won't have to hear about it the rest of my life!"

St. James had decided that, in the movie being made of his book, he wanted to play the central role himself. He was not satisfied with the way Reinald Bradford was handling it. In several shots of amphibious landings, Bradford had assumed a furtive, rather hunted look, and St. James was in favor of a somewhat bolder approach. The writer was, in fact, exerting considerable pressure to have one scene filmed in which he was set ashore half an hour ahead of the infantry.

"Bigelow," said Mr. Gold, dispensing with the usual amenities, "I'm in no mood for music."

"I have here," said the composer, "the scores for both *The Ghoul's Revenge* and *The Wacs Come Marching Home*. You may look them over at your leisure. I find it difficult to tell which is the better job, and so, I predict, will you." Without any further attempt to continue what promised to be an uninspiring conversation, he laid down his manuscripts and retreated, as Gold cried, "I predict different. What Bennie Twitchell says, that's good enough for Gold."

The following afternoon the composer received a note from his employer, which read as follows:

"Bigelow: I have just come from a very painful session, in which I was forced to listen to your music. I cannot honestly say that it stinks, but it is somewhat below the type job which the studio has come to expect from you.

"When I hired you several years ago, I said to myself, Gold, this Bigelow is strictly an oboe player and I am doing the city of Milwaukee a hell of a favor taking him off of their hands.

"Later on, as I will admit freely, I revised that opinion upwards. However, I now wish to serve notice that I was right in the first place. You are still an oboe player, and probably a punk one at that. With kindest personal regards,

"S. Gold (Pres. in Ch'ge Prod't'ns)"

For the first time, Bigelow began to feel a slight uneasiness. Although he did not seriously question the merit of his product, he was nevertheless shaken enough to telephone Leila Belle Mason, the winner of last year's beauty contest at Fort Worth, and take her to a dance at a country club. She succeeded, as he had hoped, in focusing his irritation upon herself, and he was in a much better mood when he went home.

Next day, however, he had a telephone conversation with Mr. Gold which revived his worry. The president of Apex Productions came out flatly with the opinion that Bigelow was through. "You're written out, Homer," he said. "Winning those two Oscars sapped your strength. I advise you to get a new spit valve for your oboe and look up the train movements to Milwaukee. I understand it's very nice there in the spring."

The tone of this was so flippant that Bigelow was obliged to remind Mr. Gold that he had signed a contract which still had eighteen months to run.

"And I don't intend to sit here idly, either," he added. "I will go ahead, according to the schedule, with the scores for *Horse Fever*, *Drop that Sarong*, and *The Life and Loves of Shakespeare*. Since you are paying for them, you may use them to wad a shotgun or play them on a comb and a piece of tissue paper. My advice, however, is to guard them with your life. They will be an unusually valuable property."

Within a week Bigelow had turned in, and Mr. Gold had rejected, the score for *Horse Fever*, two South Sea melodies, and a miscellaneous item, vaguely nautical in flavor, which didn't seem to go with anything in particular.

When the last of these creations came bouncing back, Bigelow's morale wavered, then did a nose dive to zero. His self-confidence was finally shaken; he began to have visions of Wisconsin. He even got out his oboe, changed the reeds, cleaned the pads, and essayed *The Swan of Tuonela*.

He was a little rusty. In the middle of one of the more difficult passages, his lip gave way and the instrument emitted a number of moose calls which, he considered, would have had a very bilious reception in Milwaukee.

He then laid the oboe aside and opened a magazine. His attention became fixed on an advertisement for a correspondence course in plumbing. He was on the point of clipping it out and answering it when he got an idea.

"Perhaps I should first determine," said Bigelow to his room, "whether I am a musician or a plumber. Gold may be right. It's either the pen, the oboe, or the pipe wrench. Now is the time to find out."

Feeling relieved, he got out his car, put the top down, and set off for Culver City. He needed the assistance of Manny Farbstein, who had charge of the studio's orchestra and miscellaneous musical affairs. Farbstein was reluctant, but was willing to co-operate if he could be guaranteed a year's salary in case he lost his job. Homer agreed to this and went home.

At noon the following day Bigelow submitted to the president of Apex Productions the first of his new series—the third movement of Brahms' *Double Concerto*, which he thought might work out nicely for the comic steeplechase in *Horse Fever*. It was a tedious job of copying, and he was glad to wind it up. He got it back the next day, with an indignant note of rejection from Gold, and shortly afterward sent in Debussy's *Nuages*, complete, a composition that he felt might be just right for *The Life and Loves of Shakespeare*.

Gold was more outraged by *Nuages* than he had been by the *Double Concerto*. His accompanying note carried a stinging comment to the effect that Bigelow had now slipped to the point where it was doubtful if he could eke out a living with a grind organ and a monkey.

Much encouraged, Bigelow sent in, in quick succession, the love music from Moussorgsky's *Boris Godunov*, several of Dvořák's Slavonic Dances, two Rossini overtures, and a Bach composition for the harpsichord which he had always liked. His letter explaining these said that although he was not sure where they would fit in, he was in a high fever of composition, and thought he should let the muse sport about at will. Two days after the last of the batch was mailed, he received the following note from Gold:

"Bigelow: I need hardly tell you that your recent enclosures (I cannot bring myself to call them by any other name) were tripe. You are a musician—at least, I am told that you have gained a certain mechanical ascendancy over the oboe—so you must be able to recognize tripe when you smell it. While there is little to choose from among these outrages, I feel that you struck a new low with the folderol for the harpsichord. Any musician who would loose that sort of nuisance on the public ear

(*Continued on page 214*)

Football's big-time "spies" have to see so much that they do not dare to enjoy the games they are scouting

LODICO

Lo, the Sorry Scout!

by GEORGE WISWELL

FOOTBALL scouting is a highly skilled, important and miserably unhappy craft. The several hundred men who every Saturday this fall will equip themselves with pencils, field glasses, complex report blanks and coldly dispassionate minds to trudge up the ramps and steps to the tops of stadia all over the country are as essential to first-rate football as the coaches and players they represent. Their work will be responsible for practically every upset that goes into the books this season. They will give bookmakers the twitches. Their reports will cause the grey-hair crop to flourish among coaches. Their collective judgment and observation will provide the neck-and-neck, fight-to-the-finish gridiron battles that will keep the fans coming to fatten the exchequers of college athletic associations. They are the dark horses of every game.

Yet scouts are a sad lot, for it is impossible for them to enjoy their jobs. They are after information, not thrills. While you are on your feet screaming with delight—or anguish—at a halfback snaking through a broken field, the scout is sitting tight about you, jotting down the direction of the play, type of blocking, the defensive formation, and throwing in a few notes on the ball carrier's style of running and dodging. One of the finest scouts in the Midwest divorces himself so completely from the excitement of the contest that he is forced to read the next morning's paper to learn what happened in terms of stars and great plays.

The ideal man for the job would possess at least eleven eyes, especially for kickoffs, a play that gives every dutiful scout a severe case of tremors. With the band still playing, thousands of cheering customers on their feet, and twenty-two men spread over the field, he has to write down on his form the position of each player, the kicker's number, the distance, height and direction of the kick, calculate the possibilities of a longer or shorter boot, notice if the tacklers run hard all the way, remember which players stay back and where, check to see if the side lines are guarded, record who made the tackle, and set down any incidental information that may prove valuable when his team lines up for a kickoff against the team he is scouting.

For the fun of it, a friend of a scout once tried following a kickoff in this simultaneous analysis. When the tackle had been made he turned to the scout and said, "Now I see why you hate your job."

Watching a team receive the kickoff is worse. Novice scouts have thrown down their pencils in despair trying to: indicate the yardline position of each player, draw circles around the numbers of the most dangerous receivers, chart the pattern of movement of the blockers, describe the formation of the blocking wedge and estimate its efficacy, note any crisscross, backward or lateral passes, and, if he has any eyes left over, keep one of them peeled for sleepers near the side lines or in the corners.

To the public, the word "scout" is a euphemism for "spy." Not long ago a scout for Miami University arrived late at an Indiana game, dropped into the first seat he could find and started working. He had haplessly chosen a spot in the Hoosier cheering section. Several students saw him filling out his form, drawing diagrams and whipping field glasses to his eyes. They grew furiously indignant, started a near riot and drove him out of the stadium

Professionally, scouts are accorded much softer treatment. The coach of the team being scouted knows in advance who is scouting him and what school he's from. The athletic association then provides the scout with the best possible seat (the highest), pre-game program and information, messenger service, refreshments, and all the other privileges offered the visiting press. Over the years an unwritten rule has emerged to the effect that a team sends one man to scout each opponent on its schedule. If, say, Yale is due to play both Princeton and Columbia in the same season, Yale may send two scouts to the Princeton-Columbia game, one for each team. But when national championships and big-gate rivalries are at stake, the one-scout custom is frequently abandoned. The Army recently flew eleven men—a scout for each position—from West Point to Champaign, Illinois, to study Notre Dame in action against the Illini. The Army, incidentally, defeated Notre Dame later in the season by a big score.

If the scout builds nothing for himself but a living bought with a mess of grief, his work pays off handsomely for the spectators. It insures closer, cleaner, more complicated games—better, faster games to watch. Without official scouts football would tend to be sloppy and amateurish. Coaches would be burdened with a lot of half-cooked information dished out by a well-meaning but inept alumni. Scouting is the refinement that has lifted football into America's big-show category.

Scouts are usually in agony while at work. They are persistently discomforted by a fear that they are forgetting something. The tiniest details of play sometimes reveal weaknesses that will give the home team a telling advantage. The number of steps taken by a punter, for example, has often caused a well-scouted team to drop a game later in the season. If the kicker takes two swift steps and gets the ball away fast, the scout will recommend to his head coach that the home team's best and fastest blockers fall back when receiving punts to give the safety man the best interference for a long runback. On the other hand if the kicker uses two and a half steps to get his boot underway, the observant scout will urge that the blockers toe into the line and concentrate on blocking the kick. This device was successful last year when a favored Michigan team was having trouble making headway through a doughty Illinois defense. Twice Illinois quick-kicked and just barely got away with it. The third time they tried it the kick was blocked and a Michigan end recovered to run for the first and most important score of the game. All the preceding week Michigan *(Continued on page 197)*

Bob Gallivan
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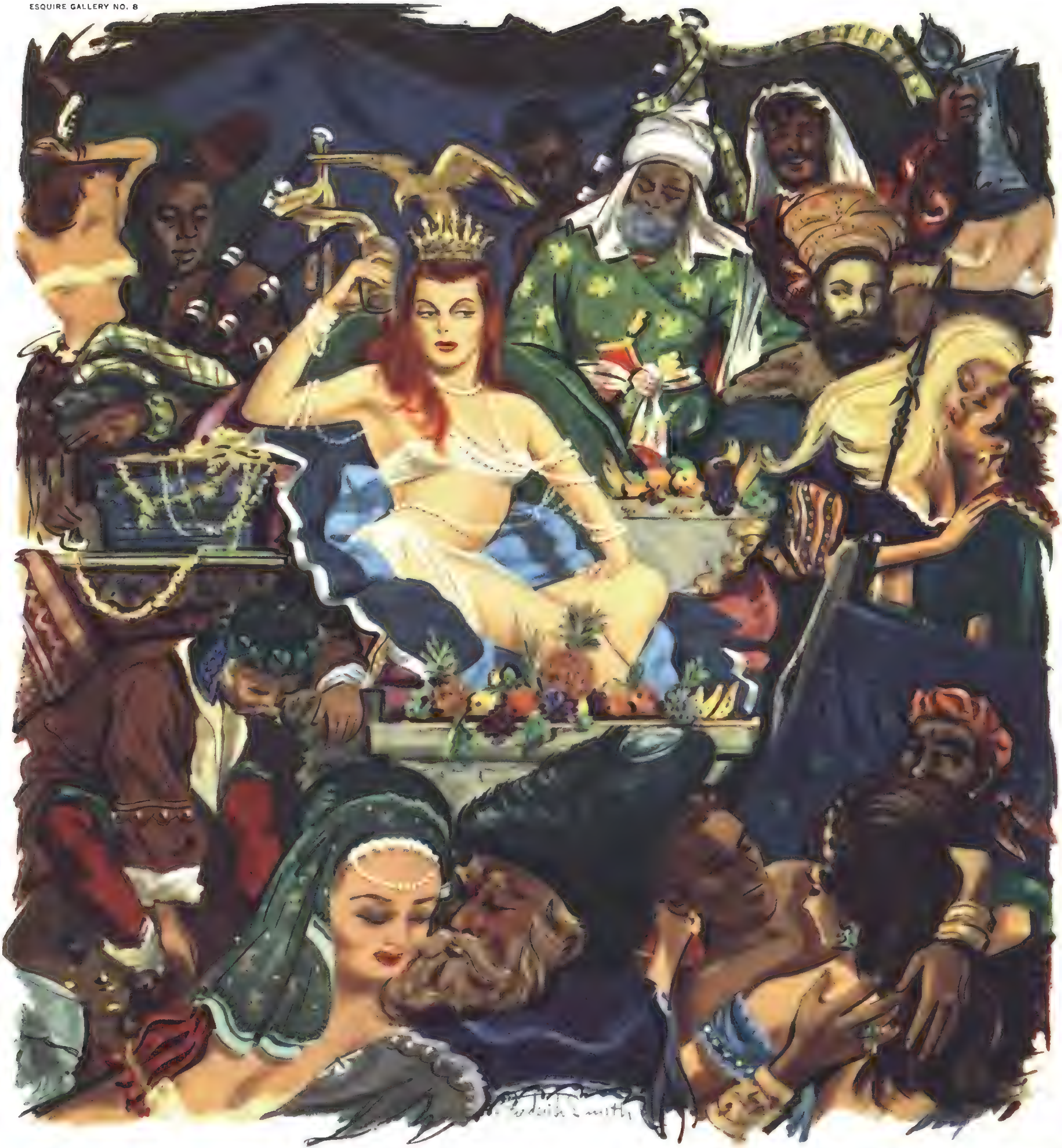
2

"Take it easy, now—remember whose side you're on!"

ESQUIRE GALLERY NO. 8



Nostalgically painted by **J. FREDERICK SMITH**

The Red Sultana

by BYRON DE PROROK

Of Judith MacGregor, red-headed pirate, her wild orgies and her masculine harem

Beneath the storied waters of the Persian Gulf on the eastern coast of Saudi Arabia lies a pirate treasure ship and still below her decks, perhaps, are the whitened bones of her lovely, wanton skipper. The ship was scuttled, richly laden, in 1805 within sight of Arabs standing on the shores of the Island of Bahrein and the Island of Ishtar. Descendants of those Arabs still tell lively stories of the flamboyant pirate captain in soukhs and bazaars from Koweit to Bagdad, from Basra to Muscat. The story, with overtones of superstition, has been handed down by Arab Sambuk sailors, pearl divers and polyglot fishermen and a factual chronicle, written in the suitable flourishing style of an Arab, was transcribed long ago in a manuscript now owned by the Sultan of Bahrein. A relative monument to the region's most unique pirate is the magnificent cursive Arabic inscription carved into the rocky heights of the Island of Ishtar. This small island, situated two miles east of fabulously rich Bahrein, a British protectorate, is called Ishtar in honor of the Sumerian Venus, and a ruined marble staircase overlooking the Gulf is now a favorite picnic spot of Standard Oil men.

In the days of the Sumerians, and later the Phoenicians, the highest point of the island was used for the worship of Baal. A duct and cup, cut into the rock, was used to collect the blood of sacrificial victims, and near by is a phallic emblem, called a *betel*. Thousands of years later Ishtar was a prison for marooned sailors captured by the rulers of Bahrein who themselves were large-scale pirates. Many were left there to die in chains and we found such skeletons during our archaeological expedition to Bahrein in 1938.

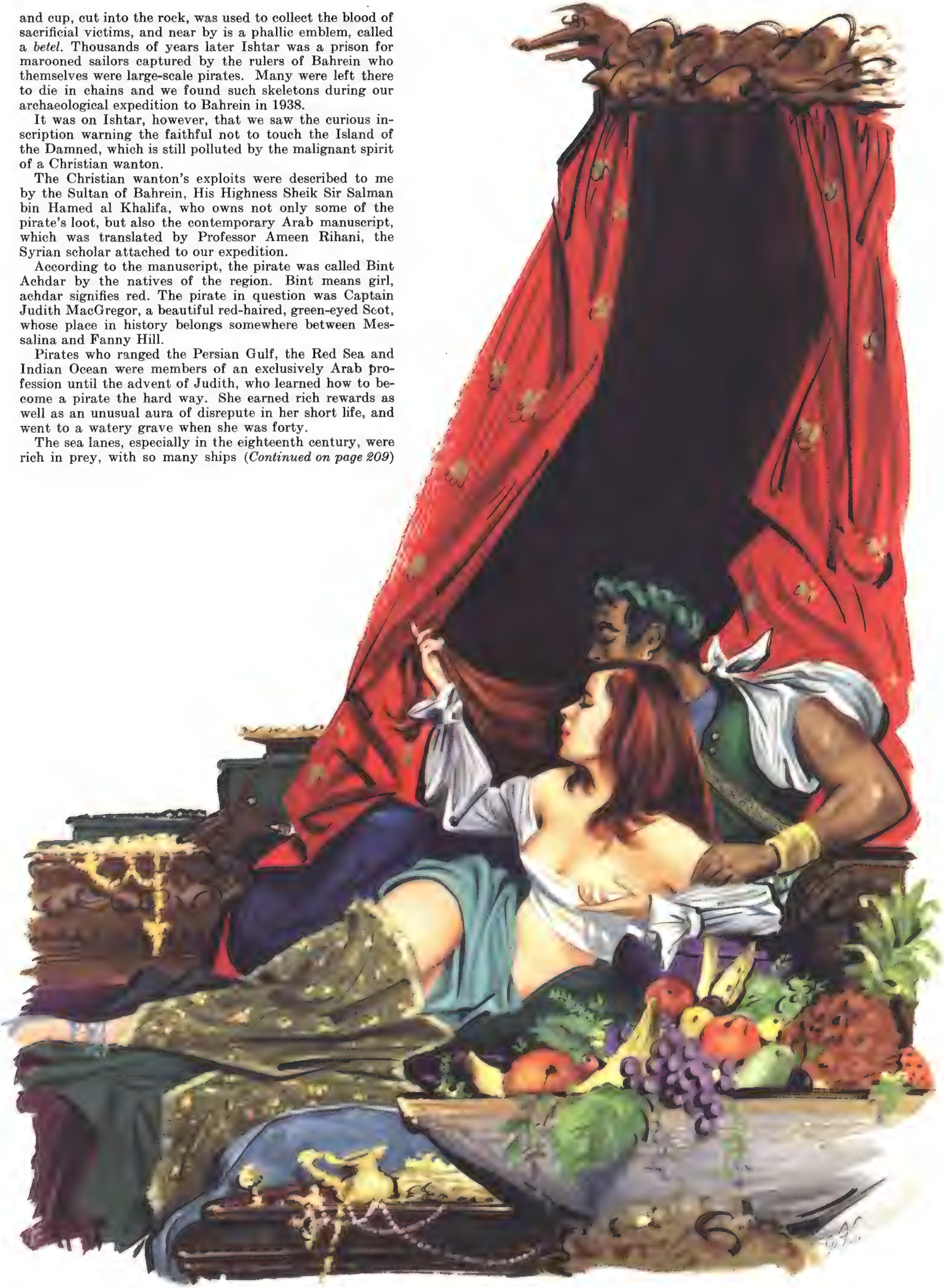
It was on Ishtar, however, that we saw the curious inscription warning the faithful not to touch the Island of the Damned, which is still polluted by the malignant spirit of a Christian wanton.

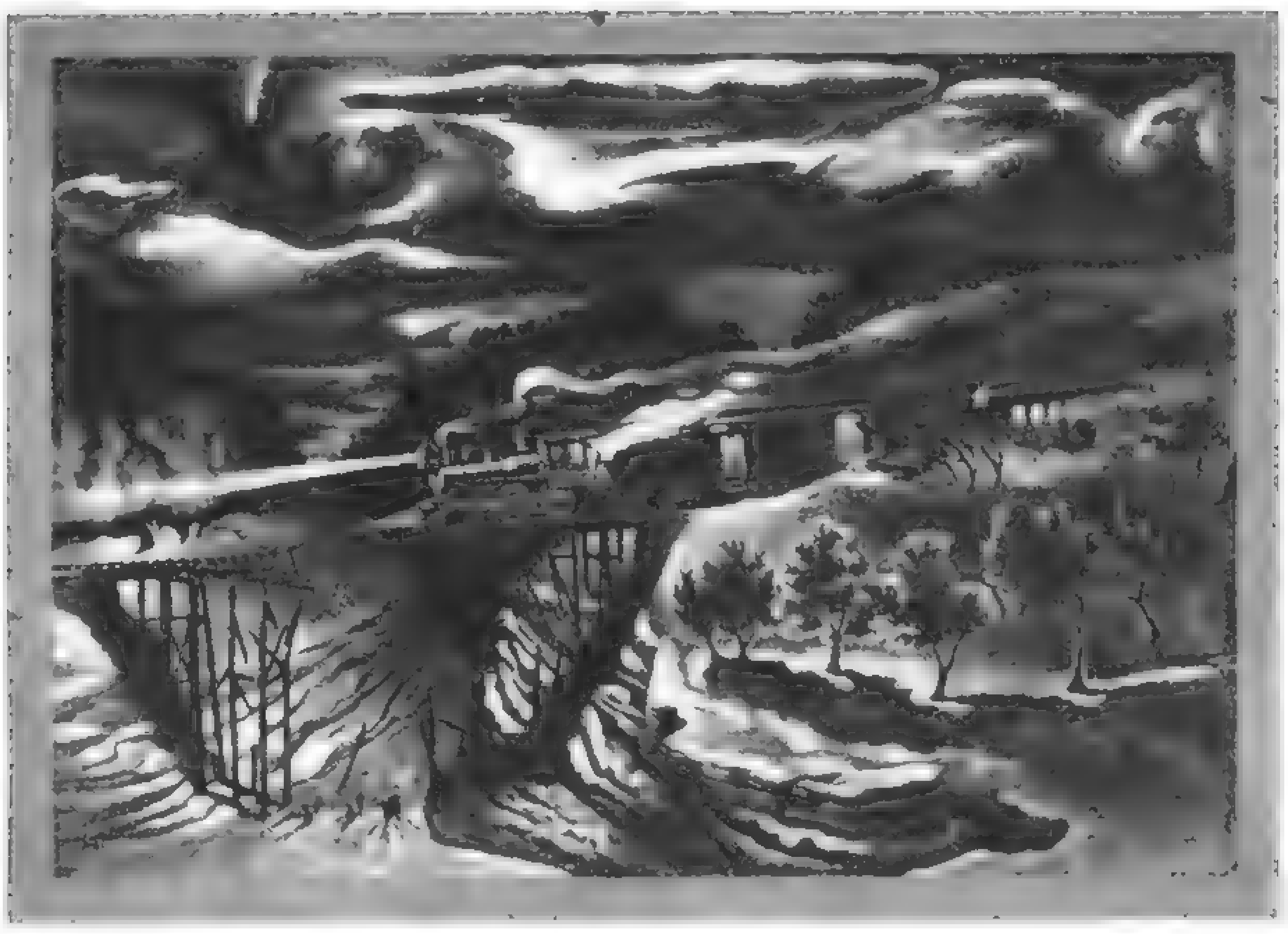
The Christian wanton's exploits were described to me by the Sultan of Bahrein, His Highness Sheik Sir Salman bin Hamed al Khalifa, who owns not only some of the pirate's loot, but also the contemporary Arab manuscript, which was translated by Professor Ameen Rihani, the Syrian scholar attached to our expedition.

According to the manuscript, the pirate was called Bint Achdar by the natives of the region. Bint means girl, achdar signifies red. The pirate in question was Captain Judith MacGregor, a beautiful red-haired, green-eyed Scot, whose place in history belongs somewhere between Messalina and Fanny Hill.

Pirates who ranged the Persian Gulf, the Red Sea and Indian Ocean were members of an exclusively Arab profession until the advent of Judith, who learned how to become a pirate the hard way. She earned rich rewards as well as an unusual aura of disrepute in her short life, and went to a watery grave when she was forty.

The sea lanes, especially in the eighteenth century, were rich in prey, with so many ships *(Continued on page 209)*





McCRADY

Mountain railroaders of the past were a lusty lot who thrived on dangerous living

Adventure on the High Iron

by H. W. STEVENS

When old-timers gather in the roundhouse, the caboose, or even in the front office, the air grows thick with yarns which might hint at Paul Bunyan to an outsider. But these are no tall tales—railroading's past has high adventure and glamour in plenty without need of embroidery. And bright in the legends of the rails are the men who took 'er round the mountains and lived to tell about it. In the Rockies and the Appalachians, and in many an unnamed sawtooth range in the West and South, they fought gravity and worse with only the half-support of their primitive locomotives and brakes. But they were a tough breed, and kept a hand on the throttle always, lest Death reach out for it. For the mountain railroaders, danger lurked at every turn and frowning canyon slope. It could be death on the downgrade with runaway cars pushing violently from behind, or death from boulders hurtling down from above. It could come on some flaming trestle, or in the white rumble of an avalanche. It could come when a dog-tired dispatcher slipped up on orders, and a train plunging downhill met head-on with one panting up the grade.

Runaways were an accepted part of mountain railroading. A classic among wild chases on the Denver & Rio Grande Western was Engineer Brooks' unwitting pursuit of a runaway car of dynamite. Switching cars one night, Jimmy Burns, the yard foreman, was startled when McConnell, his brakeman, came running out of the darkness swinging his lamp violently and shouting, "The powder car is gone!"

The shocked foreman listened to the brakeman explain that when he started to apply the brakes, the chain snapped, and the force threw him off the car. It started rolling down onto the main tracks. Dynamite was running loose on the main line! Burns lost no time. He ordered Brooks, an engineer, to uncouple his engine from the string of cars he was switching, and yelled at McConnell, "Grab 'em and ride 'em!"

McConnell grabbed the footboard and the switcher set off in pursuit of the deadly runaway. Brooks had no idea what the uproar was all about. All he had heard was a set of frantic signals to get going, so he gave the engine full throttle.

Meanwhile, the car of dynamite ran down to the main line where a switch was set for the branch line. It came to a grade, used up its momentum, and started rolling back. Now it was picking up speed fast and rushing swiftly through the darkness toward the pursuing locomotive. The first warning of this turn of events came when the car was almost on top of Brooks' locomotive. Burns jumped one way, McConnell the other. Engineer Brooks had no time to do anything, but stay with his engine and sail right through a good part of the dynamite car. But there was no explosion. It was one of those amazing freaks nobody ever explained. Although boxes and sticks of dynamite were scattered all over the rails and in the cab of the wrecked locomotive, none of it exploded.

A runaway on the rival South Park line ended up less fortunately. On this narrow gauge line was a spot appropriately named "Dead Men's Curve." Here a car of dynamite blew up. The train was demolished and all of the crew were killed except the rear brakeman who, after struggling with the hand brakes, stopped his car just short of the exploding wreck. White-faced and shaking, he swore that this was his last mountain railroad job. But it wasn't. They always come back for more.

What one railroad laborer said about Sam Montgomery, a fast moving hogger of the Denver and Rio Grande Western, applied to many mountain engineers. They got a big kick out of running their trains faster than common sense dictated. Danger was so much a part of their jobs that a little more of it added zest. Said the hired hand about Sam: "This fellow, Sam, he's one fine engineer, but he runs too fast. So we watch Mister Sam. When Mister Sam grabs his hat and pulls it down over his eyes, we all catch hold, shut our eyes and hang on. We know Mister Sam is gonna run like hell."

One famous speed merchant was "Stuttering" Bill Kretley. Eastern officials had been complaining about the lack of speed on his line. If the New York Central could make sixty miles an hour on its rails, why couldn't the Denver and Rio Grande Western? They wanted to make the ninety-seven miles from Pueblo, Colorado, to Salida at sixty miles an hour. This speed was considered a crazy impossibility, and J. J. Burns, the Superintendent, hardly expected Bill Kretley to say he'd try to make the run. But Kretley did, asking first, "Will there be a clear track?"

"Clear all the way," Burns assured him.

At 12:30 noon the special train streaked out of Pueblo. Down through canyons, around hairpin turns, up steep grades. In the cars dishes spilled out of the cupboards, furniture ran wild. The officials who had clamored for speed were now turning pale green. Seventy miles an hour. Seventy-five. Kretley picked up speed in the few straight stretches and jammed on the brakes to take the sharp curves. It was a rough, jerking ride. Fred Graham, the conductor, signaled frantically for a slowdown, but the engineer, who had disconnected the signal cord before the trip, could not be reached. Exactly ninety-seven minutes after leaving Pueblo they pulled into Salida. The eastern officials tottered from the car and ordered that not only Bill Kretley but also the superintendent and anybody else who had anything to do with the crazy journey through the mountains be fired. Their orders weren't obeyed, of course. That was the way on the mountain roads.

On all the mountain lines there were tales of encounters with wild animals. One came from the Southern Pacific where a train had stopped high in the mountains. Suddenly a furry form leaped into the locomotive, landing directly in front of the firebox. The startled crew members found themselves looking

(*Continued on page 232*)

HANDKERCHIEFS
TOWELS
DOWN

A chance remark set off a human chain reaction that could be checked only by young men who were quicker than fate

A Place of Promise

GREENHALGH

by GEORGE W. MORSE

STEVE and I are playing gin rummy on the porch of the King's Hotel when an Aussie ambles over and starts talking. It's usual. It looks harmless. How am I to know we are just before trouble?

"Enjoyin' your stay, mates?" he asks.

"Sit down," Steve says affably. "It's a good question. One of the best." The stranger pulls up a chair. He is a rugged looking cove in a baggy English suit; the waist of his trousers stops up over his chest.

"I will tell you," Steve says carefully, laying down his cards. "You have a wonderful country and wonderful people. Your two cities, Sydney and Brisbane, are meccas for lonesome engineers." Steve leans over and jabs a finger at him. "And where are we? As far as possible to get from either, short of being afloat. With all Australia to choose from our company wants a bridge built in this wilderness. After seven weeks in the bush we beg off to the nearest civilization and what do we find? We are playing gin rummy, which we hate, and cordially recommending our company to hell."

The Aussie smiles. "Oh," he says, "you don't like Wellsville?"

Steve looks at me. "You tell him. You are more polite."

"Frankly," I say, "no. There are mattresses on the cots, some of the food is edible and there are pubs, even if they are only open a few hours a day. But your Wellsville gals are too busy or too chaperoned to pay any attention to us. There is not a movie, a gym, swim or ball game. We saw the town fifteen minutes after we got here and we have slipped to man's lowest form of amusement."

It goes on that way for a few minutes with the Aussie reminding us that all the homeland is not thus. It's still usual. It still looks harmless. Then the Aussie drops his bombshell.

"Too bad you lads can't get to the hospital," he says. "The nurses up there get pretty lonesome."

Steve's feet hit the floor. "Nurses?" he says softly. "Lonesome?"

"Sure, laddy. Only it's about forty miles up the coast. Landsdowne Hospital."

Right then I am on guard; I know Steve. Nurses, lonesome. Sparks, gunpowder. But forty miles. It's like 500 miles back home, on dirt roads. There are no taxis. No trains. Few cars, and with gas so scarce you have to beg enough to run a cigarette lighter.

"Time for the pubs to open," I say. "Come on, Australia, we'll buy you a snort. No nurses."

The three of us go to a pub, but Steve fidgets.

"Forty miles," he says. "We've still got two days to kill. Seems like a couple of enterprising lads could manage forty miles."

"Forget it," I tell him. "Stephen, repeat after me: We Are Not Going To Get Into Trouble On This Island. We Are Not . . . "

I turn to Australia. "We got out of New Zealand one jump ahead of the contractor's daughter. The boss was definitely unhappy."

But I know better. Steve does not forget it. We push our way up to the bar and drink beer, ladled out of a pail, and whiskey to wash it down. It is a chummy kind of place and after a couple of hours we are doing all right. I am teaching the Aussie the better verses of *Pistol Packin' Mama* when Steve disappears. I see him over in a corner working a hand-crank telephone.

"Australia," I say, "I must apologize. My friend is demented. Slap-happy. Bats."

Steve comes back and orders another round. "No good," he says sorrowfully. "I locate a taxi but when I tell him forty miles he hangs up. I get the only garage and tell 'em everything. We have a brother in the hospital on the brink of death. We are doctors with very sick patients. We are everything short of God, but it's no use. A truck goes out there once a week from this misguided town and as for anything else we might as well ask for a tractor to St. Louis. What's your name, Aussie?"

"Hammersmith," the Aussie says, "John."

"I am Kirkpatrick," Steve says, "Steve. This is Evans, George. We'll call you Jocko. Henceforth all good Australians are Jocko."

The Aussie bows and we manage a few more snorts before the place closes. Then we give the barmaid three pounds for a couple of bottles of very bad gin and we ease towards the door.

"Nurses," Steve is saying, "lonesome. Forty miles. Forty . . ."

Then we see it. It is standing at the curb and there's nobody in it. A truck. A big, beautiful, muddy six-by-six.

"You look," Steve says. "I haven't the courage. But the ignition just might . . . ." We are rolling down Main Street with the gin on the seat beside us. Manna from heaven.

"I hope," Steve says gleefully, "it belongs to the Prime Minister."

"Uh-huh," I tell him, "but how do we know this cove in the back wants to go to the hospital."

"Jocko," Steve says, "are you with us?"

But Jocko is in somewhat secondhand shape. He is in fact sleeping soundly with his legs inside the truck's cargo—a cement mixer.

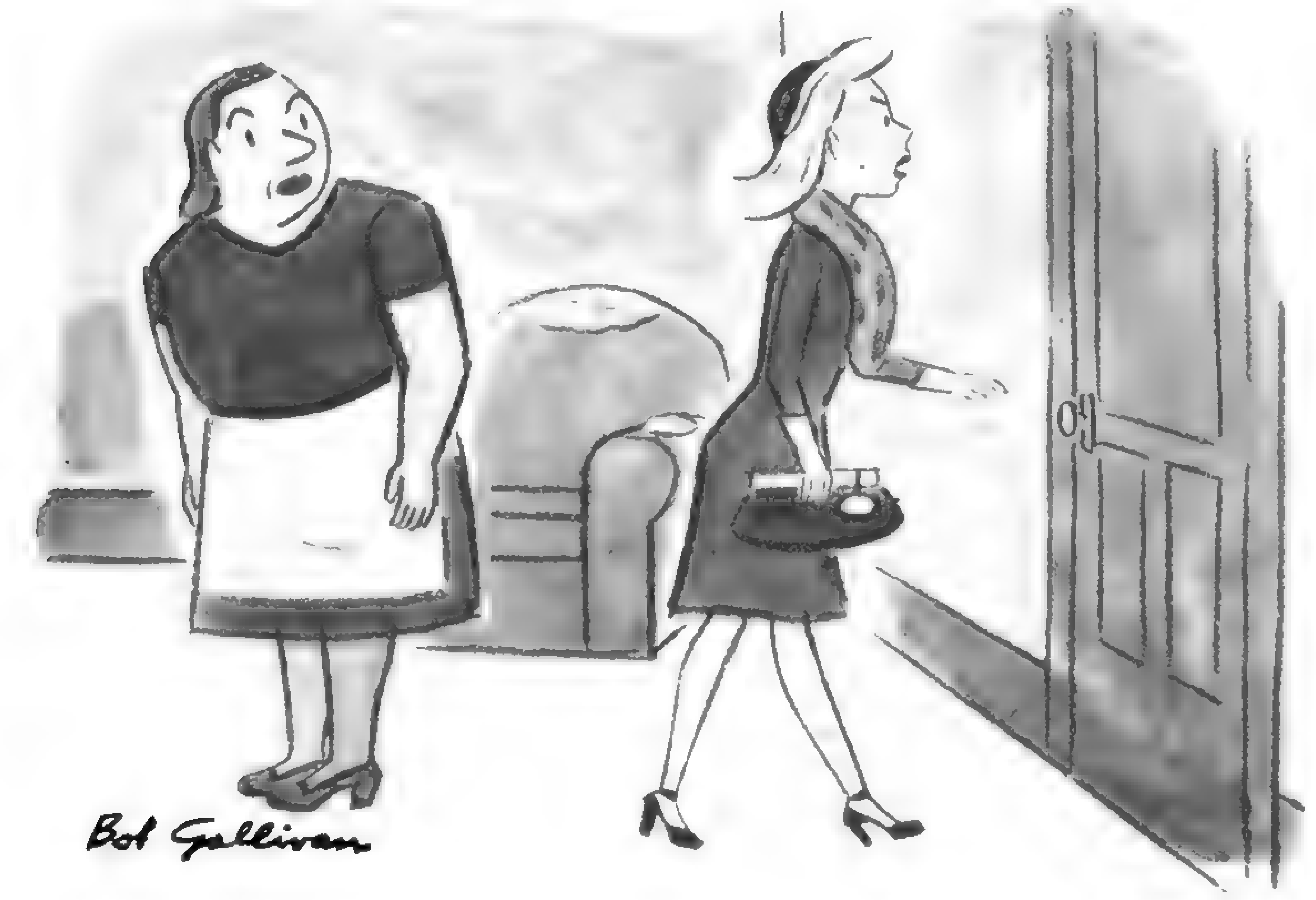
"Well," Steve says, "Jocko is a fine character. We will take him with us. We can't just pitch him out on the street."

"Steve," I say, "I do not like this. I detect trouble."

But Steve is singing something about The Old Red Cow is Dead in Mobile and we are rolling. We drive out of town. The road gives way to ruts, there are no people or signs, and it is getting dark. Not a sound breaks the stillness.

"I wish we could wake Jocko up," Steve says sorrowfully. "He said 'up the coast' but he didn't say which one. There's probably another one on the other side of the island."

It takes us two hours, mostly in low gear, but we make it. A sprinkling of lights appears in a little valley below. It's a hospital all right, long rows of buildings and little sign of life. "Look for the Nurses' Home," Steve reminds me. "Lonesome ones."



"And where's our butterfly flitting to tonight?"

We don't get that far. Something female in a white uniform is making her way between buildings. Brakes.

"Hello," Steve says, "would you like to buy any medicine?"

She's cute, at least in the dark. She walks over.

"Who are you?" she says, English accent, "What . . . ."

"Refugees from civilization," I tell her. "The back is full of Australia and the front is full of bridge builders. Where are the lonesome nurses?"

"My God!" she says, "Americans! Where did you come from? Didn't you see the signs? Where did you get that truck?"

"We borrowed it from a kangaroo," Steve says.

"What's that in back?"

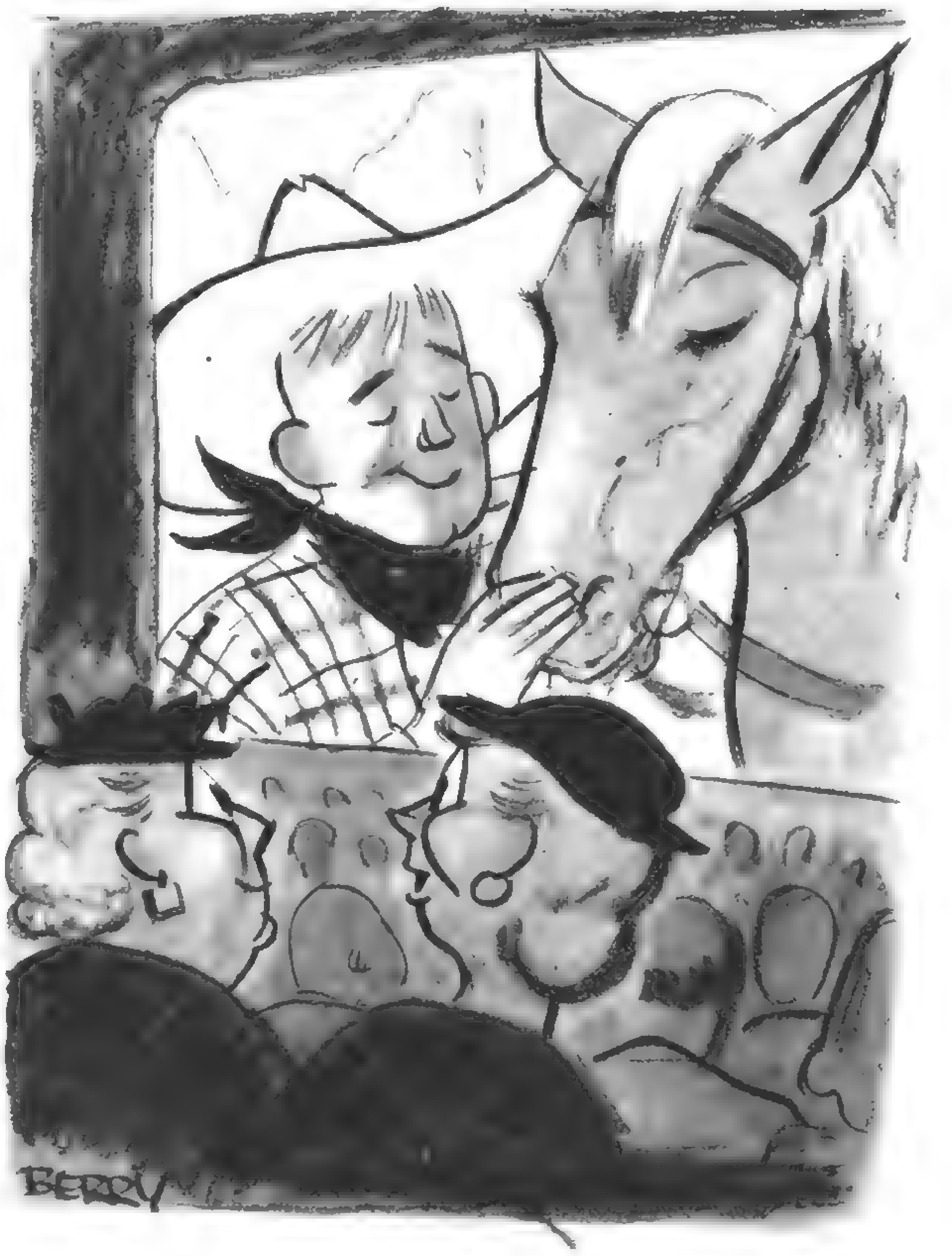
"That," Steve says, "is Jocko. He got himself all tired out playing with the cement mixer and we are letting him sleep."

"I smell gin," she says. "I should call the superintendent."

"If you do you won't get any."

She gets in after a while and we go to the Nurses' Lounge and pretty soon we are in the middle of about twenty of them. They come from Liverpool and West Hallam and Derbyshire and Mulberry-on-Thames and all kinds of places and of course we have been there. They are swell gals and we are operating in nothing flat.

We are operating, in fact, when the superintendent comes in. Steve is building the Golden Gate Bridge with his arms around Derbyshire and I am putting the finishing touches on Grand Coulee Dam for the benefit of the Liverpool dish when we see her. She is a very opinionated looking woman, and she is tapping one foot.



"They make a nice couple, don't they?"

"Greetings," Steve says warily. He tries to shake hands but the gin bottle he is holding makes it a bit sloppy.

"Well!" says this Axe, "what's going on here?"

"We have visitors, Ma'am," the Liverpool deal says.

"So I see. Where from?"

"Well," Steve says, "We . . . . "

"They said they were hunting wallabies and got lost, Ma'am," West Hallam giggles.

"From the look of those boots," the Axe announces, "and the cement mixer outside, I should judge they are engineers. The country seems to be overrun with them, and they're all crazy. Well, gentlemen, you know you're in trouble this time, don't you? This hospital, due to contagious diseases, is under strict quarantine."

"How's the food?" Steve asks happily. "I'll stay."

"Two weeks confinement," the Axe adds.

"No!" I say hollowly, "our jobs! Stephen, we are betrayed! Wait until Big Mack hears of this!"

At this point there is a commotion in the hallway and we hear an Australian voice arguing that they must be here somewhere. Jocko walks in. A bit disheveled but navigating fairly well.

"I say, lads," he says, "how'd we get here? Bit of a nap I had." "Jocko," I tell him sadly, "we are here and we are not just about to leave. Not for two weeks. We are now holding séance with the superintendent."

The Axe has stiffened up. "Good evening, Mr. Hammersmith," she says, eyeing the cement meanly, "are these men with you?"

Steve and I do a couple of fast double takes. The Axe looks like she's going to put us in the psycho ward. Jocko coughs.

"Deuced queer situation," he says finally. "I am . . . uh . . . a trustee of this institution."

"Awk!" Steve says.

"Do you have any leprosy," I whisper to Liverpool.

Then Jocko takes over. He pulls himself up to his full five-and-a half feet. "Miss Smythe," he says, "I overheard something about contagion and quarantine. These men are with me and I shall be responsible for them." He turns to Steve. "Mr. Kirkpatrick," he says, "you have your inoculation card with you, of course?"

"Of course," Steve says, "always."

Jocko turns to me. "Certainly," I say, "always."

Jocko looks at the Axe. It is a demanding, executive look, and it is very well done. The Axe knows when she's licked. "Well!" she said stiffly. "Well! It's strictly against the rules. If you have your cards you'll find beds in Ward C if you can't get back over that road tonight—sir," she finishes lamely and flounces out. We unbend.

"Sir," Steve says, "we're sure sorry. We didn't know . . . ."

"Sir," I say, "You have just saved our jobs. Our lives."

"Sir, hell," says Mr. Hammersmith. "Henceforth all good Australians are known as Jocko. I say, I feel bloody awful. S'pose I could have a drink of that stuff?"

"Jocko," Steve says, "you can have the whole ruddy bottle."

Jocko reaches and stops in mid-reach. He is looking at something. He is looking at West Hallam and there is a gleam in his eye. "I say!" he says, "she's pretty! Does she belong to either of you?"

Jocko gets the bottle under one arm and West Hallam under the other. West Hallam giggles. "He's cute."

"Look at that man operate!" Steve says, awed.

At first we do not see the new cove; we simply feel his presence. He is standing in the doorway under a round blue helmet. He is a red-faced, paunchy character with mustache, and he is a policeman.

"The gendarmes!" Steve whispers.

The policeman stands there. He is looking us over with a reddish eye. "Stole it!" he announces, "that's wot yer did. Told me yer came down this road, they did. Got the cycle and 'ere I am."

Steve is on his feet. "Stole?" he says, "Stole what, my good man?"

"Stole it, yer did," the Law says. "One truck. One cement mixer Got the engineers in Area Eight all upset, not 'arf."

"Area Eight?" Jocko bleats, jumping up. "Did you say Area Eight? That's my outfit!"

Steve pats his arm. "Relax, Jocko," he says. "You labor under an illusion. We are engineers and know these areas. Area Eight is a Sutton Limited job."

Jocko is practically jumping up and down. "Sutton Limited! I am J. J. Hammersmith! I am president of Sutton Limited! Stole one of my trucks! We're a week behind on that job now!"

"Whosh!" Steve says weakly.

"Ten years, anyway!" I gasp. "Liverpool, will you visit me?"

"Stole that cement mixer!" Jocko bellows. "I should have known it was the one we were waiting for!"

"Finished!" I choke. "I knew it was trouble! Wait until Big Mack hears this! It's the end!"

"Big Mack!" Jocko gasps, "you mean Big Bill MacDonald?"

"The same," I say. "Area Two. Our boss. The Big Wheel. For God's sake, who are you?"

"MacDonald!" Jocko gasps. "He's under subcontract to Sutton. To me. He's my brother-in-law!"

I find a chair and sink down. "Water!" I say feebly.

"Yer want to prefer charges, sir?"

"Yes!" Jocko shouts.

I do not know who thinks of it first, but we are both looking at West Hallam, and all of a sudden we are both on our feet.

"What an operator!" Steve says hoarsely. "Wait until the brother-in-law hears about this!"

"Sleeping in a cement mixer!" I say happily.

"Coming into a quarantined hospital and making love to nurses!"

"A trustee!"

"Yer want to prefer charges, sir?" the gendarme asks.

The purple has drained from Jocko's face. He is looking at us, and seems dazed. He opens his mouth. Then he wilts. "No," he says.

"He's cute," West Hallam giggles. "You're all cute. What a lovely party!"

Jocko is suddenly very dignified. "This," he says calmly, "is a misunderstanding, officer. I own the truck. I own the cement mixer. I merely made use of them. Do you have another man with you?"

" 'E's in the sidecar."

"You will please have him drive the truck to Area Eight now, and ask them to send transportation out here for me."

Jocko is looking at West Hallam. Then he is looking at us. We are grinning. Then Jocko is grinning. "In the morning," he adds.

"Henceforth," Jocko says happily, "all good Australians . . . ."

I am a little confused. I find Liverpool. "No," I say, "no trouble. No trouble at all." ###

While his fellow prisoners of war had worse names for him than heel, there were moments when they grudgingly admired him

REHBERGER

Triumph of a Realist

by DONALD A. ALLAN

WELL, they had Ezra Pound on the carpet, but when they found he was a case for psychiatrists, they couldn't do much about him. But a guy they might have got just married an admiral's daughter. She's worth a million and they live in a fancy villa at Coronado, a wedding gift from her old man. None of us who knew him "when" know what to do about him either. There just isn't much you can do, except burn.

The guy's name is Sullivan. It doesn't make any difference telling you his name. He's too smart to sue me, because my story's true. Besides, even if you believe me, someday you'll probably send him to Congress, or maybe the White House. The chiseling bastard.

Sullivan was born in Denver and migrated to San Francisco. He's a short, slick, handsome so-and-so, and when the war started he was raking in five hundred a month from various rackets tied in with his job as bellboy at the Pine Plaza. Sullivan was drafted, and submitted to basic training in order to study the rackets in the Army. He graduated with honors in working the angles. For two years he held such jobs as first baseman on the Field ball club, and chauffeur to a colonel who was permanently hospitalized. When a dame in the city wanted four hundred bucks for an operation he went into the aviation cadets and came out a pilot. They sent him to the ETO and he did damn well. He had guts all right, and I hated them all.

We were shot down over Hungary on the same day, and I first met Sullivan when we shared a cell at the prison used as an interrogation center. I had been in solitary for two weeks before that, and he was welcome company. He knew a million jokes and stories and he sang all the time. Our predicament didn't bother him a bit. He bummed cigars off the guard and made a deck of cards out of toilet paper. I thought he was a terrific guy then, but now I remember the times we cut the cards for half our day's bread ration. Sullivan didn't win by chance.

We were taken to be questioned one at a time, and when the Hauptmann was through with us, were all collected in a large cell to await transportation to the train which was taking us to Germany. Sullivan was in the cell when I got there, sitting on the floor smoking a cigarette, telling a group of other prisoners how he had told off the German.

" 'Fat-stuff,' I says, 'I can stand on my head as long as this war will last. Take your questions and shove them.' Then I swiped his smokes," he laughed. "These jerries are smart, though. He had the names of every man on my crew, and knew what squadron we were from and where we were based. Can you beat that?" he turned, blew smoke in my face and said, "Have a drag."

Everybody grinned except three sour-faced officers who were sitting together in one corner.

"It's funny, Sully, but weren't you the first of our crew to be interrogated?" one asked.

"Christ, Pablo, you don't think I'd squawk to the lousy bastards, do you? Hell, they've got the best spy system in the world. They could tell you your father's first name. If you had a father," he added.

The group laughed, and I have to admit I laughed, too. His crew mates didn't. But we learned about Sullivan later, on that train ride from Budapest.

They loaded us into the back of a big open truck and drove us to the station. The train was late and we parked in front of a bombed-out building. Right away a big crowd collected and started shouting at us and pointing to the building. Sullivan stood up and tried to give them some blarney, but with a crowd like that Mohammed himself couldn't have given away autographed Korans. They started spitting at us and then threw rocks. Sully was burning. He picked up a rock and threw it back. A fast bean ball. He could have killed us all with that throw, but the German driver jammed the truck in gear and we rounded the corner doing fifty.

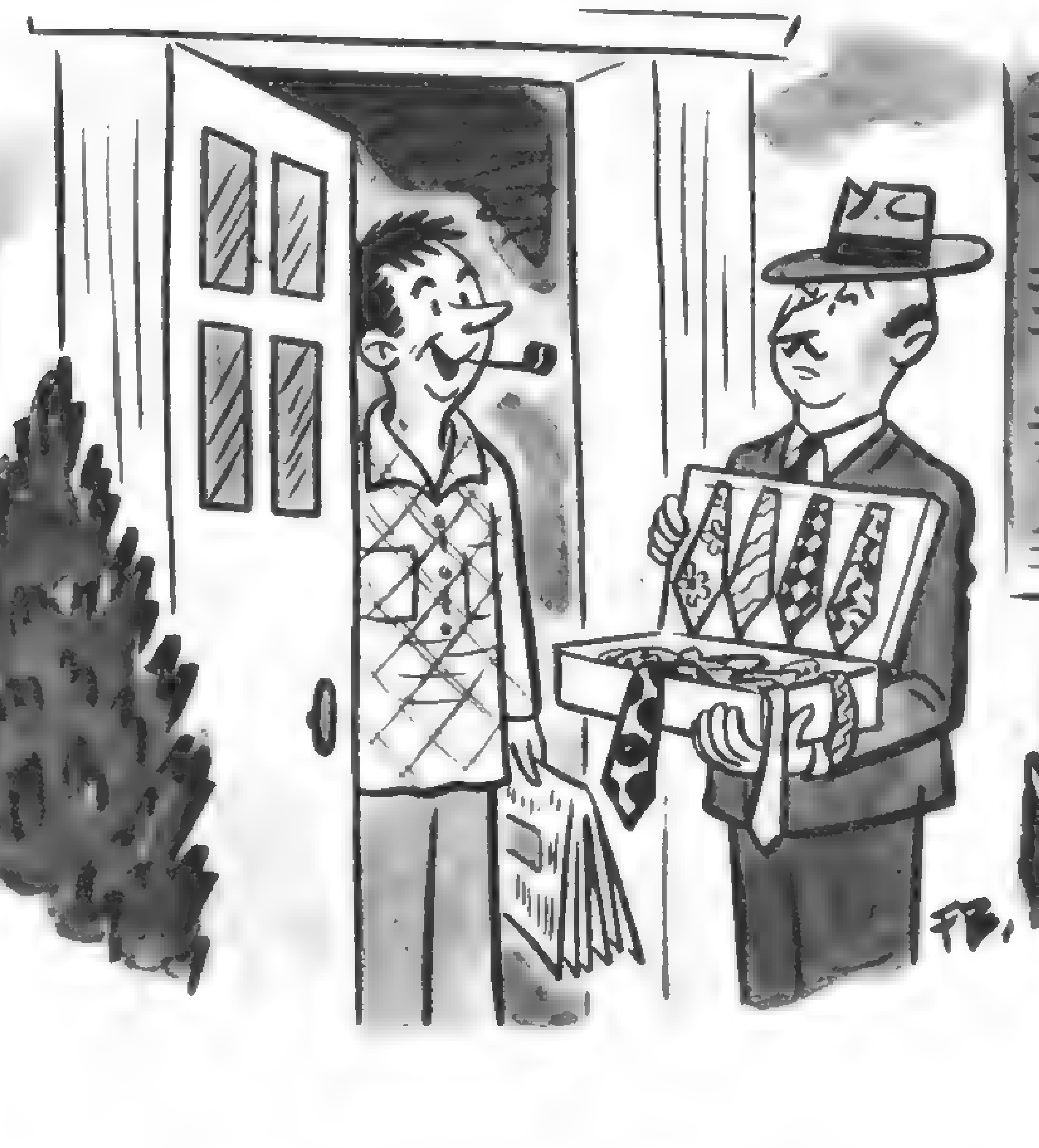
We had to keep moving after that until the train showed up. As I said, Sullivan had guts, both good and bad. His co-pilot Pablo told me he never seemed to mind the flak on even the roughest missions, but when their plane caught fire and he knew it was hopeless, he was the first man out of the ship.

He was the first man into the boxcar, too, and he got a place under the only window. Our three guards herded us into the little French "40 and 8" with their tommy guns trained on us so no one could slip under the car instead of climbing through the door. A bale of straw stood in the middle of the car and we broke it open and spread it on the floor. It was dirty and old and sent up a dense cloud of dust. Just as we were coughing our lungs out, groping for the door, the guards shoved it shut and threw the bolt.

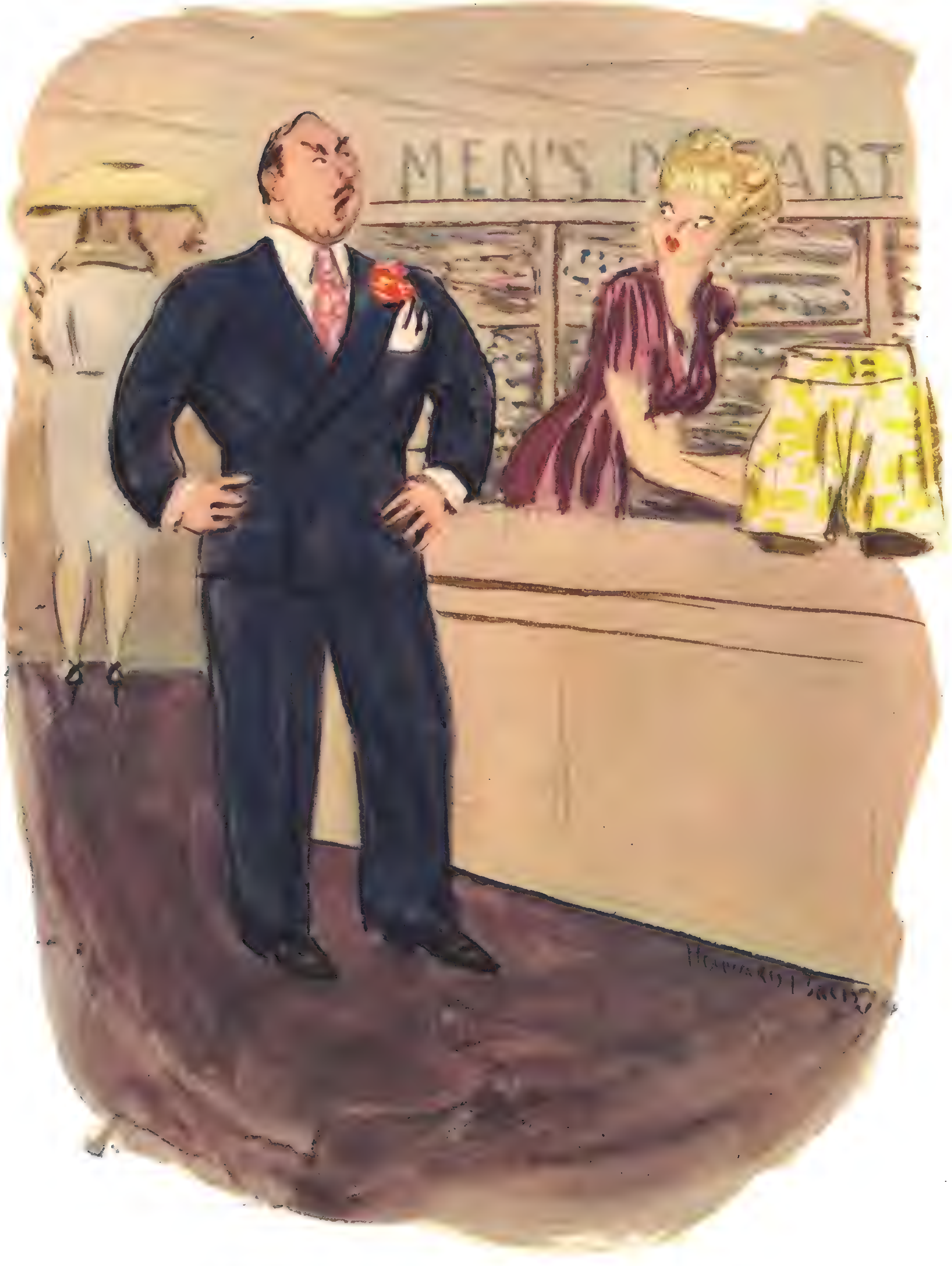
It was snowing outside, and few of us had more than a shirt and a pair of pants. I didn't even have the pants. To keep warm we split up into groups of four or five and made nests in the straw, hugging and twisting around each other, and shaking all over. Still, we were glad to think that the train was going to take us away from that Budapest bastille and into a nice German prison camp. It's hard to imagine anyone yearning for a prison camp, but we figured no place could be worse than Hungary, and no one could be worse than the Hungarians.

Hans, Fritz and Whizzer changed our minds. They were the guards assigned to escort us to the Fatherland. Hans was a big Bavarian, a dark-skinned sergeant. Fritz was a crooked-face little runt with thick-lensed glasses and no hair. And the third guard was a muscle-bound hairlip, with a face like a hunk of Camembert with pimiento olives for eyes. He looked like a moron, and we named him "Whizzer." Of course the trip was as good as a furlough for the guards. When they opened the door the next

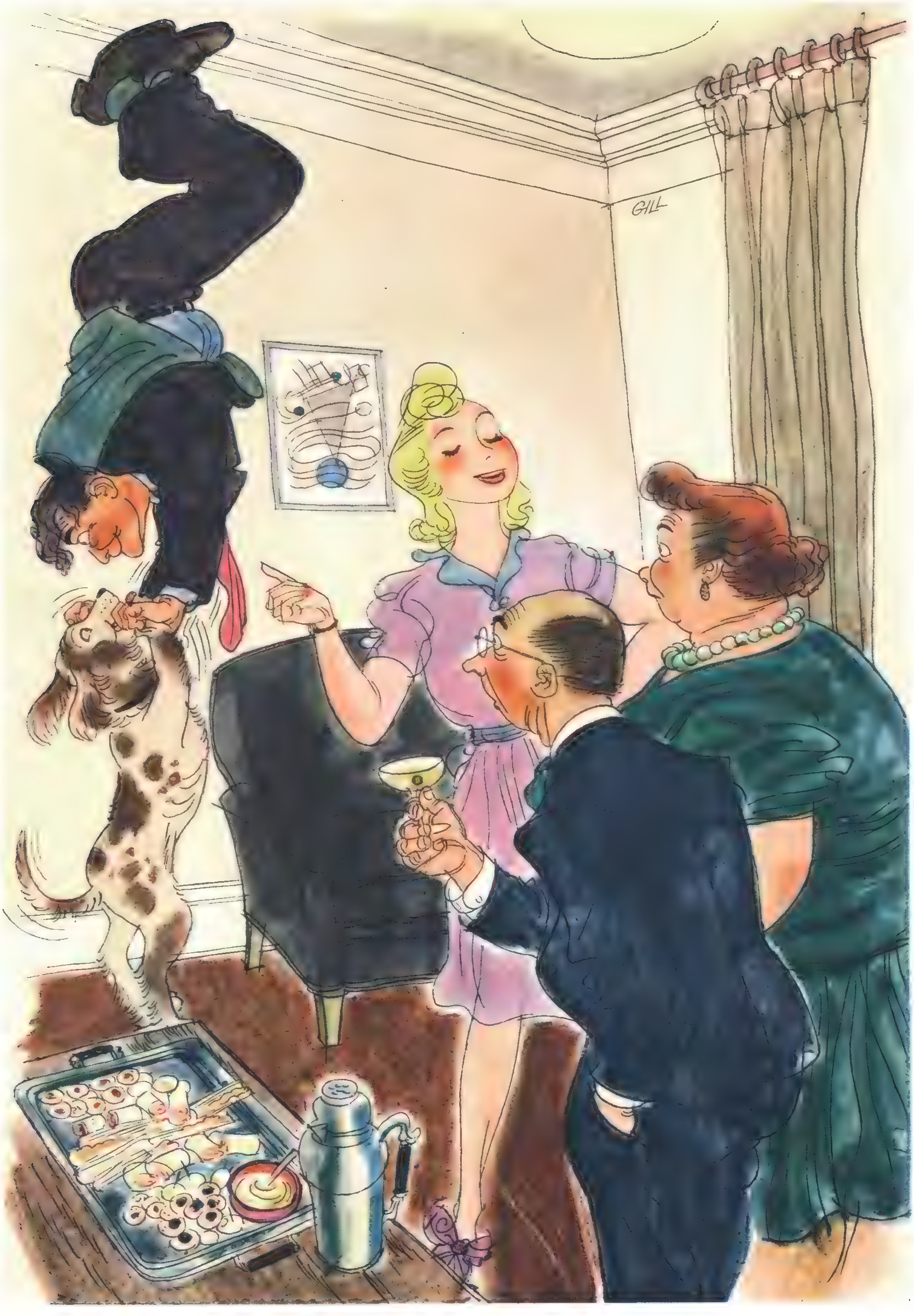
(*Continued on page 244*)



"Well, well! Major Dinsmoor!"



"Miss Plenital, what are you doing in Men's Shorts?"



"They both like to show off before company"

Chicago's Edward Burns has parlayed a bay window, a flare for gags and good writing into a newspaperman's legend

Boswell of Baseball

by MILT WOODARD

If all the sports scribes of America were to elect their biggest and most brilliant baseball writer, Edward Harold Burns would poll fifty per cent of the ballots. Because every sports writer considers himself the most brilliant, Mr. Burns' strength would lie with his weight. It rests, heavily, between 200 and 300 pounds. Otherwise Burns stands firmly behind the theory that a stout man's weight and age are his own secrets. In fact, Burns reluctantly accepts the heavyweight title with as small a bow as possible, although his friends contend it's as large as his midriff will allow.

Drawing acclaim as the world's biggest baseball scribe awes Burns not at all. He has become completely blasé toward the superlative, and for two very good reasons. Firstly, he is a member of a craft which butters its daily bread with exorbitant language. Secondly, he lives under the unretiring star of the Chicago *Tribune*, a daily which refers to itself as "The World's Greatest Newspaper" and copyrights the phrase to prove it.

A skepticism toward the superlative is only one of the many privileges which Burns enjoys. As a major league baseball writer, he is permitted all the whimsies of an aristocratic individualist. Aside from the columnists, the baseball writer is the prima donna of the metropolitan daily. He winters in Florida or California; tours the nation on an expense account; lives with breakfast-table heroes, and is paid for that which costs his neighbor one dollar and eighty cents, including tax but excluding peanuts, pop and hot-dogs.

For all that he is employed in what another sports writer, Harry Neily, once described as a "clown's racket," to Ed Burns there is no "C" for Clown in authoring baseball. To him, it is the last outpost of creative writing. It is a vacation with pay . . . well, almost. Vicariously, it has no equal as a release of emotions. Besides, it saved his life.

Before becoming a Boswell of baseball in 1926, Burns covered the U. S. prohibition office for the *Tribune*. The Burns' touch, now a newspaper legend wherever he drops his typewriter, prevailed in those Chicago days of hijacking, wholesale murder and bathtub gin. If an assortment of fine wines was hijacked from a warehouse, Burns often would ignore the routine news treatment as gleaned from the police records. Instead, he would learn the vintage and native history of the stolen wines and proceed to unhinge the tongues of his readers with sparkling descriptions of the loot in terms of Chateau Latour, 1916; Cordon Blanc Charlemagne, 1915; Cognac Vieux, 1875, and Vertus près Epernay, 1921.

As adaptable as was his light, humorous style to baseball writing, the motivation of his shift from guns, gangs and rackets to runs, hits and errors was more self-preservatory than literary. Informed by John Boettiger, a fellow *Tribune* reporter who later married Anna Roosevelt, that several mobsters were measuring his 200-odd pounds with eyes of morticians, Burns took himself out of gun range by accepting a vacancy in the sports department of the *Tribune*.

Neither Burns nor his readers were shortchanged in his move from crime to sports. Even as Chicago was reaching the height of its gang wars, so, too, were the Chicago Cubs going on a baseball bender which resulted in a turnstile turnover of more than a million in 1929.

Hack Wilson major-domoed the Cubs' climb to the pinnacle of popularity, and he has always remained the best copy in Burns' twenty years of baseball memories. Jerome "Dizzy" Dean eventually was to come under Burns' steady surveillance, but only in the twilight of a career which, at its height, was second to Babe Ruth's for sheer color.

Preserving his touch for the unusual, Burns has massed a reader fandom which encompasses the entire country. Concentration of the Burns following is, of course, in Chicago. However, his biweekly column in *The Sporting News*, the baseball Bible, has poured his Hoosier humor into a geographical grab bag, appreciated as much by the urbane as by the R. F. D. box holders.

Through it all, Burns has become a Ph.D. authority on the gag. By case study, he's concluded there are few original gags employed today. Further, he is positive that whole lies or half-truths can, by constant repetition, be firmly believed by all principals.

As conclusive proof of the elasticity of a gag's credit line, Burns recalls his interview with Lon Warneke on the eve of the Cub-Yankee World Series inaugural of 1932. When asked how he felt about pitching to the Yankee murder row of Babe Ruth, Lou Gehrig, Tony Lazzeri and Bill Dickey, Warneke replied, "Well, I reckon they put on their uniforms just like the rest of us—one pants leg after another."

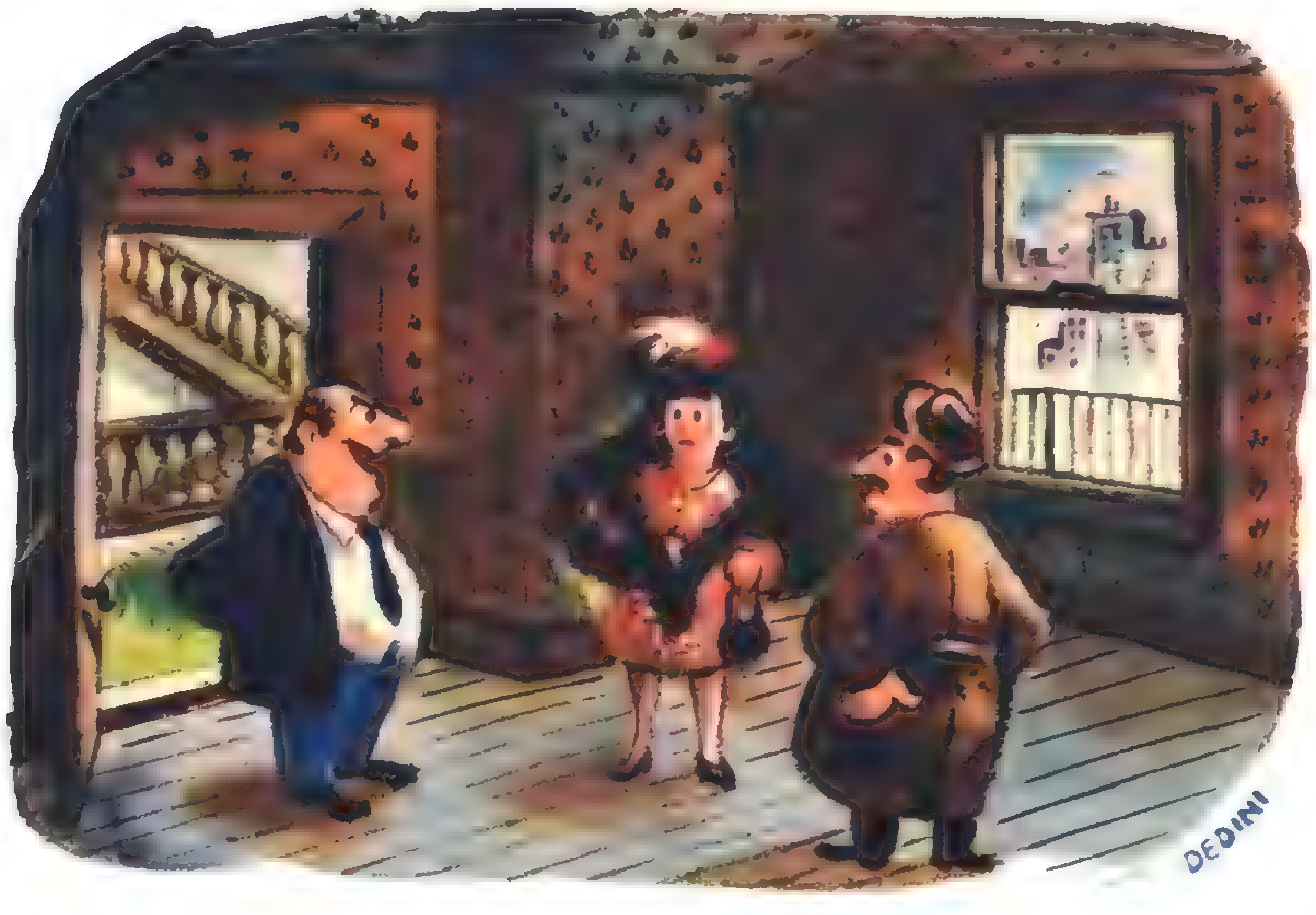
Several years later Francis Schmidt, Ohio State football coach, received nationwide acclaim for his "original and colorful" defiance of a favored Michigan eleven. Newspapers, wire services and radio announcers unhitched their horses of hysteria when Schmidt passed over the Michigan threat by announcing, "I imagine those Wolverines put on their uniforms just like the rest of us—one pants leg after another".

Curious as to the origin of the rebounding retort, Burns cornered Warneke the following spring. "Where did you first hear the gag about 'one pants leg after another'?" he asked.

"I got it from my old grandpappy down in the Ozarks," Warneke drawled. "And I reckon he got it from his old grandpappy before him."

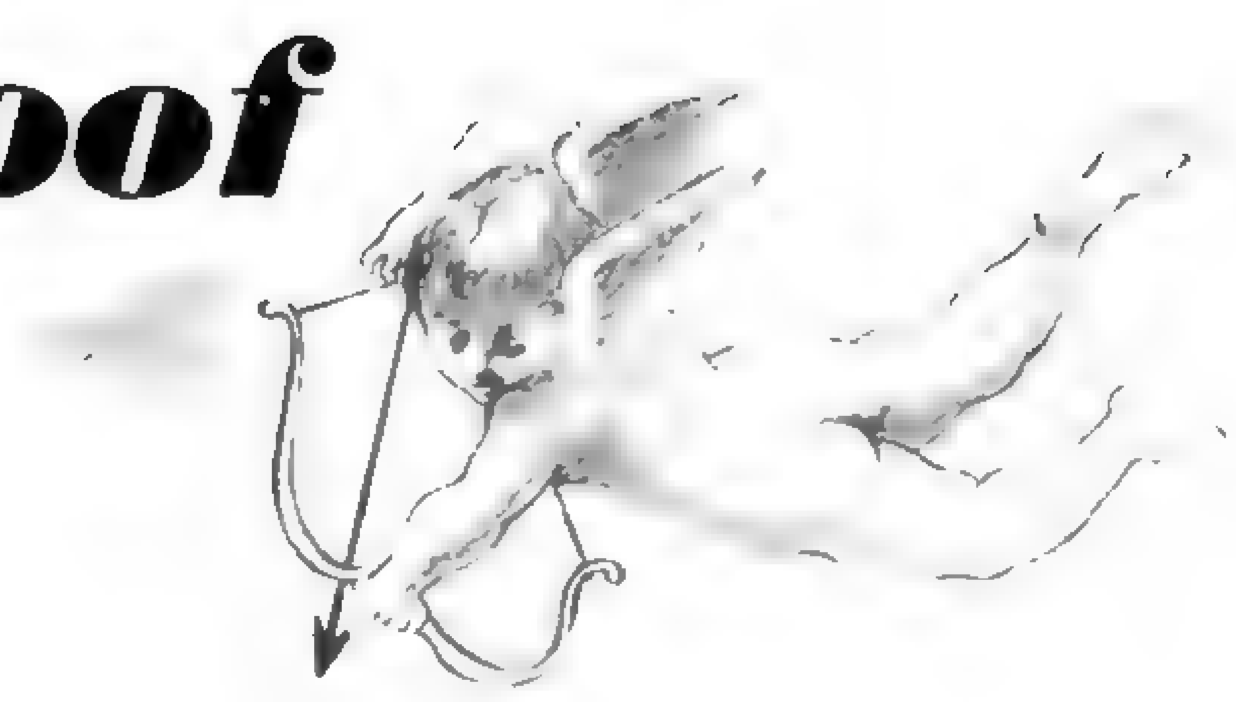
Although he always is willing to give academic exposé to the gag, usurped or fabricated, Burns also cannot deny he is its greatest progenitor. Once his imagination beckons him from the straight and narrow of journalistic accuracy, he will launch a campaign of repetitious storytelling which invariably winds up with even the participating parties convinced the revised version is the true one.

John Carmichael, sports editor of the Chicago *Daily News*, has been the most willing foil for the Burns (*Continued on page 185*)



"The rent is $32.50 and I make a small additional charge of $38.50 for carrying out your garbage once a week"

Making Love Balm Proof



It's open season on the passionate male for those designing harpies who measure heartbreak in terms of dollars and cents

by HERB GRAFFIS

BREACH
OF
PROMISE
LAW

GREENE

If you would a-wooing go better take your lawyer along. For the millennium that barristers devoutly desire has been brought nearer by the Supreme Court of the State of Illinois which recently reversed a lower court's decision outlawing heart-balm cases.

Immediately after the Illinois high court judgment was made, lawyers yanked out of their files notes on complaints registered by women scorned and scornful. These notes had been dubious assets during the lapse of breach of promise as an instrument of shake in the commonwealth which is flippantly referred to as "The Sucker State." In fact, the clients to whose frustrated amours the notes referred were becoming annoyances to attorneys. Furthermore the attorneys were bored with not getting cash in payment for their attention to personal interests of love-maddened females. Then came the dawn for the disappointed sweethearts and their counsellors-at-law.

The *cause célèbre* restoring breach of promise as a commercial transaction in Illinois presented every element of breach of promise and alienation of affections in the coldest, cruelest light. The wife of a soldier who was a battle casualty ran out on the young man and played house with a Don Juan who had many charms, not the least of which was his cash appeal.

The decision upset a prior court opinion which held: (a) love is beyond price; (b) a soft head goes with a soft heart; (c) in love no holds are barred; (d) ardent romance, by whatever name you call it, has no conscience; and (e) when you're going around the curves with a lady don't stand up in your seat.

To these five opinions the knowing enter no objections. Every gentleman who has been in love knows they're the truth, the whole truth and nothing but a headache. Each lady knows likewise.

Nevertheless, by the historic ruling of the Illinois high court and by decisions of other courts of this land, romance is just another business deal. Business promptly picked up in Illinois courts after heart balms were approved. The market went wild, with the tape running hours behind announcements of heart-balm suits.

The far-reaching results of the Illinois reversal accents the policy of *caveat emptor* in love as in sordid commerce. That doctrine of warning the buyers to beware now makes it advisable for a swain, when telephoning for a date, to conduct negotiations somewhat on this order: "Say, how about you and me and my lawyer going out for the movies and a few drinks tonight?"

Note that the wooer does not use any endearing salutations. Should the suitor call the lady "babe" or "baby" she might have reason for testifying that he led her to believe that he was offering her tender care and support which an infant has the right to expect.

Under the constant fear of being shadowed by eavesdropping legal eagles, it may be necessary for those who dabble in dalliance to overhaul the whole dictionary of endearments. Faced with the awful realization that anything uttered to a female in the heat of affection may be hurled against him in the coolness of court, your practical swain will in self-defense devise a language of love that is balmproof.

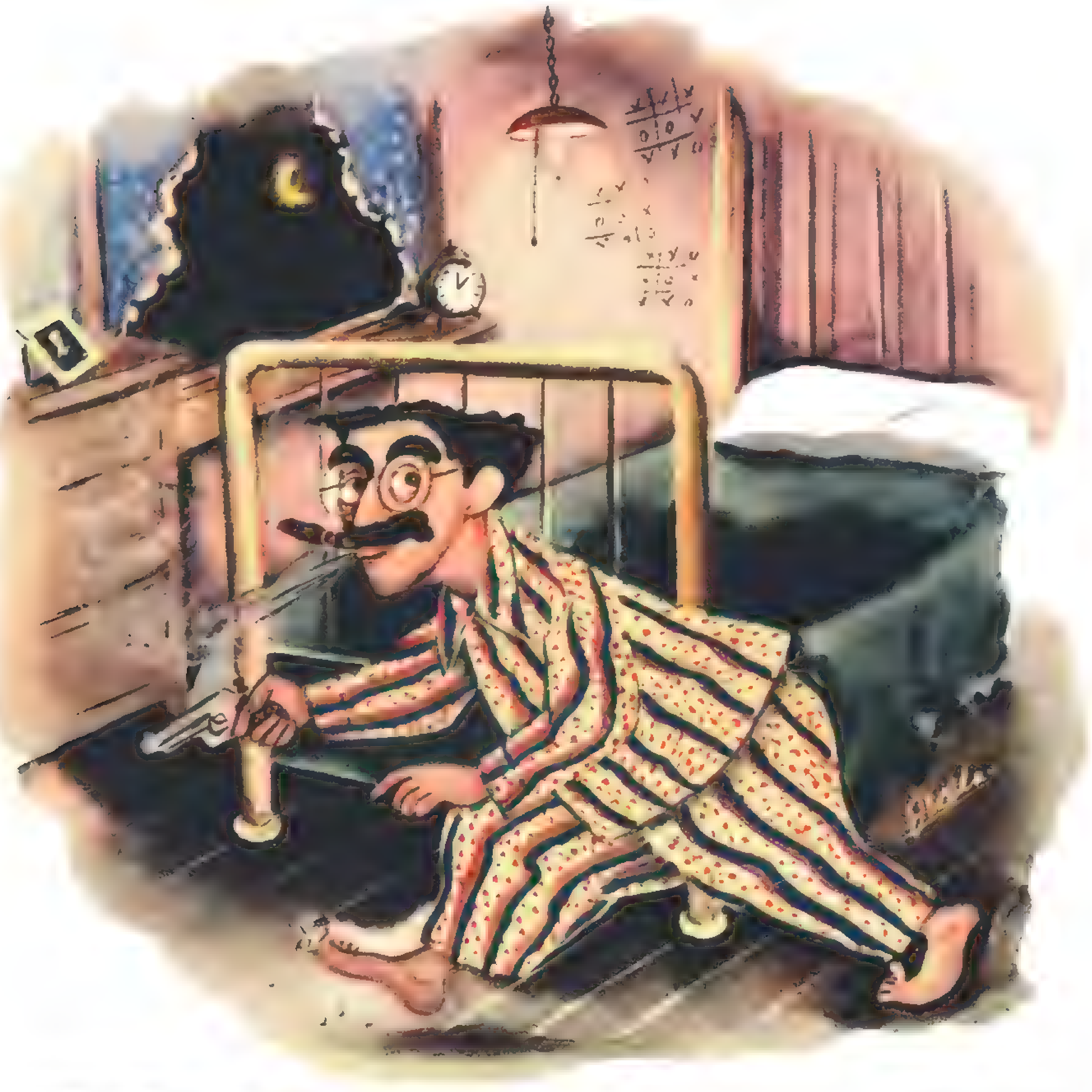
What this will do to the semantics of passion cannot be assayed at this early date. Certainly, though, the standbys of talky amour pronounced by English-speaking lovers since Ralph Royster-Doyster will fade into the archaic. There are several schools of thought on the question of the kind of amorous babble that will survive. One of them favors the use of gutterals and nonsense syllables which, they contend, has the advantage of unintelligibility and at the same time gets the point across. The romantic who addresses his light-of-love in grunts, groans and ecstatic sighs makes himself heard in a manner ladies have understood since the first Piltdown Romeo made his first pass. And the second school, more literate in approach, favors the employment of a double-talk in which the lover informs his babe that her fistaris is a joy to behold and he would like nothing better than to be her everloving fortosee.

If you think that a mere change in his verbal technique will discourage a wooer who is really eager you have perforations in your skull. Warnings mean nothing when the lady has curves and mounds and limbs and a face, etc. The everlasting mystery of a maid challenges, fascinates and finally gets the male going off the deep end.

The armed forces must have passed out millions of match books warning against trifling with sirens, had educational sermons in sound movies and put up signs everywhere Kilroy was likely to go. Yet the casualties of dalliance were terrific.

Nor will newspaper pieces, signs in bars or lectures with magic lantern slides alarm the yearning gentleman who is solvent enough to be a likely target for a business woman who looks playful.

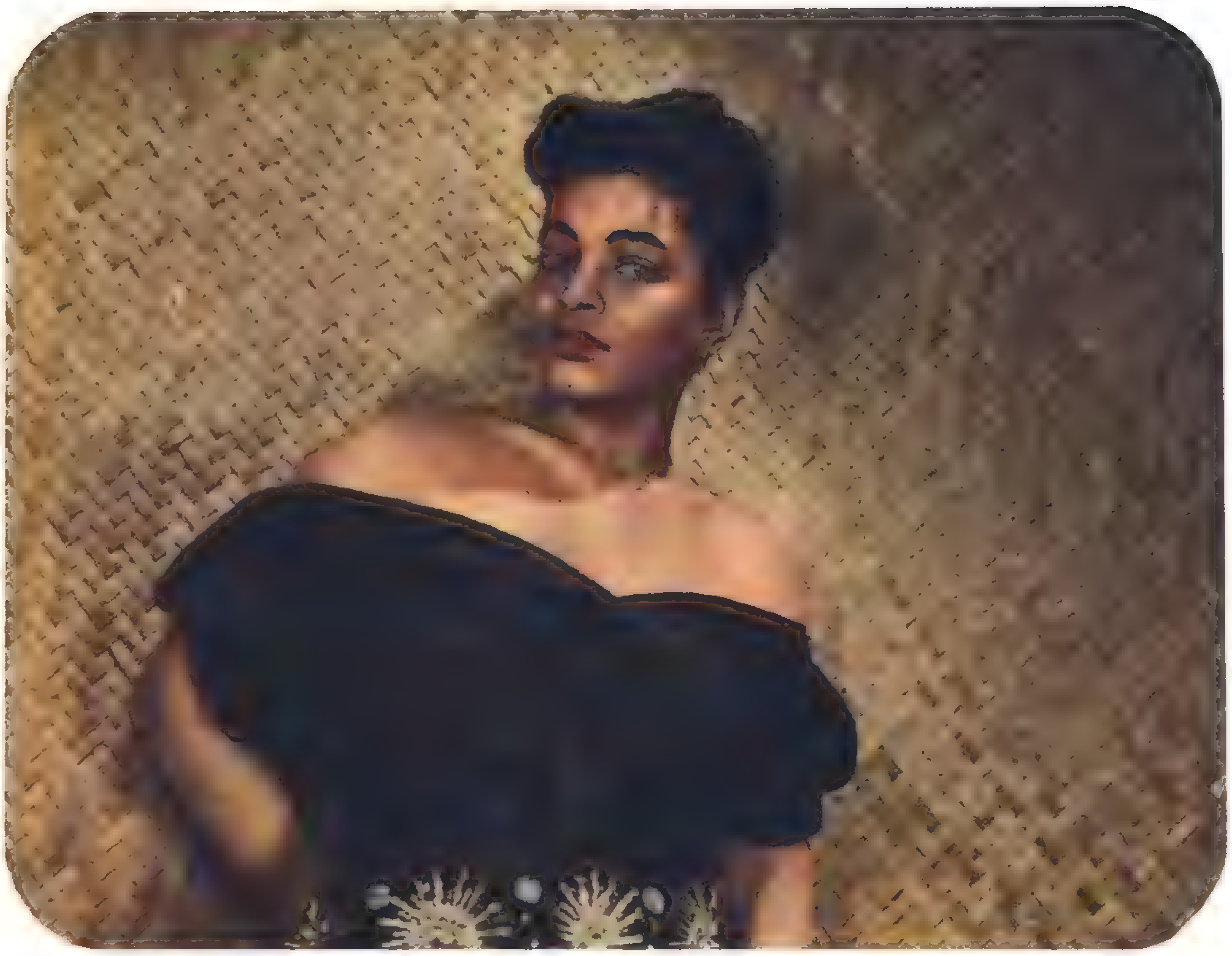
The warm and meaty temptress who is quickest on the draw in these heart-balm matters is smarter than the galaxy who worked out the atomic bomb,



A GROUCHO MARX CLASSIC

CARICATOON BY JEDLA

"I shot a bear in my pajamas. How he got in my pajamas I'll never know."



STONE

Le Jazz Hot and La Moune

First U.S. theatrical importation from France since the war's end and latest of the Negro piano-playing rhythm-ballad singers, Moune brings to her work—in addition to what you see before you—an original style and repertoire planted in Guadeloupe and dug for a decade by discriminating Frenchmen. Shunning the cuteness of the ordinary French music-hall chanteuse, Moune infuses her performance with a healthy, honest vitality. She sings in French and French dialect, features numbers written by her mother. Discovered in a Paris bistro by a G.I., Paul Sklar, she was brought to New York by Barney Josephson who installed her in his Café Society Uptown. She has had a Hollywood nibble, has cut records with Cugat and broadcast to South and Central America for NBC's International Division.

and causes even more trouble. She is a couple of thousand of I.Q.s ahead of the old-fashioned passionate moll who saw red and shot. When the sister who finds herself heavy with subpoena sees red, she sees it financially. That's the only chance of escape her prey has. But seldom does she make such an error. She and her lawyer, mindful of the Illinois decision, get expert at estimating close to what the victim has.

The heart-balm traffic is a rich market for the young lawyer who expected to have ten-dollar cases for the first year or two. After his first few heart-balm cases he learns that the plaintiff has something in addition to her physical charms as a reward for his services and from then on he is an enthusiastic traitor to his sex.

The heart-balm suit is a much sounder business than blackmail. Blackmail often involves the risk of one's getting the contents batted out of one by quick-tempered people. And when blackmail is directed by a predatory female at a scared husband, the blackmailer not infrequently learns to her physical and mental sorrow that the prey's wife is not inclined to scare easy but employs a gouging, biting, kicking attack as the best defense.

Another desirable feature of carrying love into the court is that decisive matters there are handled calmly and technically by lawyers, instead of being on an emotional basis. The judge is not swept away by a fervent address, the nub of which is that the beautiful plaintiff who sits with her gams crossed has been done $25,000 worth of wrong.

He can interrogate counsel for the plaintiff—and if he won't, the defendant's lawyer will—asking how come the plaintiff claims $25,000 worth of damage to heart since she is in court in a heartless mood to collect cash.

Then her lawyer can use a lot of Latin terms meaning that he needs a new car and the rent has gone up on him and his kid will not go to work on account of not being able to get a job giving him rank and pay equal to what he had in the air forces.

After that, the victim's lawyer throws in his Latin law phrases and cites cases showing that his wife wants to go visit her mother and needs some new clothes because his mother-in-law thinks her daughter married beneath her station. Furthermore, the son-in-law of the defendant's lawyer also needs money.

The legal pitch goes high and wide past the jury, the plaintiff and the defendant. The judge listens to it and meditates that he would hire neither one of the attorneys to defend him for spitting on the sidewalk, but he has to be true to his oath and preserve the majesty of the law.

So the judge clears his throat and sustains or overrules objections until the lawyers get together on how much they will get out of the case. After that fundamental is agreed upon with fair and impartial justice, the supplementary matter of what the philandering cad pays the injured innocent is attended to.

Thus the routine initiated by the heart-balm laws does have some poetic justice as far as the defendant is concerned. The broken-hearted wench does not get balmed fully. She's distressed by the fact that her lawyer, who is a man, therefore one who might snap at her suit bait, got away with a substantial share of the swag. An additional wound to her is that the defendant's lawyer, likewise a man, also was in the profit-sharing plan.

That aspect of gender brings up another interesting thing about this business of heart balms. It is not a phase of the law trade in which women attorneys are active. Diligent search among reference material in a first-class newspaper morgue did not yield one instance of a woman lawyer in a heart-balm case as attorney for defendant, plaintiff or as pitching or catching the suit.

So, it may be that a most discreet man will engage as chaperone a female with an LL.D. when he yearns to go on the prowl. A woman attorney might even advise him into a winning suit to reclaim expense of café and bar items, theatres, gifts and time, in the event that he was not able to score on the object of his affections.

The heart-balm suit legally works both ways. The only reason the large percentage of them are brought by women is that a man has a rather remote chance of getting a jury verdict over a woman who claims her affections have been trifled with.

The classic case of this sort is that of the widow Bardell vs. Samuel Pickwick, Esq., G.C.M.P.C. The estimable Pickwick, utterly devoid of marital interest in his landlady, didn't have a chance when Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz of the law firm of Dodson and Fogg got Pickwick and his witnesses before Mr. Justice Stareleigh and the jurymen. It was a simple case of shakedown, with the law firm agreeing to take the job "on spec, and to charge nothing at all for costs, unless they got 'em out of Mr. Pickwick." The quotation is the testimony of Sam Weller. Pickwick was reluctant to pay costs and eventually was joined in Fleet pokey by the plaintiff.

Instead of paying 750 pounds damages as assessed by the jury for breach of promise, Pickwick then was prevailed upon by his own legal adviser to pay 150 pounds (all of which Mrs. Bardell's attorneys got) to get himself and plaintiff out of debtors' prison.

The estimable and affable Pickwick was fortunate to have to pay only 150 pounds as the cost of being a man brought before a jury by a woman and being in the cross fire of two teams of lawyers.

Pickwick's decision to go to jail rather than to submit to a shake has been shared by many males of later periods. Seemingly some of the happiest and most relaxed of all men are those who are confined for nonpayment of alimony. But such gaiety at last is rather a strain on the patience of the recalcitrant male, and few are disposed to stay in stir when they can buy liberty.

At some of America's stricter state and local prisons a man is denied female company for quite a period. If he is sentenced to one of these establishments in serving a heart-balm sentence he can enjoy himself without fearing further troublesome involvement with the opposite sex. That is something to mitigate the punishment meted out by judge or jury. But, of course, if one gets jugged in an institution operated on a coed basis, a designing harpy could get her fiscal claws on his heart even in jail.

It all seems to add up that under widely prevailing legislation the grave hazard of courtship is court. The middle aisle that leads to the bench is far more profitable to many a *habeas corpus* cutie than the middle aisle that leads to the altar, thence to cookstove, dishpan and broom.

Justice is blind and love is cock-eyed. The trusting suitor who trusts too freely and commits himself too casually never can observe clearly what may be ahead of him. He needs the guardianship of a seeing-eye attorney. The old so-called eternal triangle is passing and in its place is coming the ever-loving quartette of man, woman and their respective lawyers.

The new style won't be as madly rapturous as the hot and carefree old-fashioned manner of courtship. You won't open a letter and read endearing terms. A love letter spotted with to-wit, whereas, and parties of the first and second parts may not make you pant and flush, but it will be better than a summons.

And no longer will you hazard holding hands under the table as your simple ancestors did. Some heart-balm racketeer can slap a suit on you, and tell the jury your hands were under the table to feel the gauge of her nylons. That, she will sob, is worth all you've got. And she'll get it, minus her attorney's first grab. #

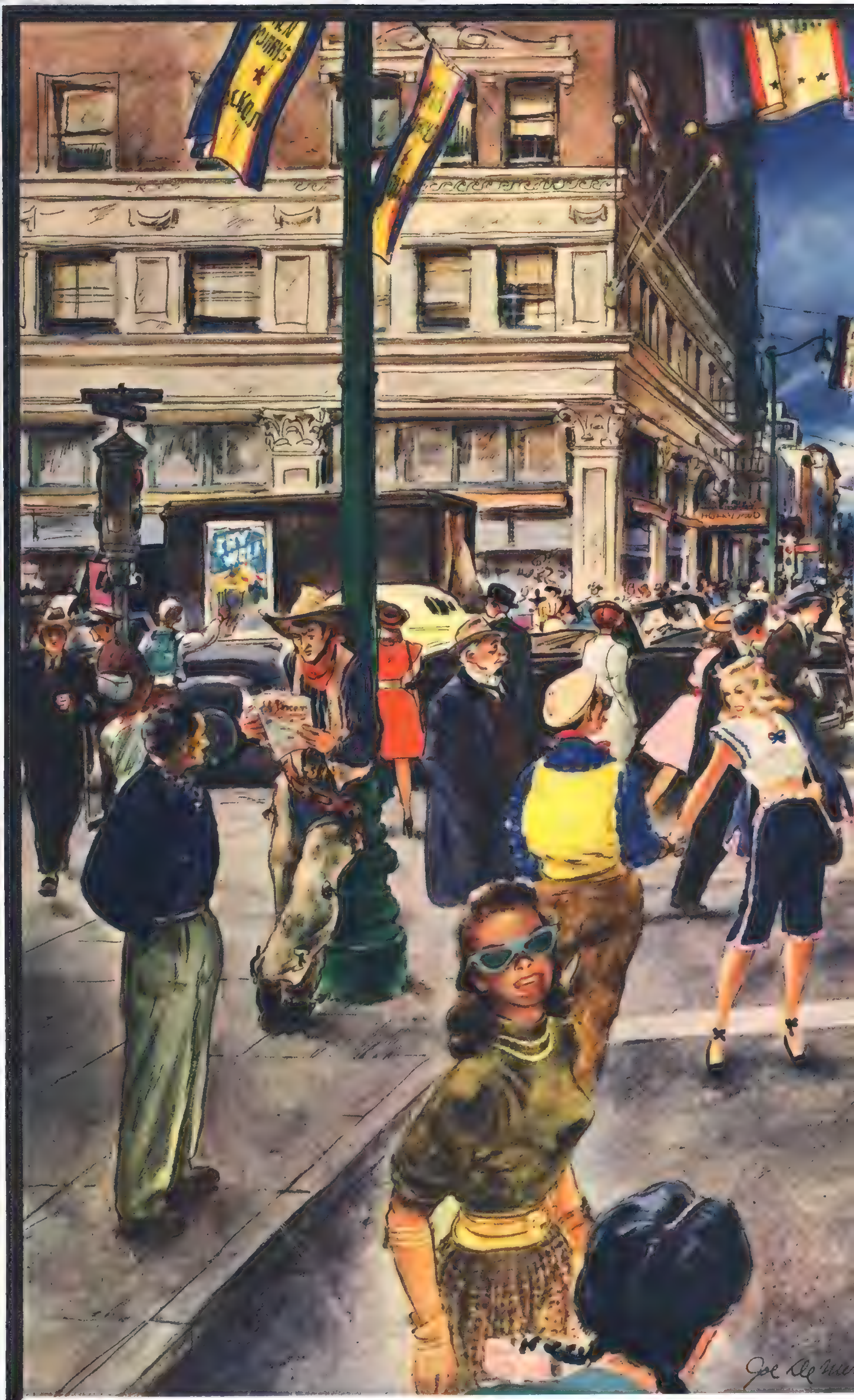
ESQUIRE GALLERY NO. 9

The intersection of Hollywood and Vine, first in a series portraying

Crossroads of the World

by JOE DE MERS

HALF side show and half your home town, this is a spectacle more unworldly than any created by the movie people who traverse it. This is the hub of a manufactured universe where poodles are preened like queens and queens like poodles and the whole works shoots along in convertibles. This is the dream's end and the dream's beginning and the graveyard of dreams which never came true. Cowboys read the Hollywood *Reporter* here, and bearded men pedal bicycles and portly ladies bulge out in their slacks and nobody stares. The has-been, the never-was, the yet-to-arrive play the Army game together here where a call from Central Casting or a cocktail date with an assistant producer can be the very substance of life. The starlet in culottes and the underdressed ham in the parachute case are meaningful symbols of this world of superlatives. Cynics would call the H and V corner a monument to sham, but a close look shows that its screwballs and geniuses move against a backdrop that is first cousin to the downtown crossing in Gary, Indiana, or Wichita, Kansas. Back home the successful looking, potbellied artist in high-water pants looked neither arty nor successful fighting his way into a drugstore for a sandwich and a malt. Should he fail now in Dreamtown, there will be other recruits from his own main stem to step in with dreams more stupendous, sensational and colossal than his own. Teeming, incredible, unforgettable —this is Hollywood and Vine.



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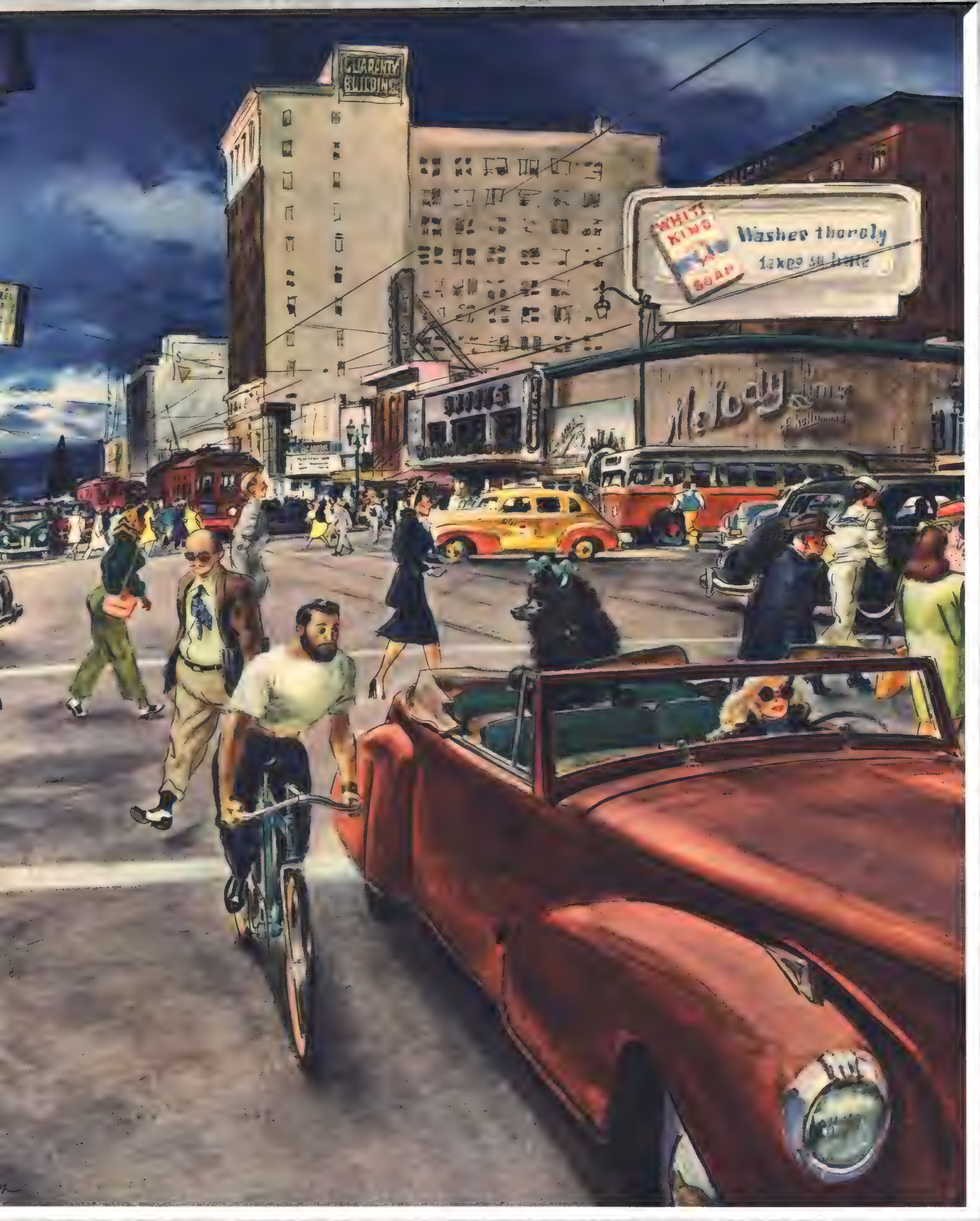
HOLLYWOOD & VINE,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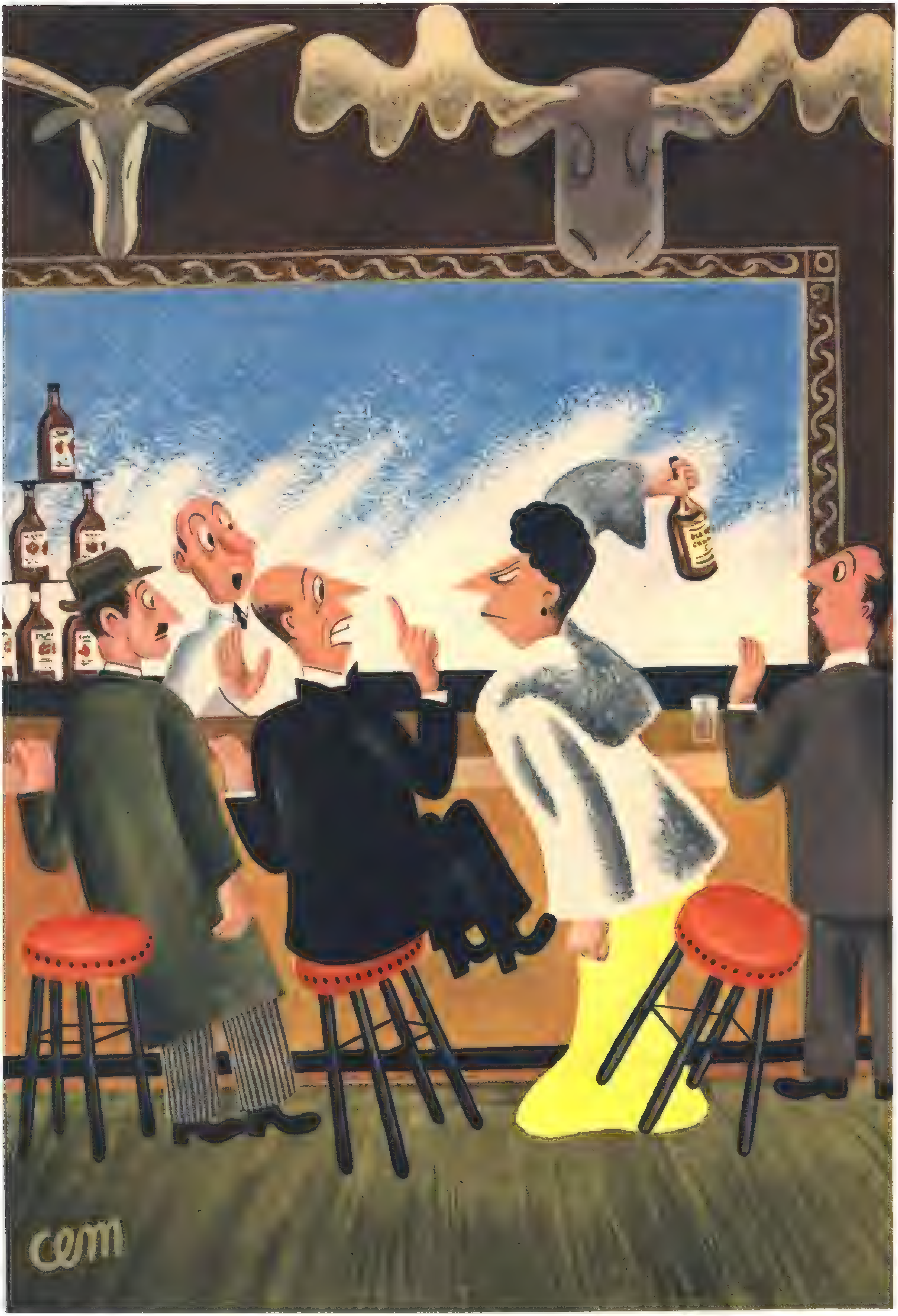
PAINTED ESPECIALLY FOR ESQUIRE

HOLLYWOOD, CAL. *by Joe De Mers*



"Ah, ah, dear—not in front of strangers"

In England Now: He's Still John Bull

LONDON POST
TRIPLE LIMEHOUSE SLAYING
WM. DuBOIS

The mores of the island may change but there'll always be a Chipping Sodbury

by DOUGLAS CLARK

The story of the man who, being asked whether he liked Beethoven, countered smartly with the further question, "Do you mean boiled or fried?" illustrates the unhappy time the arts are having in England at present. The island race is still in a strong, silent, we-can-take it mood. It will have no fancy business. The first biography of Kipling to appear for a generation has recently made a significant hit. "The time has come when someone should come into the open and challenge this movement," firmly declared a letter in the London *Times*, referring to an exhibition of paintings by Matisse, aged seventy-six, and Picasso, sixty-four. On the same subject, Mrs. Michael Joseph, daughter of one of the least frolicsome of Victorian artists, Holman (*Light of the World*) Hunt, commented sharply: "These horrible things come from diseased minds. They verge upon the obscene."

Personally, while in a way we admire our fellow countrymen who wring the last dregs of fun out of austerity, we admit to a slight touch of nostalgia. On all social occasions before the war, we remember, the arts were *de rigueur*. A whistled snatch of Holst attracted like the Pied Piper. A careless reference to Proust won friends, a word of praise for Dali influenced people. Doubtless, though, these days will return. And as the pendulum swings back, the bristling pride of half a million cavalry mustaches will fall under the furtive razor, out will come the Van Goghs and Gauguins to replace the glossy profiles of Montgomery in English sitting rooms, and the current muscular approach to life's problems will give way to what the late Mussolini somewhat unfairly called "British decadence."

Already we have detected the first straw in the wind. No less a pundit than Foreign Secretary Bevin has lately entered the lists on behalf of the arts. "I like a bit of color on the walls," he is reported to have said in his blunt way. "It helps one to think and promotes harmony in the office."

The rate of return to normalcy, however, is likely to be slow. We confidently submit that, if there is one thing truer than another, it is that wars alter people—and this (we must ask you to believe us) includes English people. Psychologically the race is not yet properly geared down. It has had the inevitable postwar crime wave; and some three million ex-servicemen are now warily adjusting themselves to a peace environment. The other day we found ourselves talking to a young man with keen blue eyes and a strong chin. He told us he had been a paratrooper at Arnheim. We asked him what he was doing these days. Watching us carefully, he said, "I stoke the boilers at a homeopathic hospital."

How did he like it, we asked.

"The coal," he said. "It's bitty. Too much slack. Too many stones."

We respectfully suggested that every job had its drawbacks.

"That's right," he said. "Mustn't grumble. It's only the coal. I knocked the delivery man out cold last week. But I'm settling down now."

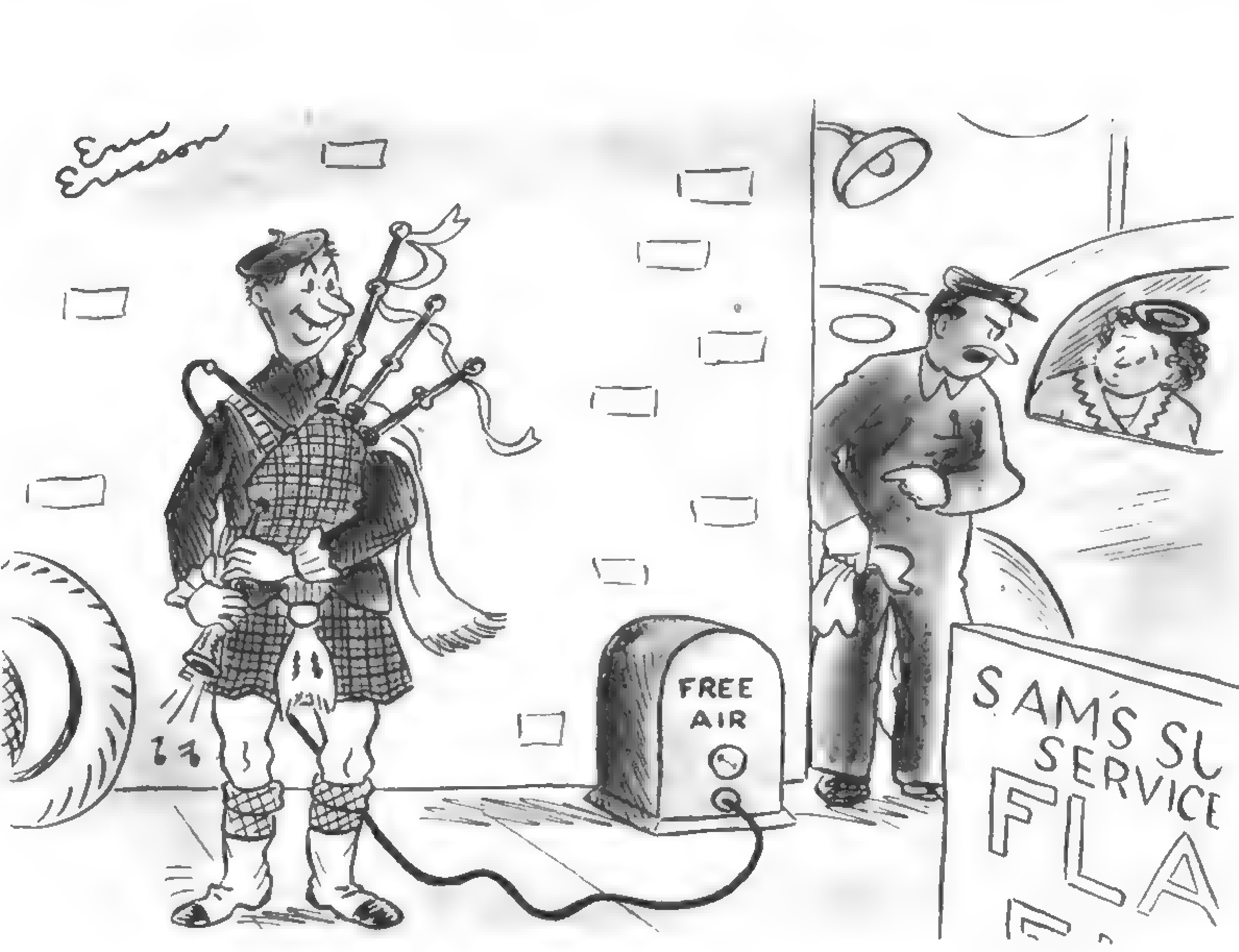
Our evidence suggests that his tough-baby mentality, sown by the war, has taken deep root and will require a deal of work to get rid of. Its blossoms can be culled in armfuls from current happenings. Two fine flowers, selected from proceedings at London's Old Bailey, have an identical smell. A soldier returning from service abroad found his wife had been sleeping around and about. So he killed her. He was tried for murder. The jury found him guilty of manslaughter. Bound by the verdict, Mr. Justice Tucker coupled a sentence of five years' penal servitude with a barbed exposition of the nature of English criminal law.

Within a few weeks the same thing happened again before another jury. This time the race's most forthright judge presided. "If legislation is introduced to cover such cases, well and good. But as the law stands," declared Mr. Justice Charles, pulling no punches, "this was plain murder."

We daresay other nations have found their servicemen quick on the trigger in similar circumstances. And personally we feel the two soldiers were faced with a problem right enough. Conversely, we can see that a hero returning home with a fine off-duty record in the Rue Raffanelle, Dakar, has no ground for complaint if his wife flavors the first cup of coffee with potassium cyanide. These things are liable to occur in the worst-regulated families. What fascinates us here is not the behavior of the principal parties but the identical reaction of two juries consisting largely of elderly noncombatants. It is not only the fighting men who are currently tough babies. In normal times the race has a high regard both for the law and for human life.

But something has happened. Even the older folk have begun to turn sour. Maybe the blitz and the doodle bugs have thrown them off balance. Whatever the cause, the stubborn refusal of these twenty-four solid citizens to keep their eye on the ball is a symptom of what goes on. Called in to deliver judgment on a matter of life and death, they narrow the case down to a question of sexual morals and pass a verdict not on the killer but on the killed. "Why hang him? She wasn't worth much."

But our favorite and final example of today's strong-arm outlook comes from the picturesque little village of Graffham, Sussex, where, so it is alleged, two rich maiden ladies who own adjoining properties recently conducted a feud on strictly Fifteenth Century lines. The affair would have struck a familiar chord with the last of the feudal barons, whose hired retainers rode (we are quaintly informed) roughshod over the turbulent English countryside before the Tudors smartened up the race for the wars against Spain. "Anarchy tempered by litigation" is the snarling way historians describe Lancastrian England; the formula held good in this case and one of the ladies finally sued. She sought an injunction to restrain the other from trespassing on her property, which was called "Quiet Court,"



"He practises here every day"

and also applied for damages for assault. An astonished courtroom was held spellbound while the two hurled allegations and counter-allegations about walking-stick attacks, arm-twistings, slashings with towels, punchings, boxings of ears and pistol shots. Defendant was alleged to have employed a bodyguard, plaintiff to have paid 190 pounds for the protective services of an entire Bomb Disposal Unit. "It is a charming name—'Quiet Court'" said the judge, summing the thing up.

"It's a regular pea-souper," says the bewhiskered cabby, sniffing the air with peculiarly offensive relish as the young man, his superb profile well muffled up, leaps lightly down to the pavement. And at once the shadows deepen, the mists swirl, the vapors weep their burthen to the ground. Sure enough we are bang in the middle of a regular pea-souper and the address is Waterloo Bridge, Hollywood, California.

Maybe the camera cannot lie; but it can get its meteorological angle wrong. Personally we have spent nearly twenty years of our life bustling about the metropolis and we wish to place it firmly on record that in the mass production of regular pea-soupers the screen is way ahead of Nature. Our experience of London is that the average annual total of fogs in the hundred-per cent regular or black-out class can be counted—and we coin our phrase carefully—on the fingers of one hand. The yellow or consommé variety comes hardly more frequently. Though, for some unaccountable reason both the pea-souper and the consommé carry with them the sharp tang of five-star beer, we have to add that London cabby—who, incidentally, is normally clean-shaven and in build, appearance and posture closely resembles a cinema organist—is less complacent about the whole thing than he ought to be.

"This is my husband's den"

A few statistics may help. According to our arithmetic, the metropolis enjoys an annual allowance of about 4,800 daylight hours. Its annual allowance of sunshine, in hours, averages about 1,400. We admit that this is not spread evenly through the twelve months. Broadly speaking, nevertheless, the figures indicate that Nature smiles on the great city for about one hour out of every three-and-a-half. The regular pea-souper accounts only for a minute fraction of the balance, which is largely given over to somber clouds and a respectable quota of solid, driving rain. As we are enjoying ourselves, we will add that the hottest day of London's year averages 90 degrees and the coldest 20 degrees, but that during the past quarter century she has three times struck 92.2 degrees (in July 1923 and twice in August 1930) and dropped to 12 degrees twice (in February 1929 and in January 1940). These supplementary details, if shrewdly observed, will help to illustrate the truth of the grand old platitude that Londoners, like many other mortals, tend to find their city warmer in summer as well as colder in winter.

The village of Chipping Sodbury in Gloucestershire has long been a favorite butt of Oxford-educated comedian Mr. Gillie Potter, who prefaces his radio talks with the grave salutation, "Good evening, England," and points his solemn satire at the quirks and oddities of English rural life.

By any other name Chipping Sodbury would smell less sweet to Mr. Potter (the Mister is obligatory). The elaborate splendor of Anglo-Saxon terminology fascinates him and he rolls the words over his tongue with the unctuous piety of a Minister of Town and Country Planning.

For his sake, therefore, we were sorry to hear recently that the name of Chipping Sodbury was in danger and we went down to see what was afoot. We called on Mr. St. Leger Yeend, Clerk to the appropriate Rural District Council. "You must understand that the smallest administrative unit in England is the parish," said Mr. Yeend, giving us a charming lecture in elementary citizenship. "Our problem here involves two parishes—Chipping Sodbury (population 908) and Old Sodbury (population 968). The parish of Old Sodbury, which extends four miles by three, completely encloses the parish of Chipping Sodbury. For many hundreds of years this has been a source of administrative inconvenience and confusion. It is high time to call halt to the policy of drift. The crisis has reached flash point. They must merge."

We asked him what the new enlarged parish was to be called. "Sodbury," said Mr. Yeend tersely. Dipping into comparatively recent history, he then told us that the ball first started to roll when the two parish councils came out strongly in favor of the merger at a joint meeting in November, 1938. We were already aware that the mills of local government ground slowly, but we could not quite let this one pass. To our murmured suggestion that an element of delay seemed to have crept in, Mr. Yeend had a ready answer. He gave us to understand that the war, which supervened, had proved the more urgent crisis. The matter had therefore been temporarily shelved; "but now," he explained with careful detail, "we are really on our way. The recommendation of the two parish councils has been supported by the Rural District Council. The Rural District Council has been backed to the hilt by the County Council. The County Council has referred the question to the Ministry of Health. And the Ministry of Health has just told the Rural District Council that it can go right ahead."

Deeply impressed by this picture of a united governmental front, we felt almost impertinent in asking what the individual villager of Chipping Sodbury thought about the coming change. "At first feeling ran high here and there," said Mr. Yeend, "but it has died down now. The people have had about eight years to turn the thing over in their minds. They see the point. Go and talk to Murray Dowding; he's a great character and thoroughly typical. You'll learn a lot from him. He'll show you what I mean."

So we strolled down Chipping Sodbury's lovely 17th Century Broad Street and called in at Mr. Dowding's shop. A spare bronzed man in brown overalls and shapeless trilby hat, Mr. Dowding, who owns the village hardware store, thoroughly agreed with Mr. Yeend about the administrative necessity for the merger. "It is most desirable," he told us. "I go further. It is inevitable." To illustrate the point he produced a sheaf of local maps from under the counter and, with a gnarled forefinger, demonstrated the absurd isolation of little Chipping Sodbury marooned in the center of its sister parish. A lover of fine words like his friend Mr. Potter, he then proceeded to trace the villages lying on the circumference of Old Sodbury parish and we listened with pleasure while he rehearsed the mellow names. "To the west lies Yate; to the north, Horton and Wickwar; to the east, Badminton and Hawkesbury; and to the south, Dodington, Codrington, Wapley and Westerleigh." We thanked him and were about to take our leave when he laid a detaining hand on our sleeve. "Yes," he repeated slowly when he had our attention, "administratively the change is essential, even inevitable. But if any Ministry or any local Council—whether parish, district or county—imagines it can get rid of the name of Chipping Sodbury, it had better alter its ideas. It is an impossible suggestion. It is unthinkable. It is unearthly nonsense."

When we came out into the bright sunlight and watched the village at its normal morning business—three or four countrywomen shopping, a couple of leather-gaitered farmers ambling along the sidewalk, the remaining inhabitants (or so it seemed) leaning in various attitudes of idleness against Cotswold greystone walls—we came to the conclusion that Mr. Dowding was dead right. The merger would go through, of course; but Chipping Sodbury would not take the slightest notice of it. Mr. Potter would not have to turn for his quips to Ashby-de-la-Zouch or Budleigh Salterton; the whole weight of rural England's conservative philosophy was on his side. The marriage would take place as planned, but it would never be consummated. Maps and guidebooks might be amended; but the name of Chipping Sodbury was immortal. It would simply not cross the mind of any villager to drop the prefix in any circumstances whatever; and his descendants down to the last generation would remain chippings off the old block. ⌗

Many men have saved a life—or have taken it—but only about a very few can it be said: they have done both

Doctor and Judge

by HORACE HOFFER

The late afternoon sun slanted brightly across the courthouse square enveloping the old red sandstone building in quivering ripples of summer heat. This building was not only the seat of law and justice for the county, but was also practically the home of Judge Walker Huff. Old Huff, as everyone affectionately knew him, had held sway here since most people could remember.

The clock on the courthouse slowly struck five. The low resonant tones rolled out across the square and over the buildings that formed its edge, on over the houses until at last they spent themselves in the cotton fields beyond the town.

Here, shaded by some old live oaks, were two long wooden benches. Every afternoon, unless it was raining, when the clock struck five, the same men took their same places on these benches—Gil Moore, who ran the hardware store; Vardy Fanton, who worked in the bank; Oland Thornton, from the feed store; Jim Porter, lawyer; and Lige Carter, editor and publisher of the weekly *Delta County Opinion*.

At ten minutes past five Old Huff appeared in the doorway of the courthouse. He was tall and dignified, in spite of a slight stoop, and the sun glistened on his long white hair. He smiled at the assembled men and slowly came down the steps and crossed the narrow patch of grass to the benches. He took his place at the end of one of the long seats. The regularity of their gathering was continued on in their early discussions of the weather, the crops and what wrong things the "government" in Washington was doing.

In every man's heart was the desire to involve Old Huff in telling a story and often leads were parried until he was impelled to tell one. This day they talked briefly of politics in general, and then the talk circled around to the recent Washington trade decision and how it would lower the quality of the coffee imports.

"That reminds me," Old Huff said after a pause, "of an experience I once had with a coffee bean."

He pulled a pipe from his pocket and carefully filled it. No one spoke while he tamped tobacco firmly with his finger and lighted up.

"I don't suppose many of you fellows know that I was a doctor at one time?"

"A doctor? What kind of doctor?" Oland asked without surprise.

None of them was particularly surprised. Huff had seen more of life than all the others.

"A regular medical doctor." He paused, "Somewhere in there," jerking his head toward the courthouse, "I've still got my old license."

"How come you didn't stay with medicine, Judge?" Vardy Fenton inquired.

"Never mind," Lige spoke quickly. "Let's hear about the coffee bean."

"Well," Old Huff went on, "soon after I got my license to practice medicine—this was back in Tennessee—I moved down the mountain from Doddsboro and set up an office. Business was pretty bad and several times I figured I'd made a mistake in choosing a profession. One night the rain was pouring and the wind howling—a regular mountain storm—when someone knocked hard on my door. When I opened it, there, soaked to the hide, was a young girl.

" 'Quick, doctor,' she said, 'come up to Big Rock Mountain with me. My sister's baby is dying!' I guess she had run all the way down there because I didn't see a buggy or rig of any kind outside. I saddled my horse and, with the girl riding behind, headed up the mountain in the storm. About halfway up I saw a light and the girl said that was the place. It was a miserable little cabin, dirt floor and no glass in the windows, only old rags stuffed in to keep out the wet. I tied my horse and went in the door right behind the girl. There was a man standing by the fireplace and, sitting there in a low chair, his wife was sobbing and holding the baby in her arms.

" 'Doctor, doctor,' the woman cried as soon as I entered the room. 'The baby. It's dyin'.' She held the child out to me. The poor little thing was choking and gasping for breath. It had already turned blue.

" 'Have you fed the child anything it could strangle on?' I asked quickly.

" 'Not a thing doctor. It's been all right 'til a little while ago. I was in the other room there when my husband called to me.'

" 'But it had to get something. Did you,' I asked turning to the man, 'give it anything?' At first he glared at me angrily and then said, 'Yes, I gave it some coffee beans to play with so it would stop squallin'.'

" 'Here,' I turned to the young girl who had come for me, 'hold the baby. Clear off the table and get me some hot water. Bring that lamp over close. I've got to operate quickly in order to save that child.' We had everything in order in a hurry but just as I laid out my instruments, the man stepped in front of me and held the muzzle of a shotgun close to my face.

" 'You ain't touchin' my kid with them knives, doc.' I knew from his tone that he meant it too.

" 'But the child is dying. Every second counts. This is the only chance.'

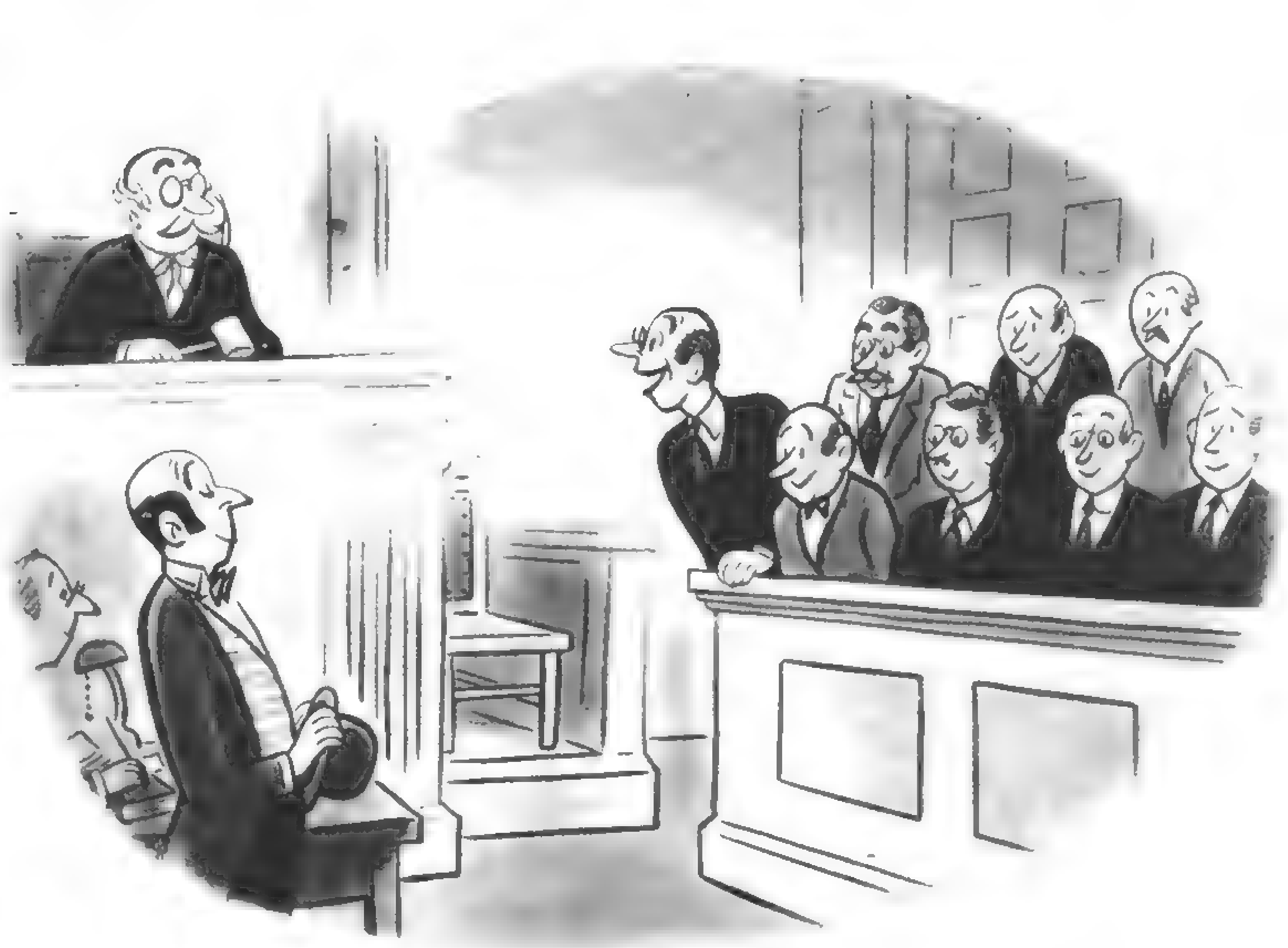
" 'Then the kid dies. No man's goin' to cut on one of my kids.'

" 'Git away with that gun,' his wife screamed. 'The doc's goin' to save the baby. Put that gun down!'

" 'Pack up yore junk, doc. You ain't doin' no operatin' 'round here.' He moved closer with the gun. You don't fool with a mountain man when he's holding a gun. I didn't know just what to do for a minute. I knew I was going to do my best to save that baby's life, but here was something that I didn't think doctors had to worry about.

"But, before I could do anything, that woman had already taken action. The man was watching me and not her and, quick as a flash, she had that shotgun away from him and had him backed up against the fireplace. 'Go to it doc,' she screamed,

(*Continued on page 252*)



"The jury would like the butler paroled—we've already drawn lots for him"

A hundred years before Sinatra, Tom Moore was singing of love and passion, and his magical voice women were like to swoon at

First of the Crooners

by W. A. S. DOUGLAS

Who was the world's first crooner? Who was the man history first records as tumbling women from their chairs by the sheer magic of his voice, to lie on the floor unconscious or gently moaning?

His name was Tom Moore.

Of this crooner an unhappy queen—Caroline of Brunswick, neglected wife of George the Fourth of England—once observed:

"Why, a gust of wind would blow him over!"

It was on one of Tom's periodic visits to see his mother in Ireland that there appears the first authenticated record of his effect on the fair sex along the lines we read so much about in these bobby-sox days. A reception and dance was being given by the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland for the officers of a famous cavalry regiment. The regiment had been ordered to join the armies being gathered together by the Duke of Wellington to put an end to the last efforts of Napoleon.

Fate was even then closing in on the man who had conquered most of Europe, but the wives, sweethearts, sisters and mothers of these officers did not know that. They only knew that many of their loved ones would not come back. But they danced and laughed and reveled, that long gone night in Dublin Castle.

A frail little man walked across the great ballroom and took his seat at the piano. He was dressed simply in black, the only male in the assembly not glittering in bright-hued uniform. His hands passed over the keys and a voice, as soft as beautiful, carried back to the listeners. Only that afternoon he had completed the words and music of one of the most poignant of good-byes:

Go where glory waits thee,
But while fame elates thee,
Oh, still remember me.

The crooner stopped. Women stifled their sobs. The matchless voice, thrilling now with power, rose in notes of sympathy:

When around thee dying,
Autumn leaves are lying,
Oh! then remember me.

And at night when gazing
On the gay hearth blazing,
Oh! still remember me.

The song ended the reception. Women wept, fainted, screamed in agonized hysteria. That sounds like Frankie Sinatra, doesn't it? But Frank isn't that old. In order to tell you about this crooner whose songs and music still live we have to go back a hundred and fifty years to a war, to mass nervousness and hysteria, to great hopes and great disappointments and also to daily grief and terror. We go back, too, to an important period in the age-old struggle of a tiny nation for freedom and the right to worship in its own fashion.

Thomas Moore (1779-1852) was born at 12 Aungier Street, Dublin, where his father, John Moore, operated a small neighborhood grocery and spirits store. Tom's mother, Anastasia, was determined to make "a gentleman" out of her son and his extraordinary brilliance as a child made her certain he would rise in the world despite the handicaps of intolerance all around him. John Moore, slow-moving, at peace with all the world and all men, thought Anastasia was wrong in trying to take Tom "out of his place."

Father O'Halloran, parish priest of the Aungier Street Catholics, sided with Mrs. Moore. He knew Tom had something in him well ahead of other boys. At six Tom was fingering the piano, at eight he was learning the harp. Before he was ten years old, he had added Latin and Greek.

Tom learned an air which people said was as old as Ireland itself. Later he set it to the words of one of his immortal songs:

The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were dead.

On Tom's tenth birthday his mother took her courage in both hands and called on Dr. Samuel Whyte, headmaster of a famous "school for young gentlemen" on Grafton Street. She carried a note of introduction from Lord Moira, owner of the property where the Moores ran their store. Dr. Whyte, a great teacher, was also a snob and was unwilling to accept the grocer's son despite the Moira letter.

"Madam," pontificated the Dominie, "I doubt if your boy has the background to become one of my pupils. Are you aware that thirty years ago I taught Latin to Richard Brinsley Sheridan and that at the age of eleven—I repeat, Madam, eleven—he was able to recite in toto Virgil's *Aeneid?*" Sheridan was at this time at the height of his fame as a playwright and stage impresario.

"If, Madam," Dr. Whyte went on, "your son could do that there might be some hope, even though he does not come from the class of society where I select my scholars."

Anastasia, unimpressed, merely nodded to her precocious son and he started off: "*Arma virumque cano—*"

Dr. Whyte was the first person the crooner-to-be knocked out of his seat with song—for is not *The Aeneid* song? Tom was accepted. Even as a child there was something about Tom Moore which stirred men; later on that something was to stir women.

The boy was a musical prodigy. At fourteen he had written the words and music of the delightful, *The Meeting of the Waters:*

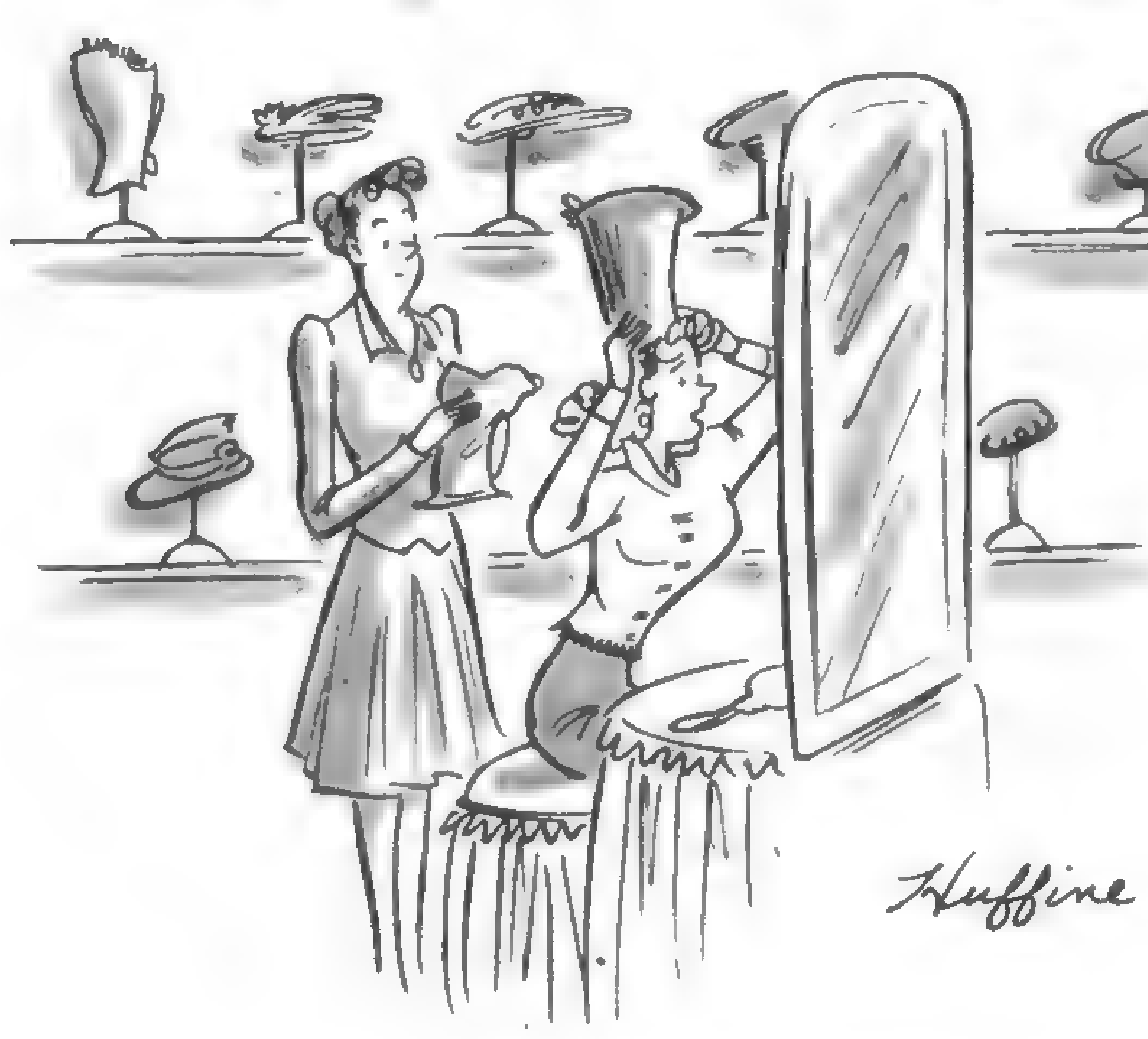
There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;

"He'll sing Ireland!" Father O'Halloran said. "That's my plan for Tom Moore. What do they know of us across the water? He'll bring Ireland to the English if you'll let him be, into their hearts, into their very souls."

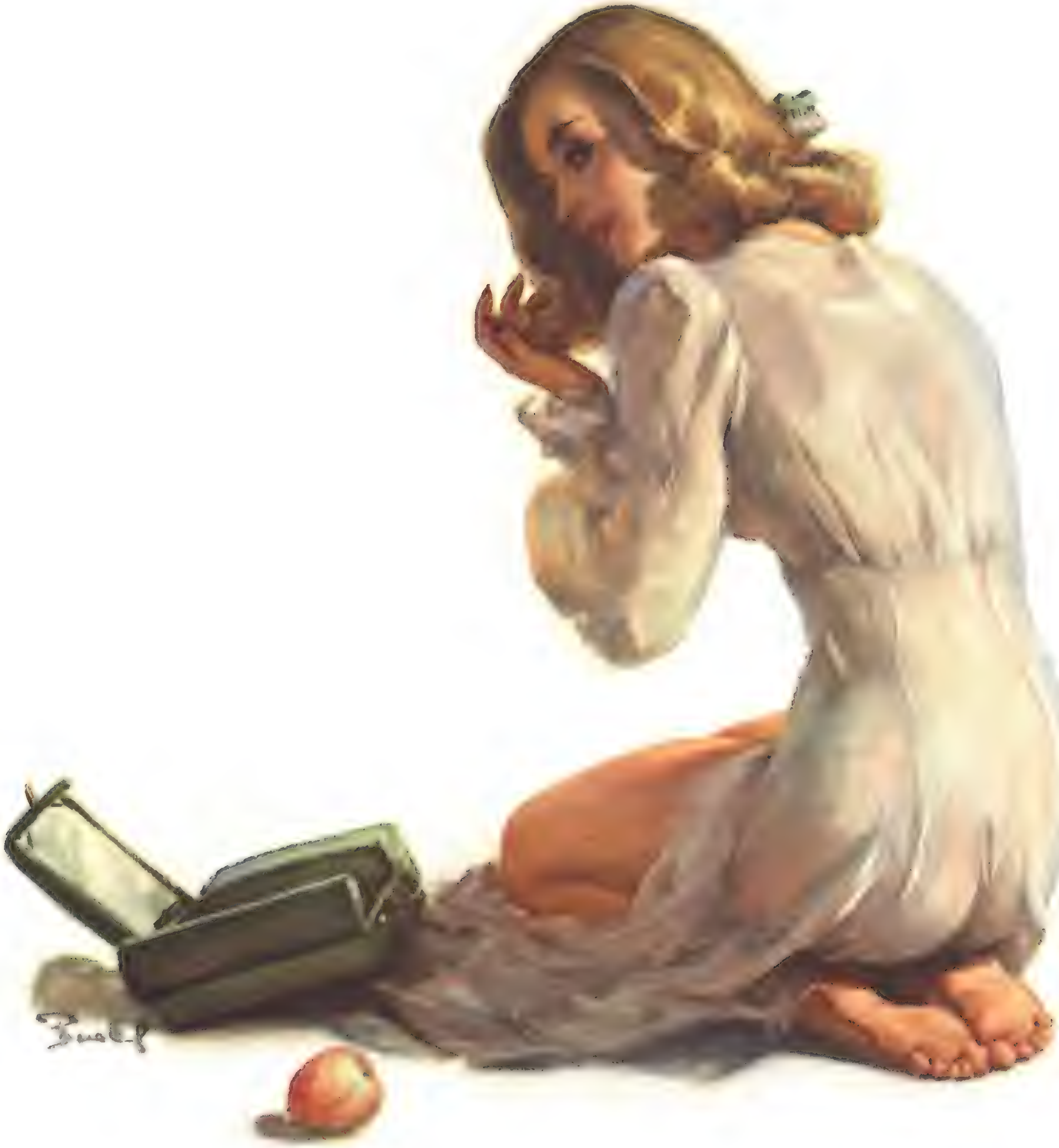
Tom Moore spent most of his life singing Ireland. But there were to be difficulties before Father O'Halloran and Anastasia had their way.

Stirred by the hero of his college days, the tragic patriot, Robert Emmett, Tom had taken the "rebel" oath against England. This he sought to keep secret from Father O'Halloran and his mother—but the old priest learned of it just in time to save him from the hangman's noose.

Napper Tandy and Wolfe Tone invaded the west coast with two ill-equipped French divisions culled from the dregs of Paris and grudgingly loaned by the Emperor Napoleon Bonaparte. Lord Cornwallis, who had last met Napper Tandy at Yorktown—to His Lordship's sorrow—drove the French back into the sea. In Dublin (*Continued on page 241*)

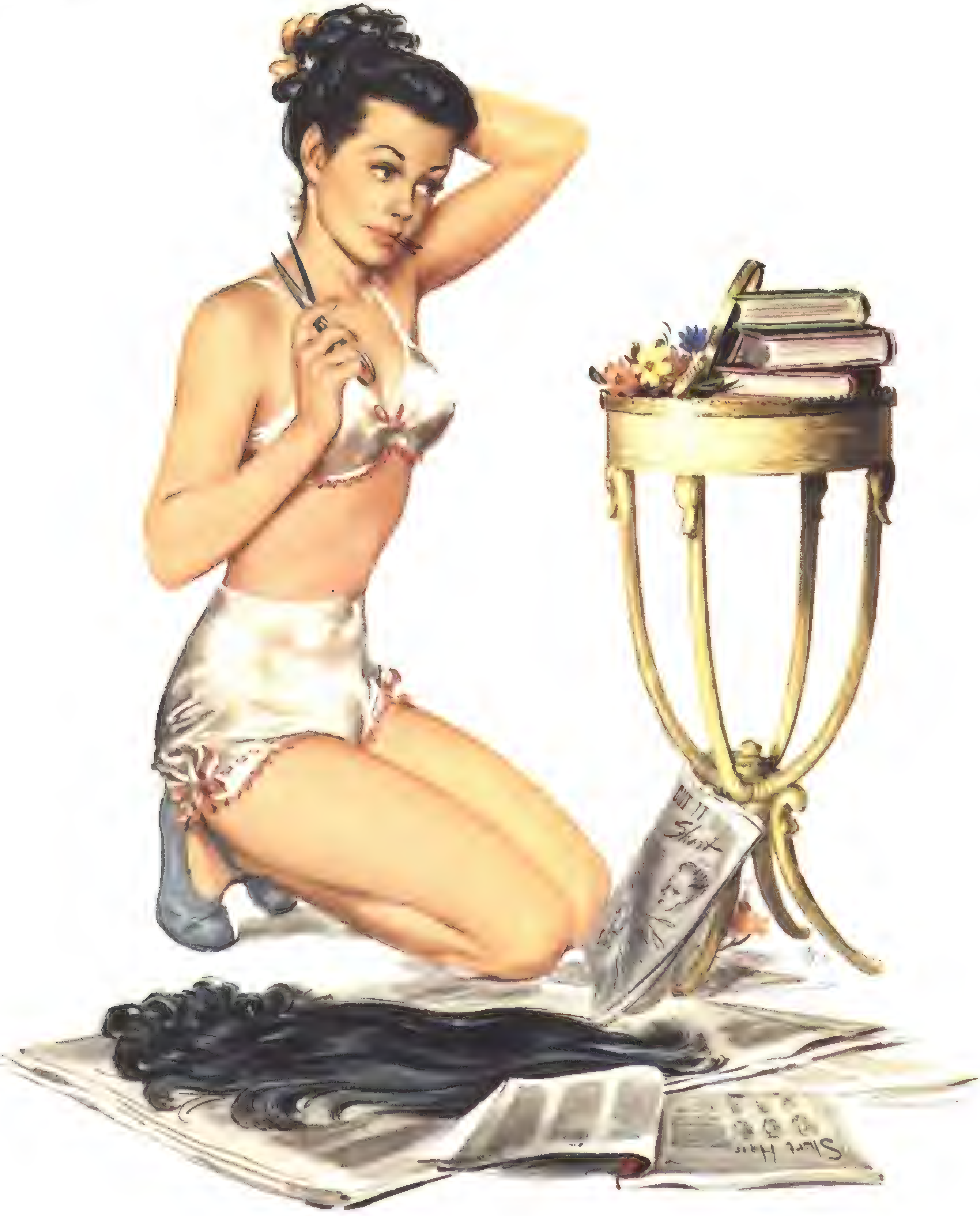


"Do you mind if I go out and try getting into my car with it?"



Speculation by AL BUELL

"A ship and a woman are never sufficiently adorned, or too much," quoth the artist as he paraphrased with his brushes that worldly comment uttered over 2000 years ago. And so Al Buell found the gesture of his model as eternally feminine as the Lorelei as she combed her hair with the feline grace of women everywhere and with the oblique glance of a creature undecided between being the hunted or the hunter. Be sure that before that apple is eaten, however, the issue will have been decided with Eve the winner, as usual.



Transformation by THORNTON UTZ

One democratic flourish of the scissors and the deed is done. Her crowning glory is dethroned. Yet a woman, says this artist, struggling to catch the delicious and complex mystery in his paints, can rejoice and weep all at once. Is that a smile the bobby pins have cornered there, a sly realization of the sophisticated dream dangled in those lush passages on the floor? Or is the question of that eyebrow answered in the moody look that peers into the mirror and finds only a short-haired girl instead of a siren? A fair trade, we thought—the cute ears and warm shoulder line revealed as the tresses drop. And what do you suppose the titles of those books are?

The Horse on the Escalator

A man's sense of humor can give his wife a bad time—until she understands it

by MARTIN GARDNER

The Purple Hat Club—in the Uptown area of Chicago's north side—wasn't what you'd call a high-class joint, but on the other hand it wasn't a lousy dump either, and working there as an emcee was better than at most of the spots I'd been working lately. There were four floor shows a night, with an hour and a half in between, and one night off a week. For the past week I'd been going across the street between shows to a tavern called Rosy's where the beer was just as good and a nickel cheaper.

One night I was sitting at the back end of the bar in Rosy's place, smoking a cigar over a glass of beer and turning over in my mind a joke I'd heard on the radio that I thought I could twist around and use, when the door opened and a nicely-dressed young woman came in. She looked around nervously, as if she'd never been in a bar alone before, then walked over to the counter and sat down two seats away from me. Rosy—who is not a barmaid but a big ex-pug named Rzeszutko—stood in front of her wiping up the counter.

"A double Scotch, please," she said, in a strained, timid voice.

"You want it with soda or seltzer or just plain water?" Rosy asked.

She thought about it a second or two.

"Seltzer," she said.

I could see her face in the mirror behind the bar. She wasn't bad looking, but her eyes were a little puffy like she'd been crying. She caught me staring at her in the mirror, then moved her eyes back to her own reflection and pushed back some strands of brown hair that had worked out from under her hat. I guessed her age at twenty-five—about the same as my oldest daughter.

Rosy put down the seltzer and two empty shot glasses, filled the glasses to the rims, then sauntered down to the other end of the bar chewing on a toothpick. I went back to my joke, trying to dope out the best way to phrase the punch line so I could get the most surprise out of it. But I couldn't keep my mind on it. I kept glancing in the mirror at the girl, wondering what the hell was bothering her. When she poured the Scotch into the seltzer her hand shook so much that half the whisky slopped out. She found a package of cigarettes in her purse, put one between her lips, then fumbled around inside the bag for some matches.

I fished a match folder out of my vest, scratched a light, and held it over to her. She drew her cigarette into a glow, smiled and thanked me.

"Aren't you a stranger in this neighborhood?" I asked.

She shook her head. "No, we've lived on the street about two years now. But this is the first time I've been in here."

When she said "we" I glanced down at her left hand and saw she was wearing a ring. Twenty years ago that would have been the first thing I'd have noticed.

We talked a while about nothing in particular, such as the weather and Mayor Kelly, then she asked me why I didn't move over so we wouldn't have to yell at each other. I could see she had something on her mind that she might want to tell somebody, and I knew I looked like a kind, grey-haired old gent who wouldn't object to listening. I glanced at the clock and saw I had over an hour until the midnight show started.

"If prices continue to rise, we'll have to start makin' tens instead of fives"

It was her second double Scotch that did it. I don't remember now exactly how we got to talking about her husband, but she was beginning to feel the drinks and forget there was anybody in the bar but the two of us. From what she told me I got the impression that her husband's interest in her had taken a recent nose dive.

"Is it another woman?" I asked.

She shook her head. "It's because I don't like horse jokes."

I choked on some beer, then put my glass down carefully.

"You don't like which?" I asked.

"Horse jokes," she answered.

"That's what I thought you said," I said. But I didn't need to ask any more questions. She was wound up to talk and the button had been pushed.

It was a little mixed up the way she told it, but I finally got the parts together. Her husband collected jokes about horses. He had over fifty of them, she said, all written down neatly on little file cards. He thought every one was a masterpiece. She had tried her best to figure out what was funny about them, but as far as she could see they didn't have any point at all.

"It started five years ago," she said, "just before we got engaged. Somebody told him a joke about a horse that talked. It was about a man who hears a horse say he won the Kentucky Derby. Then the man finds the owner of the horse and the owner says not to believe what the horse said. Now can you see anything funny about that? Of course a horse can't talk in the first place, but even if he could, why shouldn't the man believe him? Maybe he did win the Derby."

I puffed a while on my cigar. I knew the joke of course but I didn't want to take sides. "I guess it is kind of pointless at that," I said.

"And there was another one about a horse that played baseball for the Chicago Cubs," she said. "He hit a home run but wouldn't run around the bases because nobody ever heard of a horse running around a ball field; and there was another about a horse that liked to sit on grapefruit, and one about a horse that was a ventriloquist, and another one about a horse on an escalator. They were all just alike, with no sense to them, but he'd knock himself out every time he heard a new one. Sometimes he'd wake up laughing in the middle of the night."

"What was the one about the escalator?" I asked. It was one I hadn't heard.

"That was the silliest of all," she said. "It's about a man who goes into Marshall Field's with a horse, and the elevator girl tells him he can't take the horse on the elevator. So the man says, 'But lady, he gets sick on the escalator.'"

I choked on another mouthful of beer.

"Isn't that the most stupid joke you ever heard?" she said. "There isn't any point to it at all. Now you know no one in his right mind would think of trying to to get into Marshall Field's with a horse. And besides, why would a horse get sick on an escalator? Especially those at Marshall Field's. They go so slow they wouldn't make anybody sick."

She was looking at me while she talked with a sort of sad, imploring (Continued on page 235)

Supporters of the pioneer football game are out to make their sport "box office"

Soccer Bids for the Big Time

by R. MAGRUDER DOBIE

THE world's most popular team sport, soccer, is no better than a second-rate attraction in the United States. While interest in the game is almost hysterical in England, the Continent, and South America, the sport has laid a succession of attendance eggs in the U. S. Crowds of 50,000 to 100,000 are routine in Europe; in this country 8,000 soccer fans make a mob, 15,000 a deluge. Why?

Soccer people have pondered that question for years only to come up with hypotheses rather than answers. If soccer were a newcomer to America it might be explained away on that basis. But the sport has been played here since Reconstruction days—which makes it almost as old as baseball and older than football. In fact the first American "football" game on record was a soccer game between Princeton and Rutgers in 1869.

In diametric contrast to the soccer quietus in the U. S., European fans of the pioneer football game didn't even wait for the MP's to lead General Jodl out of the surrender room before they put on their cleats and abbreviated pants and went back to kicking the ball at each other's goals.

A little over two weeks after the fall of Berlin, the Red Army and the Germans were at it again in Berlin's Liechtenberg Stadium. In tune with the times, the Russians scored their first postwar soccer victory over the former Nazis.

The day before, 52,000 spectators jammed a London stadium to watch the British and French pick up their ancient football rivalry where they'd left it when Hitler so rudely interrupted.

Even before V-E Day, Paris and Brussels had renewed their international matches. And right after the war a topflight Russian team, the Dynamos, invaded the British Isles to take on all comers.

The return to normal brought more than one blessing to our soccer-loving European Allies. For one thing their soccer teams no longer have to compete with the Fascist contingents which were heavily subsidized by the dictators, who, in the very nature of things, couldn't afford defeat even in athletics. Mussolini offered handsome bonuses if his footballers could beat England. Hitler used soccer as a key sport in his Greater Reich physical fitness drive. Adolf showed no better grace over a soccer licking than he did over Jesse Owen's Olympic track victories. In 1939, when Czechoslovakia had more serious things to worry about than football, a Czech team dared to play to win against a Nazi eleven. After the game the Czech players had a visit from the Gestapo who made it understood that continued roughness against Nazi teams would be considered an insult to the Reich. You know who had won that game.

Il Duce's "hospitality" to an Austrian team back in 1937 is another case in point. The first of two international matches between Austria and Italy was played in Vienna. In the approved style for these contests, both players and spectators worked themselves into lathers. In the confusion an Austrian player thumbed his nose at one of Il Duce's charges. This precipitated the customary riot, but eventually the game was resumed and it finally ended in a deadlock. A few days later the Austrians entrained for Genoa for the second game. They never got there. Shortly after they crossed the border, Mussolini ordered them out of his country.

No matter where they were stationed—with the exception of the U. S. Continental limits—our G.I.s watched natives bounce balls off their heads and strike the ballet-like postures of soccer. In England, France, Germany, Italy, North Africa, China, India, New Caledonia, the Fiji islands, Iceland, and other theaters, they saw that soccer was the only truly international sport. Contemplating that fact, followers of the game are hopeful that World War II will do for American soccer what the Civil War did for baseball.

Already there are some encouraging signs to sustain U. S. soccer boosters. Attendance at professional games in the east and middle west is up thirty-five per cent over the last prewar year. A new professional league has been organized in the middlewest. And an Esquire sports poll indicates that close to fifty per cent of a representative group of sports writers expect soccer to become a major sport in the postwar period.

That internationally the sport is today a bigger Goliath than ever was evident when fifty-five nations sent representatives to the first postwar meeting of the FIFA (Federation Internationale de Football Association) at Luxembourg in July. This is the organization which formulates international soccer policy and fixes the rules of the game. The rules are virtually the same for all nations, thus eliminating any unnecessary international complications. A Chinese team can play Russia, with a Frenchman as referee. Give them a field, some goal posts, a ball—blow the whistle, and they know what to do.

International in scope, soccer is also international in tradition. The Greeks taught it to the Romans and the Romans to the English. The earliest British soccer games were played between towns three to five miles apart, the object being to kick the ball into the town square of the opposing team. In one such intercity competition the ball had to be kicked across a river. In a disastrous scrimmage thirty players piled up and thirteen were drowned. Before the war England had some 750,000 amateur soccer players and 40,000 clubs. In one prewar year the British bet close to $100,000,000 on soccer pools.

All over Europe, other nationals kept pace with the English. During the "phony" war in 1939, for example, the French shipped 10,000 soccer balls to amuse their troops.

Soccer makes no claim to being a pacifier. In fact, the sport and strained international relations seem to go hand in hand. When Germany and France played their first post World War I match in Paris in 1931, 15,000 Germans made the trip to the French capital. To minimize the chances of an international incident, the anthems of both

"Sometimes it's very hard to find a seat"

countries were omitted from the music program before the game.

When the South Americans embraced soccer, they outdid themselves in vehemence. Below the border soccer has already crowded out bullfighting as the most popular sport. That the Latins have skill to match their enthusiasm was demonstrated when Uruguay won the Olympic soccer championship in 1924 and 1928. Never ones to take their games lightly, our neighbors to the south have started more than their share of soccer hysterics. During the 1936 Olympics, Peruvians precipitated an international incident by stoning the German consulate in Lima and refusing to service German ships in Peruvian ports. Crowds raised so much commotion in the capital that the president of the country had to take time out to deal with the situation. And all this because the Latins were displeased with the outcome of a soccer game between Peru and Austria, played in Berlin!

Argentinians take the game so seriously they have been known to shoot at the players, set fire to their football stadia and swarm on the field for a general free-for-all. In 1933 the government was forced to supervise the big games, and spectators were frisked before entering the ball parks.

And so it goes all over the globe. In India barefooted Bengals play soccer with booted Britishers. In East Africa natives learn to kick by watching movies of international games, and then test their skill against teams from British ships. The Chinese specialize in fancy teamwork. In prewar days the Japs were fast players but, significantly, weak on the scoring shots.

In the face of all this foreign passion for the game, the lack of interest in the U. S. almost defies explanation. Yet to most Americans, soccer is still a foreigner's game and, in the past, interest in the sport has been concentrated in cities with a high percentage of foreign population. Thus the line-up of our 1936 Olympic team reads like the tenant list of an apartment house on Chicago's West Side: Altemose, Bartkus, Chimielewski, Lutkefedder, Nemchik, Olthaus, Pietras, Zywan, and Zbikowski. The most devoted followers of the game are still the former immigrants who played the game in the old country, and this despite the fact that soccer has had almost three generations to catch on.

American boys prefer games played with their hands rather than their feet, says one soccer official. And they're not willing to spend long hours training for a sport that has received such poor publicity in this country.

One well-worn argument is that soccer doesn't have enough glamour and excitement to attract big crowds. If that's true, then there must be some fundamental difference between American sports fans and those found elsewhere. How else explain the more than 149,000 persons who once watched an international match of Glasgow, Scotland? How explain the Glasgow riot when 30,000 fans stormed the gates of the stadium after they were denied admission because all the seats had been filled? And what of the hundred persons who were injured pushing for seats to a London match? And the thirty-three fans who were killed this March when a crowd of 65,000 crashed through the barriers while watching a game in Lancashire, England? Even in the U. S. 45,000 persons once paid to see an international game at the Polo Grounds, New York, before the war.

Perhaps the one big reason for the second-rate status of soccer in the U. S. is the competition of American football. Both sports are played during the fall when the average American fan is indulging in a strong football kick. Soccer is also played during the winter, but after Thanksgiving, indoor games like basketball and ice hockey are the biggest attendance grabbers.

Since the proceeds from American football usually support the entire athletic program of most schools and colleges, collegiate soccer is automatically forced to play second string to football. And professional soccer has an added headache—finding an adequate place to play in the spring and fall when most of the large stadia are booked for baseball and football.

SOUTHWICK FOR GOVERNOR
VOTE FOR SOUTHWICK
VOTE
JOE SOUTHWICK FOR GOVERNOR
Angelo

". . . and furthermore, if I'm elected Governor,
I'll be assured of a place to live
for the next two years"

Whatever the odds stacked against it, soccer has certain advantages over American football. For instance, it is less expensive. A soccer player can be fully equipped for $20, while full regalia for a gridiron star runs about three times that amount.

The soccer people say their game requires more brains than brawn, and thus injuries are not as prevalent. Play is more open than in football, and the ball is always in sight. The skill of the individual player is more important than the masterminding of the coach. A good player can work with any team without an intensive course in secret signals and tricky formations.

Also on the plus side of the ledger is the fact that soccer does not favor the team with the largest reserve of manpower. The U. S. is one of the few countries that permits substitutions. Elsewhere a team starts the game with eleven men and if a player is forced to retire because of injury or illegal play, his teammates must struggle along with ten men. The sole exception is the goalie.

Encouraged by the recent increase in attendance at professional games, promoters have undertaken to improve the caliber of play. A British group came over this summer for a series of matches with American teams, and other foreign teams were given invitations to come over for a tour of the States. The American Professional Soccer League, with two teams each from New York, Brooklyn, Kearny (New Jersey), Philadelphia, and Baltimore now has a counterpart in the middlewest—the North American Professional Soccer League in which Chicago, Toronto, Pittsburgh, Detroit, St. Louis, Milwaukee are expected to compete.

Amateur soccer is also getting a good working over. Colleges are expanding their programs and the sport is catching on for both intercollegiate and intramural competition. Before the war, at least a hundred colleges and universities played soccer—a hundred per cent increase over the number that played the game ten years ago. The U. S. Soccer Football Association estimates that approximately 200,000 Americans now play the game, half of them in schools and colleges.

What part the U. S. will play in international soccer competitions depends not only on the interest developed at home, but on a satisfactory solution of the testy problem of professionalism vs. amateurism. Few nations are agreed on what constitutes an amateur. One South American government has been known to present its winning "amateur" players with a house apiece. Other nations provide their best players with lucrative government jobs so they can devote their full time to soccer. This problem led to cancellation of soccer at the 1932 Olympics at Los Angeles. But soccer was back on the Olympic agenda in Berlin in 1936 and is scheduled for the 1948 Olympics in London. For all the lack of general interest in soccer in the U. S., our teams have played in most of the countries of Europe and South America. Our record of victories in international matches is not impressive, however. In the 1936 Olympics, for example, Italy defeated us in the first round.

Even so we have more than made up for our lack of interest and finesse by an overdose of soccer temperament. When the Uruguay Olympic champions showed up half an hour late for a match with an American team at Newark in 1927, the spectators voiced their disgust. The feeling spread to the players and at one point the South Americans said they wouldn't play any more. But they did. Finally in the second period, the spectators rushed on the field to swap punches with the players. One fan was knifed. The referee sustained hits to the jaw and prudently decided to call the game.

A few days later the consul general of Uruguay explained to the press that his team had played a hundred matches in all parts of the world with none of the trouble that attended the Newark match. The trouble, said the señor consul, began when the Uruguayan players were charged by the Americans, who, in his opinion, played a very rough brand of soccer, "not unlike our American football."

Perhaps the near future will find American soccer teams knocking off the big names of international competition—continuing, of course, to play the game in a manner "not unlike our American football." ##

Mother-in-law Talks Back

Husbands and wives are advised that by treating the old girl humanely they may get to like her in spite of themselves

ANONYMOUS

Most people inherit mothers-in-law when they marry. And most people wish they could get married without this inheritance.

A mother-in-law (as any husband or wife can tell you) is the responsibility you didn't ask for, the guest you never invited, the person who keeps the lamb chops from coming out even. At best she's a minor pest and at worst a major home-wrecker. You may insist, "Oh *my* mother-in-law is a swell person, never bothers us at all," but all your friends will assume that you are just a gallant liar. Laugh if you will at the comic mothers-in-law of stage and radio. *Being* one is no laughing matter.

I know. I've been a mother-in-law for seven years. When my son got married I thought I had foreseen every pitfall. "If you put your mind to it," I told my friends, "being a mother-in-law is easy." But I discovered that if I wanted an easy job I should have run for president.

In seven years I've had ample opportunity to study not only my own situation but that of scores of other women who have held the job. I found there are those among us who deserve the epithets thrown at them. There's the woman who doesn't approve of the way her son's children are being reared, and cannot enter his home without haranguing her daughter-in-law loud and long on just how it should be done. There's the woman who is sweet and long-suffering in front of her son-in-law but bitterly complaining behind his back. There's the woman who confides the family secrets to the neighbors and, when her son or daughter objects, wails, "You don't want me to have any friends of my own." There's the mother-in-law who thinks it's cute to spoil the children, who is invited for a week end and stays a month, who . . . You can continue the list from there, for everyone knows about mothers-in-law. There is only one thing about them that isn't generally recognized: *mothers-in-law are also human beings*.

If you've never been one you can't possibly appreciate the difficulties of a position which has been wished on you just as suddenly as your in-laws feel you have been wished on them. One moment you are an honored guest at your son's wedding reception and the next you are reminded that you are a "mother-in-law" and the less the young people have you around the better they'll like it. No woman *wants* to be a mother-in-law. Becoming one is like having your hair turn grey; it comes with age and no matter what you do about it you aren't fooling anyone.

As an experienced mother-in-law, let me be the first to talk back.

Take, for example, the "bad" mothers-in-law mentioned above.

If you stay away from your son's (or daughter's) home, you do not care enough for them. But if you come often, you are trying to keep them from leading their own lives.

If you help with the children (and no two women do it the same way), you are interfering with their upbringing. But if you don't, you are accepting hospitality without doing your share of the work.

If you take money from your son or daughter you're sponging. If you don't you're too proud. If you give them lots of gifts, you're extravagant. If you don't you're stingy. If you are conservative in your tastes you are considered "fuddy-duddy," and if you try to be modern you "don't act your age."

The truth is that actions tolerated in other people are intolerable when committed by a mother-in-law. You might be amused or at least patient about a friend's forgetfulness, but let your mother-in-law forget something and it's an ill-suppressed "wouldn't you know she would." Mothers-in-law, like other people, are sometimes careless, or envious, or procrastinating, or almost anything else you are willing to overlook in your friends. Most of us get along with other people because we shrug off their weaknesses in the hope that they will do the same for us. If we expended half the tolerance on our mothers-in-law that we gladly show people who care a fifth as much about us, there would be no "mother-in-law problem."

I have heard many a harassed daughter- or son-in-law complain about his (or her) mother-in-law, and often with good reason. But I have rarely met a young couple who didn't scream for mamma when the going was rough. Who is asked to take care of the house while wife is having a baby, then asked to move out the moment the hardest work is over with the explanation, "this is *our* home, you know, mother? You understand, don't you?" Who is asked to take care of the children in the heat of summer while wife and husband take a long, cooling vacation? Who spends most of her yearly visit doing darning that has stacked up since she last visited? Of course, mother-in-law.

So much for our undeserved trials. Now for the other side of the problem—the troubles mothers-in-law bring upon themselves.

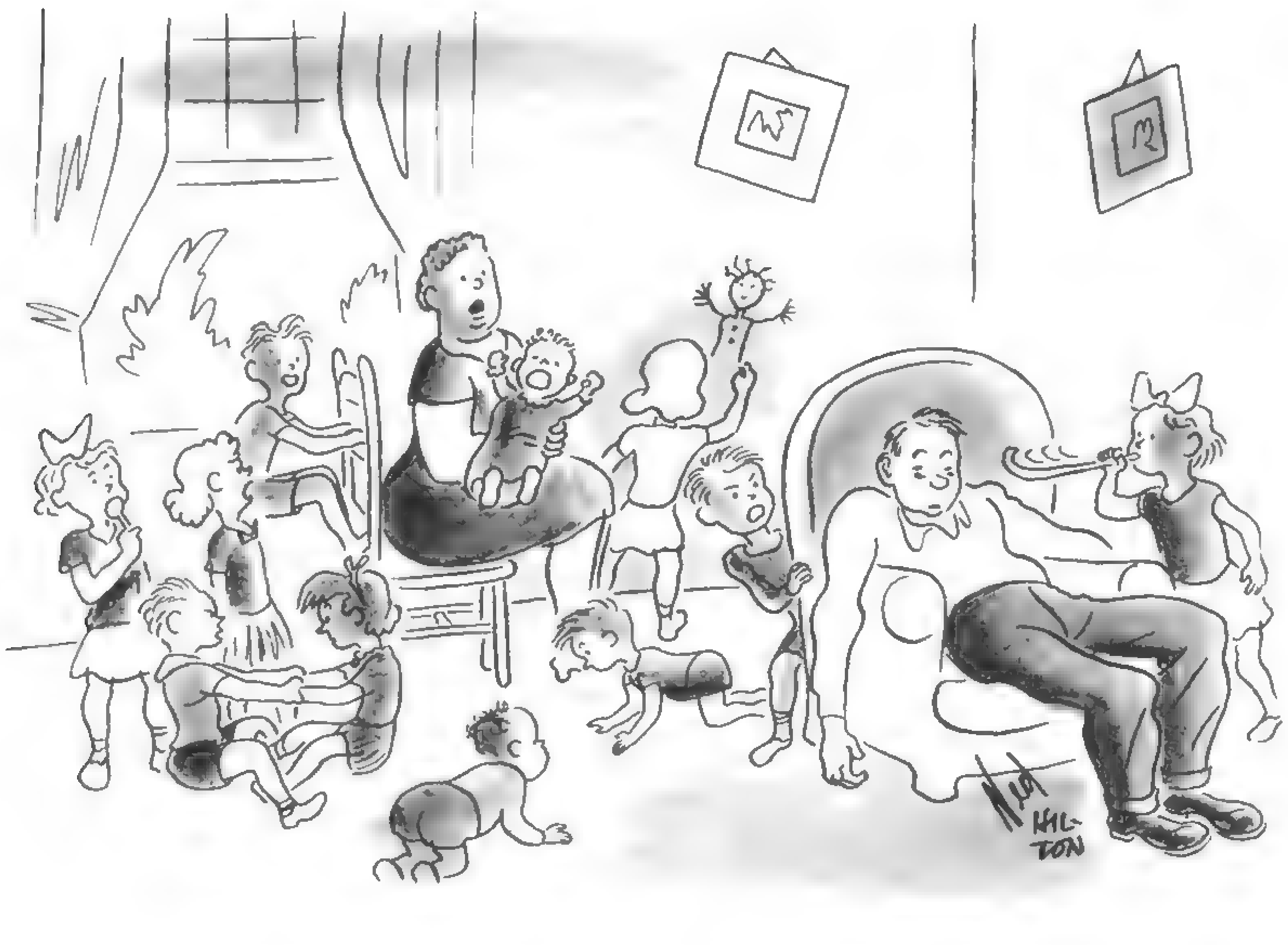
I am convinced, after a seven-year apprenticeship, that though this peculiar domestic triangle of mother, child, and in-law can never function perfectly, at least seventy-five per cent of the trouble springing from it can be avoided. The first step is to recognize openly what the root of that trouble is.

You might call it "primitive instinct." A husband, if he's half a man, feels a natural possessiveness of his wife. At the same time a wife is instinctively possessive of her husband, her home, her children. Both wife and husband must feel that each is more important to the other than to anyone else.

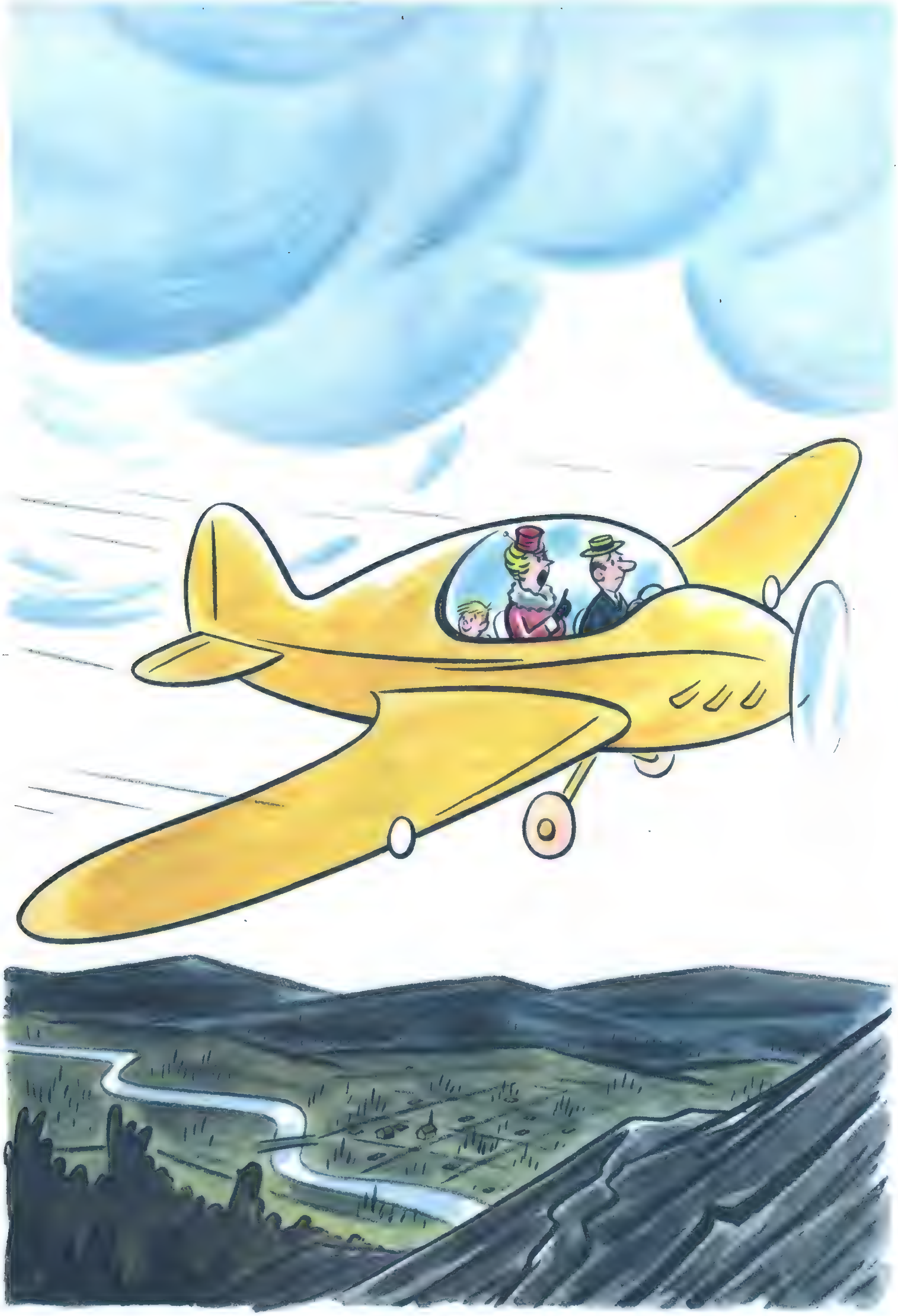
Then mama comes along. She has never ceased to consider her son or daughter as "her baby." Either openly (and if she is hurt, defiantly) or silently, by her very presence, she reminds her daughter- or son-in-law that she has prior claim, that the position they have is one she used to fill. Too often she tries to go right on filling it.

The situation is full of dynamite, but it's dynamite which need not explode. Trouble starts if the mother ignores the fact that her baby has grown up, if the son or daughter is

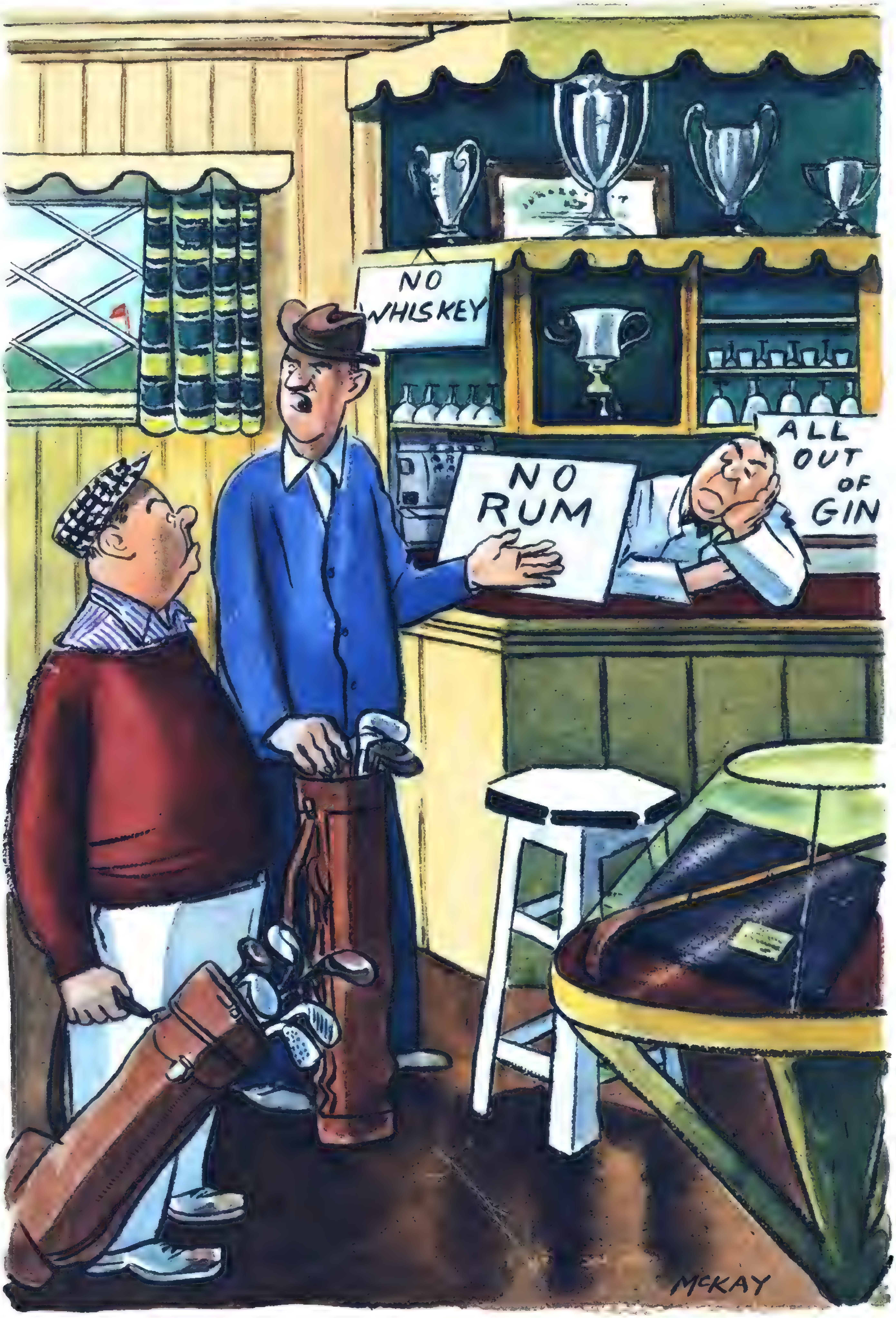
(*Continued on page 156*)



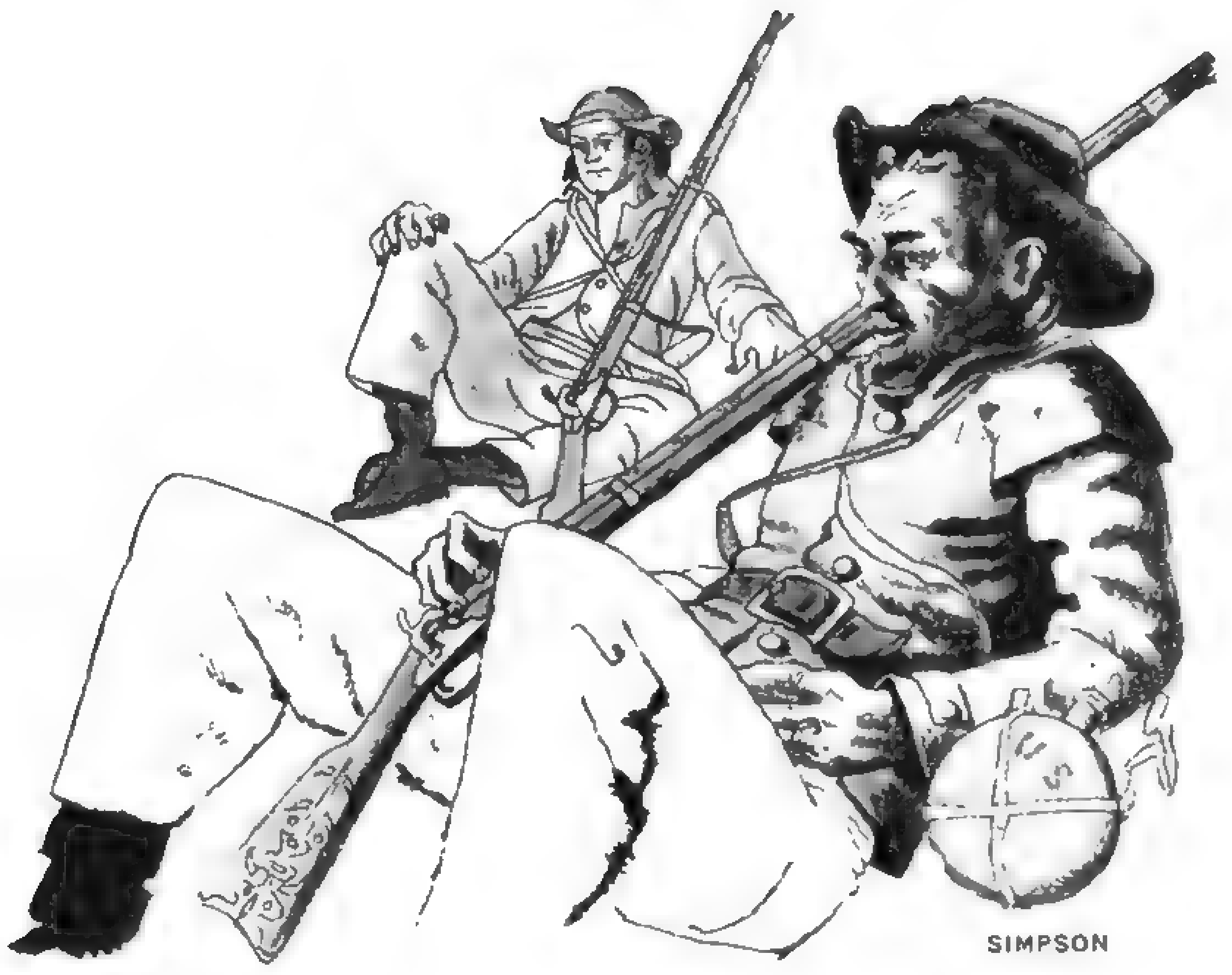
"You never tell me what you're drinking to forget, Henry"



"Watch those mountains ahead—don't fly so fast—keep the plane's nose up—fly over Aunt Jane's house—"


NO WHISKEY
NO RUM
ALL OUT OF GIN
McKAY

"Toughest little 19th hole in the country!"



The boys knew that "chicken-raider" was a fighting word to the veteran of the GAR

Pennsylvanians Never Surrender

by TOMMY O'SHANE

THE old man came up suddenly and seized my arm with fingers like wild grapevine securely lashed. I kicked and fought. I was a sapling of fifteen then; he, still an oak despite some eighty-one years. He held fast.

"Chicken-raider am I?" he shouted angrily. "Tin soldier, eh!"

I looked up and down 29th Street. Bob, Harold and Red had scurried to the alley and over fences. I had been deserted.

"I'm soldier enough to remember surprise," the old man jeered. "Fool them. Get them when they don't expect you. Move fast."

I tried to pull loose again. "Let me go," I pleaded. "I didn't yell anything at you."

"Yes, you did, my laddy buck! Now I can see what you're made of. Now I can tell if you've anything of a man about you at all. Or maybe you're just a knucklehead."

I felt like a knucklehead, all right. Of all the times the gang had yelled chicken-raider at his shambling figure and of the tales of his blowups when he heard that epithet, no one had ever been stupid enough to be caught.

There we were. He had gone up the other side of the street, and as usual, we let him have it. He stomped and glared but went on. We sat down on the ledge in front of the confectionery, then bang, the gang started to run and before I got to my feet he had me by the arm. Must have sneaked round the block.

"Let me go!" I demanded again.

"Sure," he said, "I'll do just that. In a minute. I want you to tell me something. Tell me what chicken-raider means."

"How the hell should I know?"

I knew at once why my father had said the old man would have been a good man to have at the other end of a bucksaw. The grip of his fingers grew tighter. "What do think it means, boy?"

"I don't know!" I insisted.

"You go to school, don't you?"

"Sure, I expect," I told him.

"And you don't know what a chicken-raider is, or was! By the Lord! Schools of today!"

Slowly, regretfully, he loosened his grasp of my arm. I jumped back.

"That hurt," I said to him angrily, rubbing my arm.

"Now do tell! Didn't mean to hurt you at all, laddy buck. Hardly thought a mountain boy could be hurt so easily."

"Huh!" I said.

"I let you loose so you could decide what to do. You could have run, or you can still run. Or you could walk up the street to my house and sit on the porch a spell. Wouldn't hurt you a bit. I just feel like telling somebody today just how damned important were these chicken-raiders, as you call them. It just might be you'd be living in the Confederated States and not the United States if it hadn't been for the likes of them."

I scanned his leathery face and sharp black eyes. He wasn't a town character. His only aberrations had been the two times at Grand Army of the Republic picnics at Lakemont that he'd stormed the speaker's stand after speakers had jestingly referred to the chicken-raiders. Once, he threw the contents of the water pitcher on one of the speakers. Another time he heckled a historian and had to be taken away by the police. The gang picked up the yell from the guys at the poolroom.

"What's to lose?" I said.

"Nothing," he ejaculated, "fall in." I began walking beside him. "Used to say hayfoot, strawfoot when they were marching in the old days," he added. "Hayfoot, strawfoot . . ."

By the time we reached his house the old duffer had explained the Pennsylvania Emergency Militia, or Minute Men, had become known as the chicken-raiders from their habit of living off the land during the short military career of the organization. The name itself he didn't mind. It was that people had come to think of the outfit as an outlandish bunch of gawky rubes.

"What I mean is this," he said, once he'd eased himself into a chair on the awning-covered porch and stretched out his long legs, "that body of men pulled a stunt that fooled General Lee, and if it hadn't been for them foraging their way and stealing chickens and grub from farms so they could eat and get their job finished, the whole Civil War might damned well have come out with the Johnny Rebels on top. Because of that damned silly name, folks don't know, even here in Blair County, right smack in the middle of Pennsylvania, that their boys and the boys from Cambria's mountains, too, practically saved the Union without firing a shot."

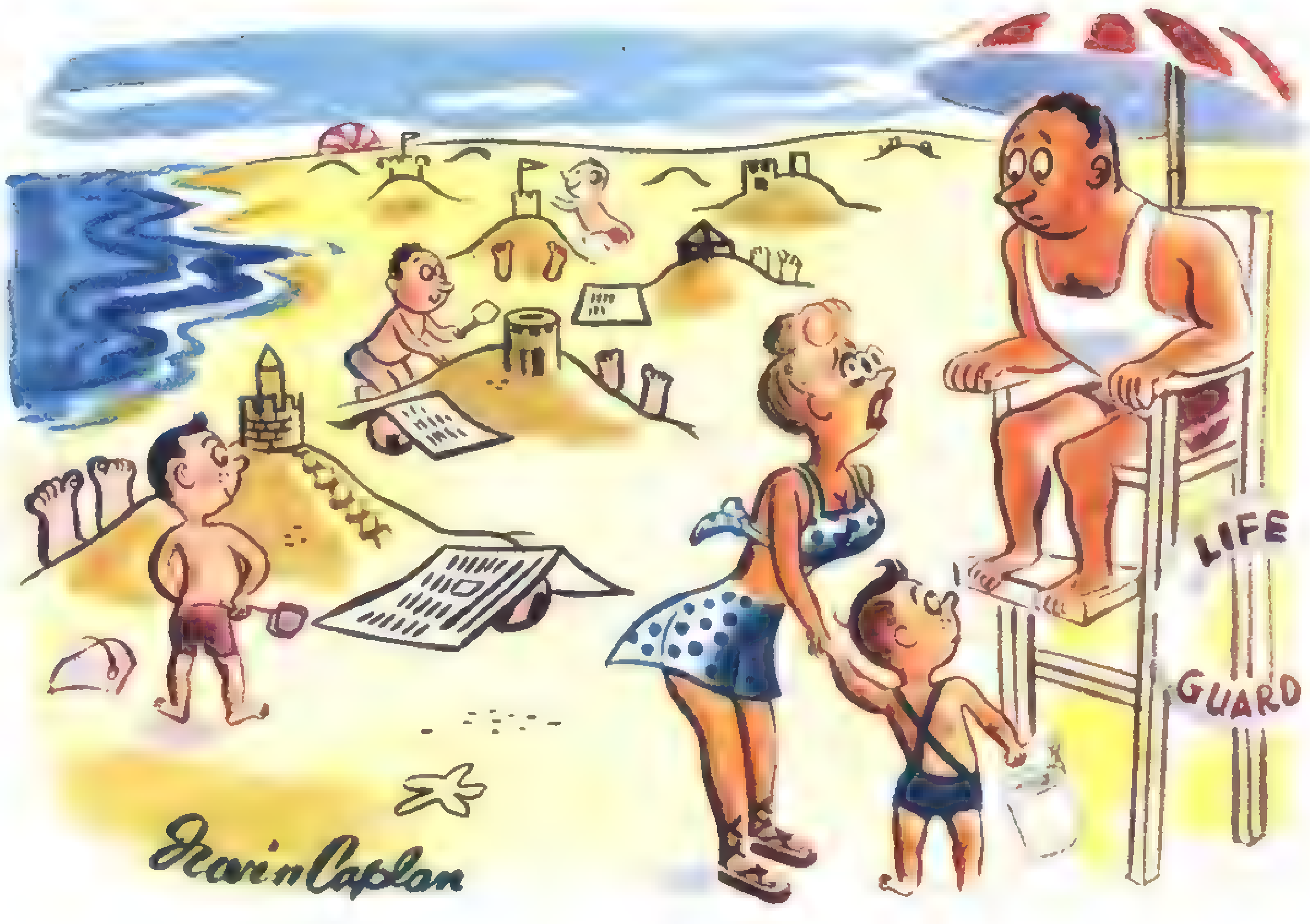
"I take it you were a chicken . . . I mean, you were in that outfit," I remarked.

"Yes, I was," he said. "So was every honest-to-John, red-blooded man and boy in this county. Truth to tell, they were most all boys in their early teens and silver-haired old men. The rest of Pennsylvania's men were in uniform, off to the South and West in the army. Boy, we needed every last hand to help . . ."

He paused, looking at me. "I was just about your size and build then. Let's see, yep, I was fourteen in June of '63, which is just about the time I'm speaking of.

"My, but they were bad days. Copperheads overran the whole country. Lots of folks right here in Pennsylvania were cussing Mr. Lincoln. Some didn't like him at all, wouldn't trust him more'n a piece of hardtack. They were sore because the war wasn't over right away like they thought it would be. Lots of soldiers were taking French leave. Nobody would join up, and them that were in the army were yelling to get out. The womenfolk were crying and sobbing all the time, and all the songs seemed to be sad ones like *Annie of the Vale*, *Home, Sweet Home* and *Annie Laurie*. It was a black time for our land, and Mr. Lincoln had a hard row to hoe."

He halted again. I looked up. He dabbed (*Continued on page 219*)



"Have you seen my husband? He's a fourteenth-century castle with a moat!"

A fast, high-scoring cousin of Pinochle whose addicts include Winston Churchill and the Riviera-Newport-Biarritz set

Six-pack Bezique

by RICHARD L. FREY

STEFFEN

WHEN defeat at the British polls relieved Winston Leonard Spencer Churchill of his Prime Ministerial duties, one consequence was that he could devote more time to his many hobbies. Among them is a two-hand card game which he and its other addicts call Six-pack Bezique.

Bezique is a French word (it's pronounced bay-ZEEK) but it applies to a large group of games which are played throughout the world. The American versions are called Pinochle. Canada has its own pet Bezique variants. But there's no doubt that Six-pack Bezique is the real upper-crust member of the family, the one favored by the who's who of the Riviera-Newport-Biarritz set.

It is apparent that any two-hand game which could capture the fancy of blasé international café society must be fast, high-scoring and exciting—and Six-pack Bezique is all of that. As a consequence, its hold on its enthusiasts is unrelenting. Elsa Maxwell once braved a blizzard to find an opponent. And Mr. Churchill has been known to give a neophyte a lesson, when there wasn't a Beziquer handy.

Americans who know Pinochle won't find it difficult to get on to Six-pack Bezique. Non-Pinochle players may find the rules strange at first, but the game is essentially simple in its mechanics.

Let's play a sample game and find out. Take six packs of cards and remove all cards below the seven, leaving thirty-two cards in each pack—A, 10, K, Q, J, 9, 8, 7 of each suit. The cards rank in that order, with a ten winning from anything in the deck but an ace.

You'll also need poker chips, if you don't have a special Bezique scoring device. Scoring is too rapid and too high for pencil and paper. Put all the poker chips in a pile at the side of the table, a blue chip counting 1,000 points, a red chip 100 and a white chip 10. As you score, you will take the proper number of chips from the pile.

You and your opponent both shuffle the cards, trading portions back and forth so that the entire pack—there are 192 cards altogether—will be thoroughly mixed.

Now you each cut a card. Low deals first, and your opponent is the first dealer. He deals, one card at a time face down until you each have twelve cards. The undealt cards are toppled over at the side of the table to be the "stock." You pick up your hand:

♥A ♠J ♦A 10 Q Q J 7 ♣10 J 9 7

You can't appraise your hand, of course, without knowing the principal object of play, which is to score for *declarations* (Pinochle players call them "melds"). Here are the combinations that count:

Table of Declarations

SEQUENCE (A-K-Q-J-10): In trumps, 250; in any other suit, 150.

MARRIAGE: K-Q of trumps, 40; K-Q of any other suit, 20.

FOUR OF A KIND IN TRUMPS: Four aces, 1,000; four tens, 900; four kings, 800; four queens, 600; four jacks, 400.

FOUR OF A KIND in any suit (they do not have to include one of each suit): Four aces, 100; four kings, 80; four queens, 60; four jacks, 40. Four tens do not count.

BEZIQUE. This is by far the most important declaration. A bezique is always tbe queen of the trump suit and a specified jack of opposite color:

If spades are trumps, ♠Q and ♦J.
If diamonds are trumps, ♦Q and ♠J.
If hearts are trumps, ♥Q and ♣J.
If clubs are trumps, ♣Q and ♥J.

Bezique counts only 40; but double bezique (two each of the proper queens and jacks) counts 500; triple bezique, 1,500; quadruple bezique, 4,000.

You must know the declarations to play; until you have learned them by heart, write them on a card and keep it beside you.

At the start there is no trump suit. The first marriage (or sequence) to be declared will establish the trump.

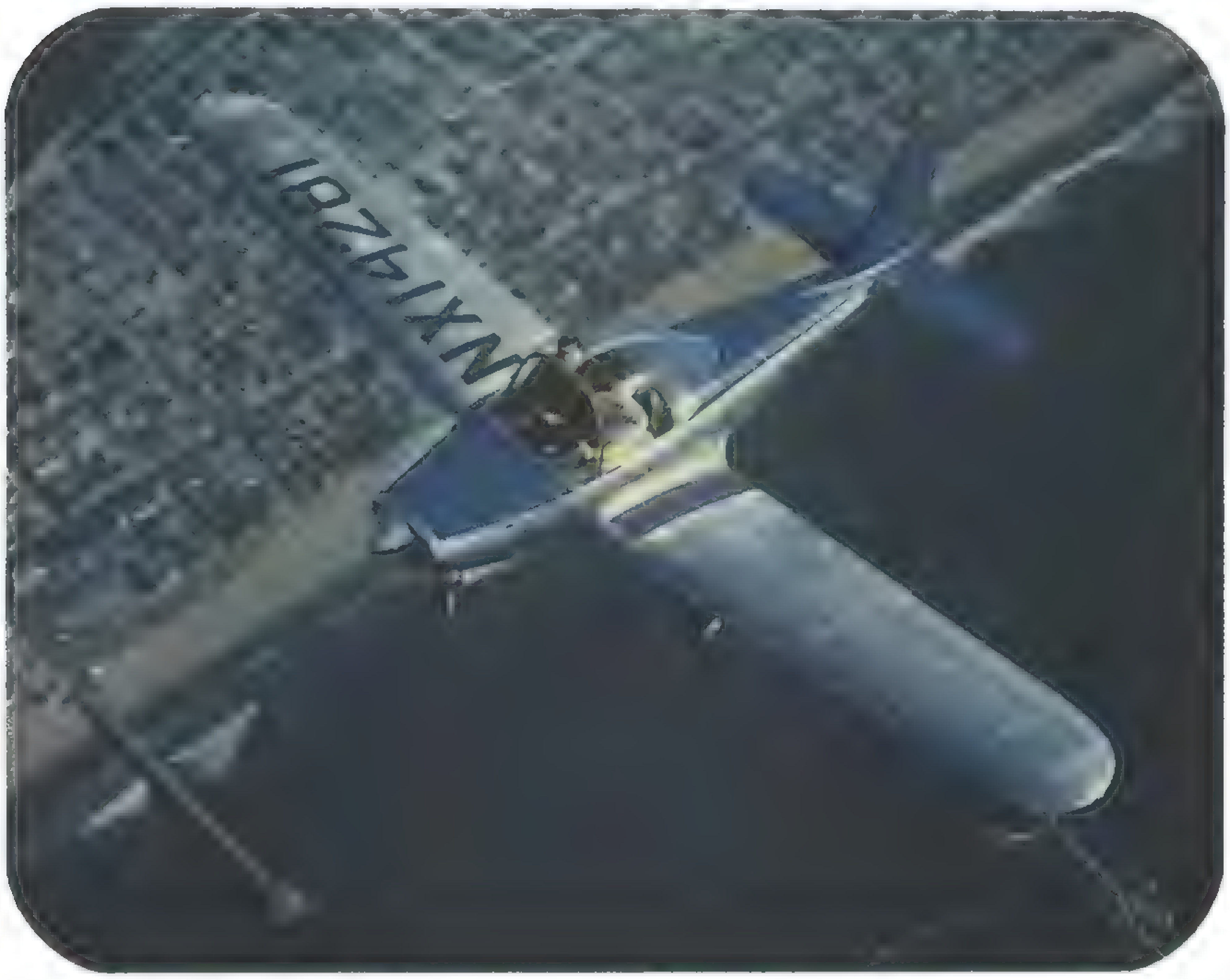
Now take another look at your hand:

♥A ♠J ♦A 10 Q Q J 7 ♣10 J 9 7

Your opponent dealt; that makes it your first lead. You may lead any card; but what? Until you know what suit will be trump, you should hold on to all cards which might figure in the higher-scoring declarations. Especially you must keep all *queens and jacks.* You have no marriage with which to make the trump, and must be prepared for any. So you lead a worthless card—the seven of diamonds.

Your opponent plays the seven of spades. *It is not necessary to follow suit.* You win the trick because he did not play a higher card of the suit you led. Once there is a trump suit, a trump will also win from any lead of another suit.

The cards of the first trick remain face up on the table; the cards in the tricks do not count for anyone, so throughout the game they remain in a loose pile in the center of the table. Although tricks count nothing per se, there is one advantage to winning them: only after you take a trick may you declare and score one of the counting combinations. Usu-



MILLER

Seeing the world and vice versa

Hard on romance, but easy on safe flying is this full-view, molded plexiglass bubble enclosure of All American Aircraft's Ensign (Model 10A). The Ensign is of all-metal construction, powered with an 85-horsepower Continental engine. The ship works up a cruising speed of 112 mph, a maximum speed 125 mph, a landing speed 50 mph, a rate of climb 700 fpm, and stretches its cruising range to 500 miles. She carries a useful load, with 50 pounds of baggage, of 550 pounds. Tricycle landing gear, hydraulic brakes, self-starter, generator, radio, muffler, cabin heater and dual controls make for added comfort. The interior is beautified with "deep blue" or "deep red" all-leather upholstery. The Ensign looks as svelte, sleek and "linesome" as the bathing beauties of her home state—California.

ally, when you have nothing to declare you do not particularly care who wins the trick.

Now, having won the trick, and having no declaration, you draw the top card off the stock to restore your hand to twelve cards. Your opponent draws the next card. You drew the ♣ jack and your hand is:

♥A ♣J ♦A 10 Q Q J ♣10 J J 9 7

Having won the previous trick, you lead again. Still protecting your possible scoring cards, you lead the ♣9. This is a better lead than the seven, because to win it your opponent must play some possible scoring card. If the nine wins, you can declare your four jacks and score 40.

The ♣9 does win, and before drawing you put the four jacks face up on the table in front of you and take four white chips from the pile. You draw—the ♥ K. Your opponent draws. Now you have:

♥J ♦J ♣J J on the table

♥A K ♦A 10 Q Q ♣10 7 in your hand

The cards declared remain on the table, but you may play them as though they were in your hand. However, you want to keep the jacks for possible future beziques. You lead the ♣7.

Your opponent wins this trick with the ♣10 and declares the K-Q of hearts, scoring 40. Now hearts are trumps and the ♥Q and ♣J become the two most important cards in the pack. Other queens and jacks become of minor importance.

Your opponent, having won the trick, draws; you draw and get the ♦K. Now you have:

♥J ♦J ♣J J on the table

♥A K ♦A 10 K Q Q ♣10 in your hand

The lead is the ♣8; you put on your ten and win the trick. The ten is no longer likely to figure in a declaration, and you want this trick because you proceed to score 150 by adding the A, 10, K, Q of diamonds to the jack on the table. This gives you a non-trump sequence, known in the slang of the game as a "back door." Of course, you could have put down the ♦ K-Q first, scoring 20, and later added the ♦ A-10 for the 150 points; and now that you have declared the entire sequence, you may no longer declare the marriage. But in a high-scoring game like Six-pack Bezique, 20 points are not worth wasting time on. You draw another ace of hearts; your opponent draws. Your hand now is:

♦A 10 K Q J ♥J ♣J J on the table

♥A A K ♦Q in your hand

You promptly lead the queen of diamonds from the table. This is an important feature of the game: Getting rid of that queen will permit you, the next time you win a trick, to put down the other queen of diamonds from your hand and score 150 all over again. You may not do this while the full scoring combination is on the table, so you break it up.

Your opponent wins your queen of diamonds and adds a jack of clubs to the queen of hearts he declared before; he scores 40 for bezique. He will not break up this combination; bezique is the one declaration that you do not break up, for to add a second bezique will score 500 more, provided the first bezique is still on the table; adding a third will score 1,500 more, provided the first two are still on the table, and so on. If a player is fortunate enough to get quadruple bezique, for a 4,000-point score, then he will break it up, for restoring it with one of the bezique cards will count an extra 4,000 each time.

You are permitted to "declare" two or more combinations at once, but only one may be scored at a time. Thus, if you have ♥K (trumps) and ♣J already on the table, after winning a trick you may put down the ♥Q and announce, "Forty for bezique and forty to score," the extra 40 being for the marriage in trumps. The next time you win a trick, you score the other 40. You may have any number of pending declarations at the same time, and after winning a trick you may choose which one to score.

Now your game is well under way, and in this manner play proceeds. When only ten or twelve cards remain in the stock, there is a mad scramble to win tricks and declare all available combinations, and to keep the opponent from making any declarations, for after the last two cards of the stock have been drawn there is no more declaring.

However, you try not to weaken your hand too much in this closing period, for there is a play-off which is important. Having drawn the last cards of the stock, you and your opponent pick up any cards you have exposed on the table, so that you each have twelve cards. The player who won the previous trick leads. The only object is to win the last trick, which counts 250 points.

In this play-off, the rules change radically. You must follow suit to the lead if you can. *You must win the trick if you can*, by trumping if you cannot follow suit.

Having finished this play, you compare the total scores. The player with the higher score is the winner and adds 1,000 to his score, after which he gets the difference between his score and his opponent's.

Thus, if you have scored 4,320 points and your opponent has 3,690, you win 4,300—1,000, less 3,600, a difference of 1,700 points in your favor. (Anything less than 100 is disregarded, unless the winning of a close game depends on it.)

There is also the feature of the *rubicon*. If the loser has scored less than 3,000 points, the winner gets *all* the points that were scored: his own, plus the loser's, plus the 1,000 for game. The rubicon has a profound effect on the strategy of play. In the late stages of the game, when a player sees that he is virtually sure to be rubiconed, he refrains from scoring his declarations so as not to add to the winner's score.

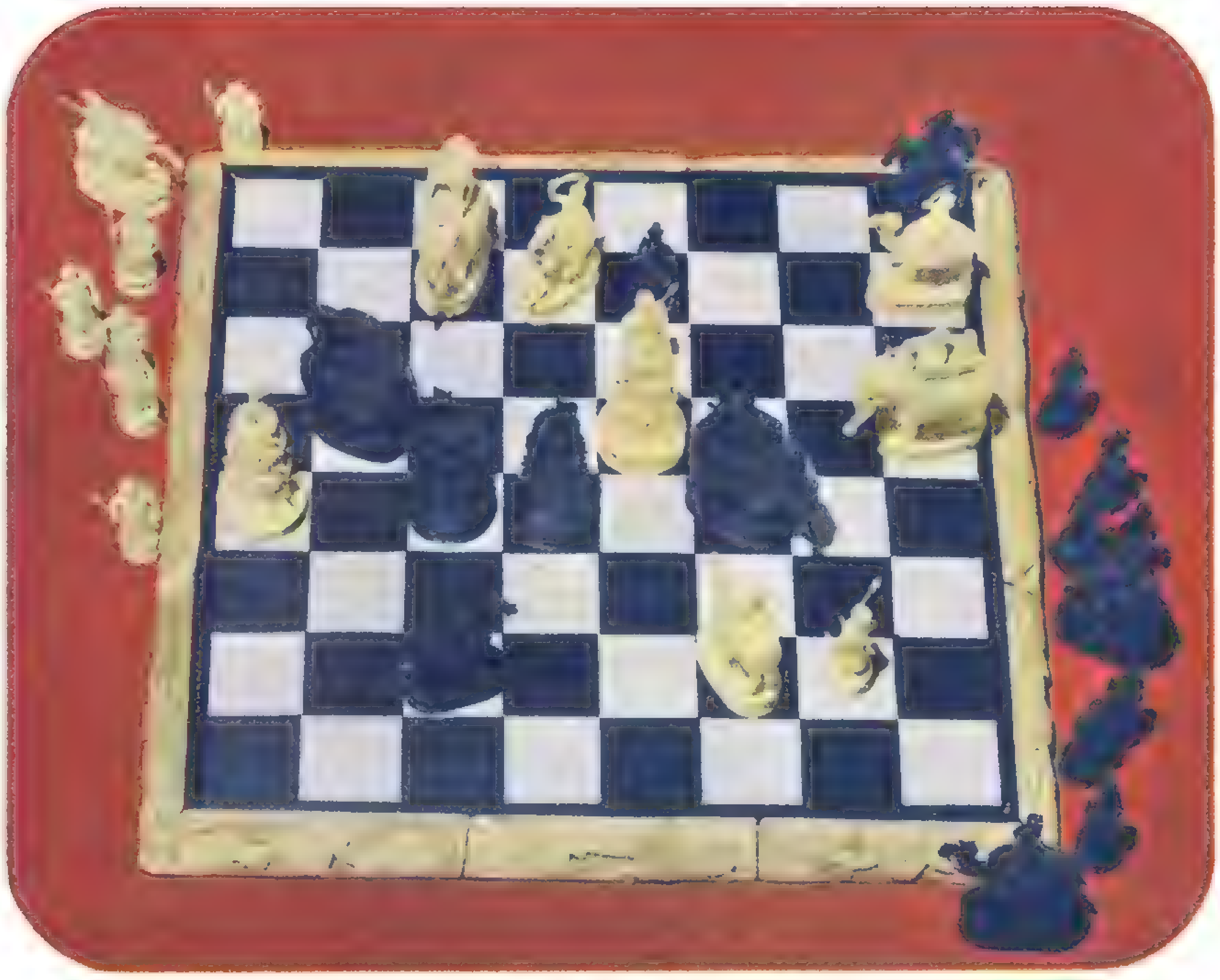
The winner gets the rubicon privileges even if his own score is less than 3,000; if he wins 2,960 to 2,930, his total winnings will be 2,900+2,900+1,000, a total of 6,800.

Each deal represents a game, but there is one holdover rule from one deal to the next: the same suit cannot be trumps in two successive games. So, when you finish this game and start another, hearts cannot be trumps. If the first declaration happens to be the K-Q of hearts, it will count only 20 as a non-trump marriage, and the trump suit will still be unsettled.

Thus goes the play of Six-pack Bezique; and if you have trouble scaring up the six packs to start a session, you may console yourself with this thought: the sportier element often plays *Eight*-pack Bezique, just to make the scores still higher.

One other tip: don't play Six-pack Bezique in too solemn and serious an atmosphere; it simply isn't in the spirit of the game. The cognoscenti talk and complain and kid each other as they go their merry way.

In fact, playing against Winston Churchill you would be subjected to continuous chatter, and if you were lucky enough to rubicon him, Winnie would probably give you a piercing look and growl, "I hate you like a brother!" #



GLANTZ

Chess Problem: The Single Rook Battery

Both the set and the black and white board in this photograph are collectors' items, pride of the Marshall Chess Club in New York, where members play a fast game called "rapid transit chess." The Indian set was carved in Nepal, of African elephant ivory, and the pieces may be identified as follows: Elephant without canopy—King; Elephant with canopy—Queen; Towers—Rooks; Camel—Bishop; Horse—Knight; Footman—Pawn. The Russian-style board, carved in walrus ivory, was purchased from its owner in Czechoslovakia before the war. As for the problem's solution, here is the key: White Bishop to Knight 1 (threat 1. Bishop to Rook 2). Alternatives: If (1) King to Knight 6; (2) Rook to Knight 5—checkmate. If (1) Rook to King 5; (2) Rook to King's Bishop 5—check. If (1) Rook to Bishop 6; (2) Rook to Queen's Bishop 5—checkmate. If (1) Queen to Knight 6; (2) Rook to King 4—checkmate. If (1) Queen takes Rook check; (2) Queen takes Queen—checkmate.

Backward glance at that day when the Stock Market ticker tolled the death knell over the most fabulous of all American dreams

The Great Crash

by J. B. ROSENTHAL

On October 24, 1929, the forecasts in New York papers promised fair weather tomorrow. On another page the papers were advertising $45,000 apartments. In Palm Beach kitchen faucets were being made of gold. In Tuscaloosa and Tampa, in Puget Sound and Pittsburgh, men and women were singing *Dream Train*, drinking illegal booze, and buying on margin. Al Capone was the national hero; J. P. Morgan, the national toast. Big men and big business were the symbols and the ideals of the nation's dream.

America was promises, and promises—any American could tell you—had a habit of coming true. Everything was big and new and shiny. The man on the street believed he would someday live in the house on the hill. Liquor and song and money came easy. The boy on the Exchange trading desk was getting $25 for unraveling telephone cords; the girl behind the lingerie counter was sporting furs.

Then it came—and with it the realization that a prosperity bought on margin by installment was as phony as the rye distilled by a neighborhood bootlegger. Suddenly—and with no warning—the ticker tape stretching from New York to Frisco announced to millions of Americans that the dream of the house in the suburbs and the Ford in the garage was no more. The wizards of Wall Street and the magicians of the market suddenly discovered that the proverbial rabbit was not in the tall silk hat. For the American economy, the prediction of "fair, tomorrow" was a bitter irony destined to grow in momentum and blackness for the next four years. The barometric reading registered for Wall Street was to spell disaster for the web of finance stretching from La Salle Street in Chicago to Spring Street in Los Angeles. Every brokerage house, every bank, almost every home in America was to be caught in that storm.

Why did it happen? No one is sure, but a general fear had taken hold of the country. The market had been in a slump since early fall. Many foreign holders had withdrawn great blocks of stock and had returned home with their funds. Then too a number of powerful Bears had decided that this was the strategic time to start selling. By Monday the twenty-first, the market was unsteady. Tuesday there was a slight recovery due to an optimistic statement from Charles E. Mitchell of the National City Bank. But those few hours of normalcy were not to last. Many stocks were slipping and things looked generally bad. By Wednesday the situation was serious. The New York member banks of the Federal Reserve Bank lent brokers some six billion dollars (about one-third more than had been in circulation in the whole country during the previous year). But despite this the opening was poor Wednesday morning, as people by the thousands decided it was time to pull out of the market. In a gathering panic, stockholders all decided to sell at the same time. The market valuation of listed stocks tumbled drastically. To add to the already dangerous situation, the wires to most of the western cities were in difficulty because of snow and sleet storms. The reports that came through were thus imperfect. Uncertain and scared, big and little investors alike began to pull out and run.

Thursday, Black Thursday morning, the Exchange day opened calmly. The prices on many listed stocks were up, and trading was going along normally. Then suddenly, shortly after ten o'clock, the unbelievable happened. Thousands of stocks were offered on the market, and there were no bids. From New York to Seattle there had been a sudden spurt of liquidation. Everyone wanted to sell, no one to buy.

At noon the representatives of five of the largest New York banks filed into J. P. Morgan & Company on the corner of Broad and Wall Street. Charles E. Mitchell of the National City Bank, Albert H. Wiggin of the Chase National, Thomas Lamont from Morgan's, William Potter from the Guaranty Trust and Seward Prosser of the Bankers Trust. The big moguls of banking—the economic first team—were meeting to avert the debacle. As they went into conference the Dow-Jones ticker was announcing the threatening doom to brokerage houses.

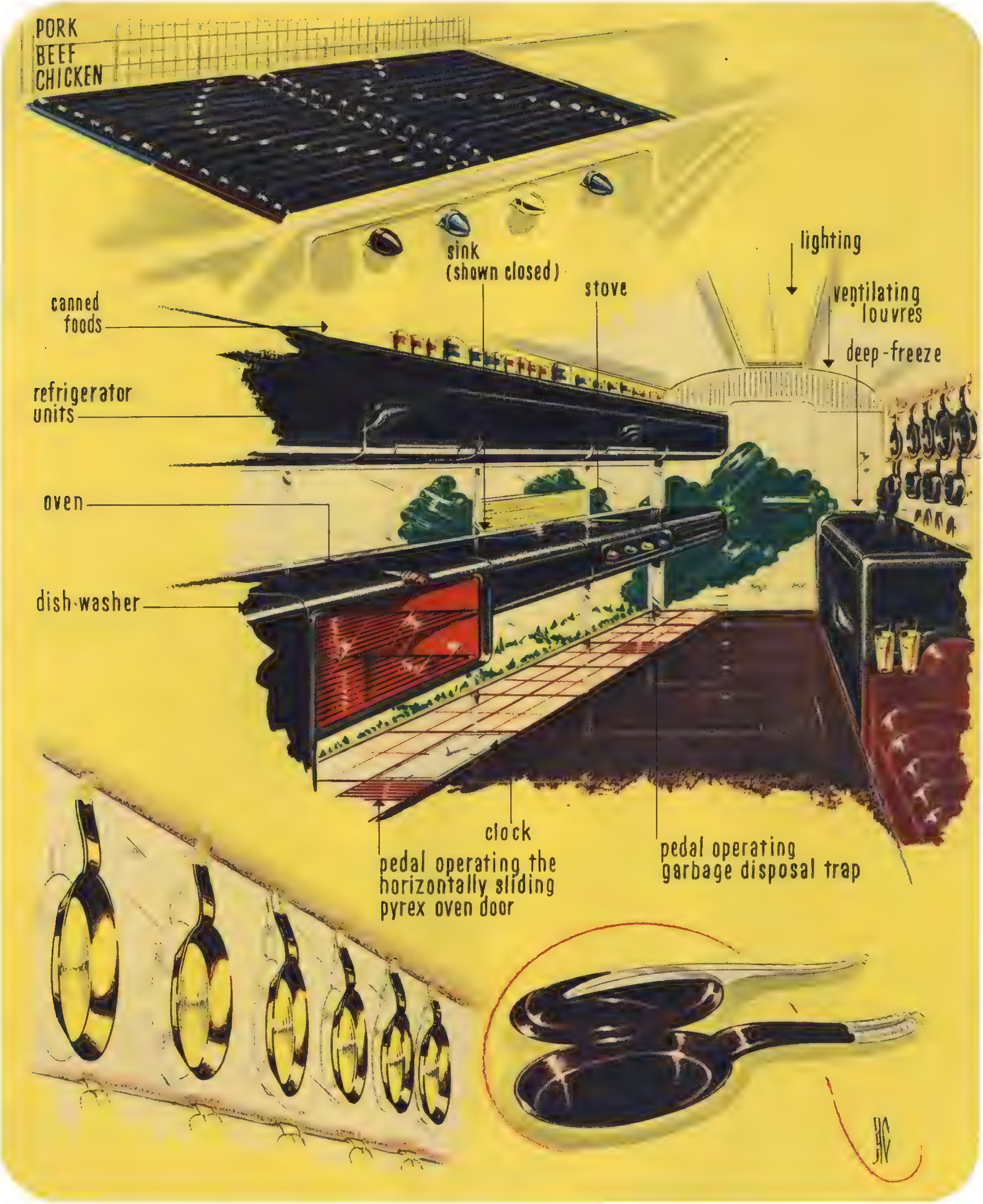
Throughout the country, the rest of the first string was thrown into the breech. Richard Whitney, a key man on the Exchange, walked across the floor to the post where United States Steel was traded and put in a bid for 25,000 shares at 205. A moment before the selling price had stood at 193½. For a while the situation looked better. Many of the other floor traders, acting on the authority of their various banks, followed Whitney's lead.

In Washington Secretary of the Treasury Mellon called a hurried meeting of the Federal Reserve. The country stood anxiously by while the dignitaries planned for two hours. No one was to know what actually happened in that session, but there was assurance in the fact that the government was stepping in. There was more encouragement in the words of Senator Carter Glass of Virginia and Mitchell of the National City Bank, both of whom seemed convinced that the market was still stable. Herbert Hoover admonished Americans: "The worst is over . . . The fundamental business of the country, that is, production and distribution of commodities, is on a sound and prosperous basis."

Yet, in the very midst of the new assurances, there were the heckling, I-told-you-so voices. Senator King of Utah pointed a condemning finger and said, "Gambling in stock has become a national disease. This malady reaches all classes of people from preachers to stable boys." Hearing the Senator, the righteous and the thrifty could sit back and contemplate their bank balances. But the first team was still throwing in reserves. Mr. John D. Rockefeller announced dramatically, "My son and I are buying stocks." Chicago's Julius Rosenwald said that he would back the margin accounts of his 40,000 Sears Roebuck employees. Henry Ford, knowing good business as well as the perils of inflation, stated at his assembly line that the price of his automo-

(Continued on page 217)

"Congratulations, Miss Tillis! We have just voted you as the girl we would most like to be shipwrecked with on a desert island"

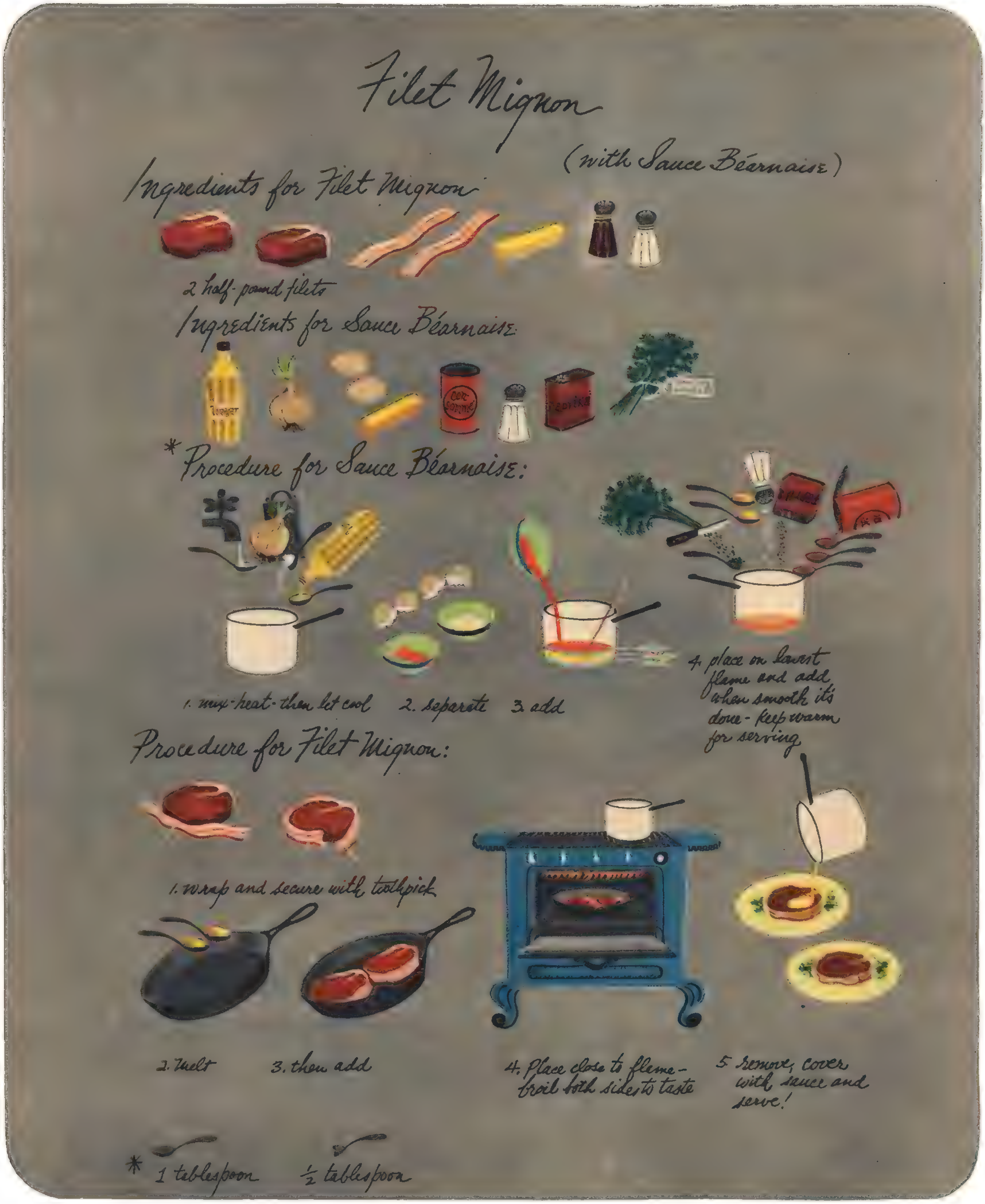

PORK
BEEF
CHICKEN
sink (shown closed)
stove
lighting
ventilating louvres
deep-freeze
canned foods
refrigerator units
oven
dish-washer
clock
pedal operating the horizontally sliding pyrex oven door
pedal operating garbage disposal trap

MECHANICAL PROPHECIES, No. 5

Bachelor's Kitchen

By Alexis de Sakhnoffsky

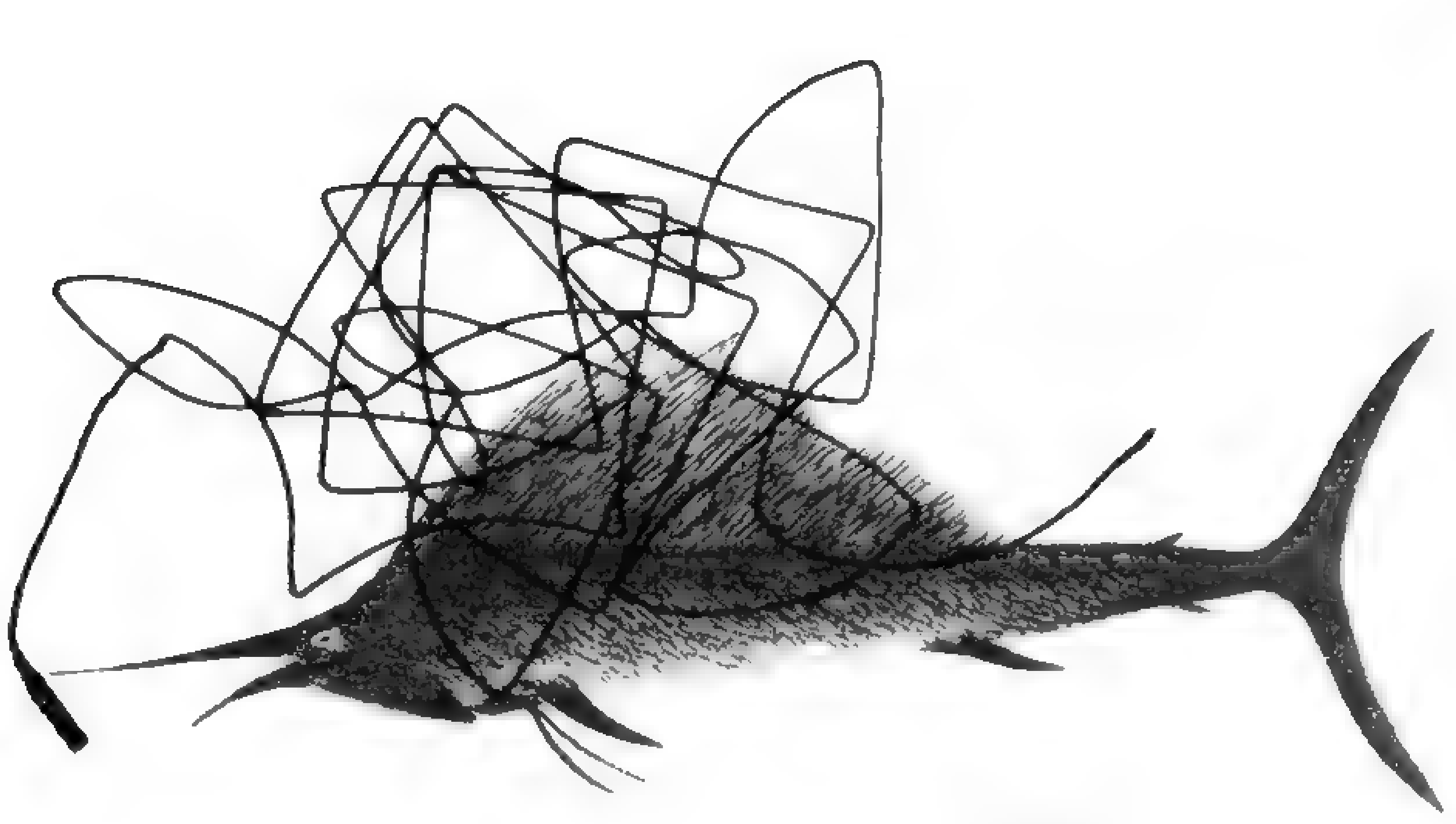
Count Sakhnoffsky dedicates this bachelor's delight of a kitchen to an idea and an ideal. A protest against and departure from the unexciting whiteness of *küchen* portrayed in ladies' slicks, it is a man's kitchen, appetizing, practical, a joy to the touch, smell, sight, and hence to the taste. Witness: The garden and the whole green outdoors invade this kitchen. The working cookery parts are reduced to fundamental dimensions to make room for large windows above and below to add light, air, vista. Color—natural and ersatz—is the thing: a soft, warm tan dominating, gingham-hued tiles adding brightness. Culinary innovations include an oven door that is pedal-operated, deep freezers, colored gas taps, and seats for kibitzers.


Filet Mignon
(with Sauce Béarnaise)
Ingredients for Filet Mignon
2 half-pound filets
Ingredients for Sauce Béarnaise
Vinegar
Paprika
* Procedure for Sauce Béarnaise:
1. mix-heat-then let cool
2. separate
3. add
4. place on lowest flame and add when smooth it's done - keep warm for serving
Procedure for Filet Mignon:
1. wrap and secure with toothpick
2. melt
3. then add
4. Place close to flame - broil both sides to taste
5. remove, cover with sauce and serve!
* 1 tablespoon
½ tablespoon

Esquire's
LOOK AND COOK
Recipe No. 1

Sketches by Mina Gow

S-O-S — Salt or Sugar? S-O-S — Shake or Stir? S O S with Esquire to the rescue of all male cooks sinking under the weight of a three-pound cookbook with 500 words of instructions in one hand, a mixing bowl in the other, and no hands left to rescue the charred morsel in the oven. Here's a recipe for Filet Mignon topped with Sauce Béarnaise that requires no such juggling of books, pots, pans, words, and eight hands to do it. All you have to do is make like the pictures say. Esquire serves you this recipe on a fancy platter, but with no confusing chatter. Try it and surprise everyone, including yourself. Pin the recipe on your kitchenette wall, bachelors, and have both hands free for the business at hand.



King among light-tackle men, Gene Beilharz catches 100-pounders with a flyweight line

Sailfish on Sewing Thread

by LEWIS OSSI

Out at Acapulco in southwestern Mexico, the sailfish fishermen reserve their most ecstatic adjectives for the exploits of a phenomenal angler named Gene Beilharz.

Beilharz brings in record sailfish in waters world famous for record sailfish, but the Beilharz legend doesn't rest on the size of his catches alone. What sets the deep-sea anglers to mumbling in their after-hour highballs is the fact that Gene Beilharz nails 100-pound sailfish with 3-thread line and tackle whose total weight, including silk wrapping, aluminum ferrule, seven guides and two coats of varnish is a fantastic one and one-quarter ounces! He out-Zanes Grey with tackle that costs twenty dollars, whereas the famed writer-angler's tackle, using heavyweight thread, cost thousands.

I met Gene where you eventually meet all the fishermen who come to Acapulco and its famous sailfish grounds—at the veranda of the Hotel La Marina. In fact, I first met his tackle.

Fishing tackle usually stands in a corner at the La Marina. But Gene's tackle was so frail, it didn't have the strength to stand. It lay on a table, the thin rod tip drooping over the edge like one of Dali's watches. It boasted a small, five-dollar star-drag reel which was filled with 3-thread line. The contrast between it and my own tackle, consisting of a 16-ounce double-built vom Hofe tip rod and a 9/0 Kavalovsky reel filled with 24-thread line, was so great it seemed impossible that both outfits were designed for sailfish.

I had heard of Gene's exploits with light tackle. I had also noticed that whenever Gene's name was mentioned among a group of sport fishermen, regardless of whether they were members of the fashionable Catalina Tuna Club or the bunch of old-timers fishing from the Malibu pier who call themselves "tackle busters," it caused a controversy.

During the last few years the light- and heavy-tackle fishermen have been at each other's throat. The heavy-tackle men cry "stunt fishing," whenever somebody catches big-game fish on anything less than a 15-thread line. And the light-tackle men claim that heavy-tackle fishing compares to light-tackle fishing as croquet compares to golf. I met Gene as a charter member of the heavy-tackle school. It took only one outing with him to make me a Beilharz convert.

What follows will be a blow-by-blow account of the performance that converted me—Gene catching a record sailfish on the lightest tackle ever used.

When our boat, *Petatán*, reached the clear, deep-blue water about eight miles off Acapulco, and while the crew attached Zane Grey teasers to the outriggers, Gene carefully slipped his bait overboard and trolled it about fifteen feet in back of the teasers, on the outer rim of the turbulent wake kicked up by the *Petatán's* screw.

We were trolling for about ten minutes when the bait attracted attention, but not the kind we had hoped for. A pelican spotted it. He circled slowly above it, eyed it curiously, then folded his wings and dove. Just before he hit the water Gene skipped the bait a few feet. The bird hit the water with a splash and when he reappeared, he looked plainly worried about the accuracy of his dive bombing. And so he took off again, circled and repeated his performance, only to miss again.

With everybody watching the pelican, nobody paid any attention to the teasers and only when the starboard teaser shot several feet into the air were we aware that a sailfish was trying to beat it into kindling.

Hurriedly the teasers were pulled in. As expected, the sailfish dropped back and immediately circled for the bait. He followed it closely for a few yards. Suddenly he increased his speed. His sword came flashing out of the water as he prepared to pounce upon it. But when he was only inches away, down hurtled the hungry pelican in another try, practically taking the mullet out of the sailfish's mouth, hooking himself securely in the soft folds of his pouch and thereby attaining the dubious honor of being the first bird to be caught on 3-thread line.

The sailfish veered off; his sail raised angrily. But he proved to be as determined as the pelican. He hung around until Gene hooked up another leader and as soon as the bait went overboard he struck.

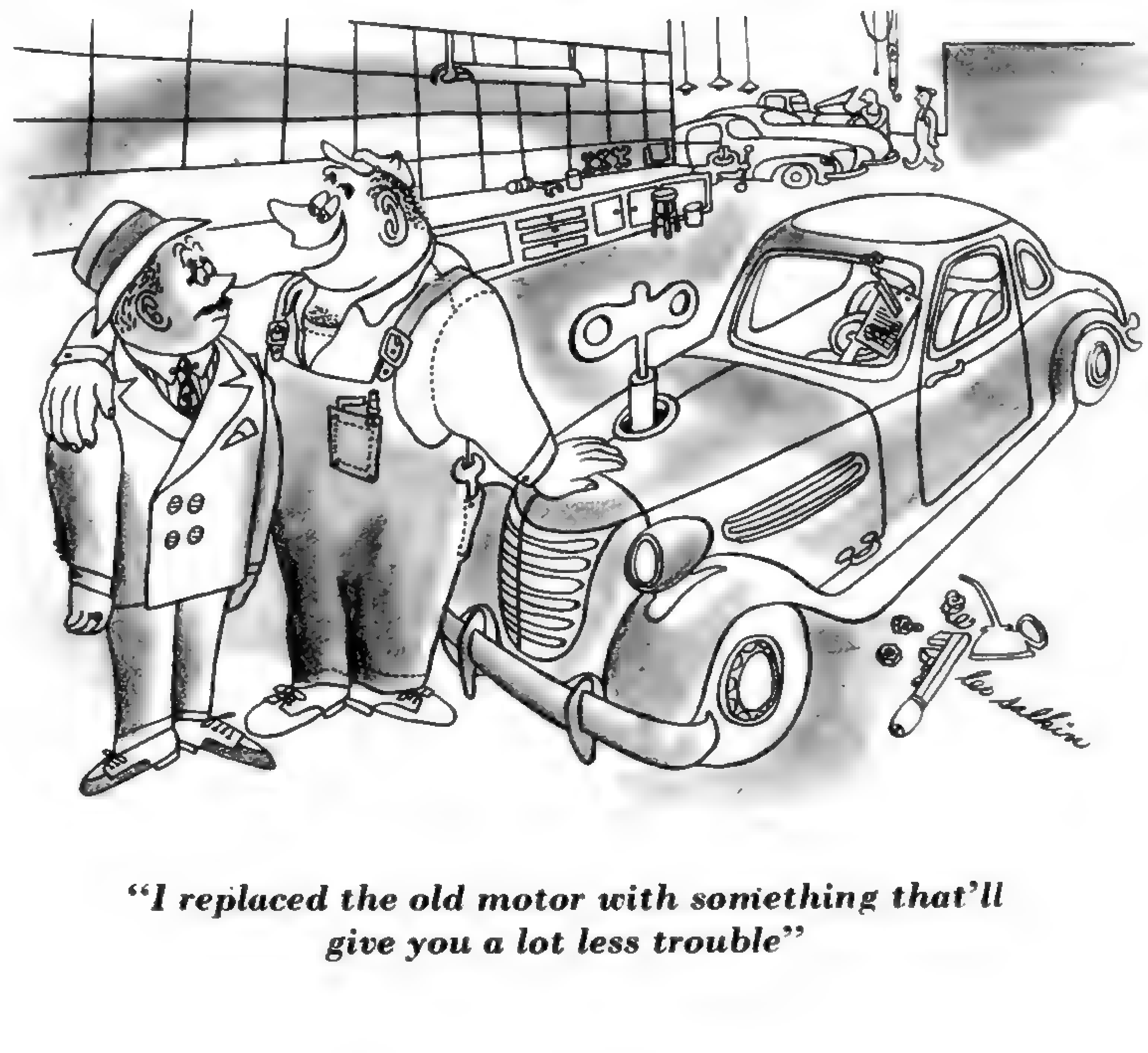
"Strike!" yelled Gene. Alfonso Sutter, our captain, slowed down the engine at once. He not only slowed it down, he also stalled it. However, at the time nobody noticed it. All eyes were on the fish. His sword struck the bait sharply and at that instant Gene took his thumb off the free spool and let the bait sink. The sail followed it down. For a long second nothing happened. The line left the spool slowly. Almost imperceptibly the spool began to spin faster. The fish had taken the bait! He turned and then started on a torpedo-like run.

Gene thumbed the side of the free-running spool lightly and as the line grew taut, it ripped off the reel with a swishing sound.

With a line as thin as 3-thread, the hook cannot be set in the usual fashion. Setting the drag tight and rearing back on the rod would snap the line immediately. In fishing with 3-thread, the fish must jump at least once, and while he is in the air, the weight of the leader alone must set the hook.

We didn't have to wait long to see this happen. About 150 yards off the starboard the water suddenly exploded into white foam and out of it, clad in a sheet of spray, burst the sailfish. His glistening, gun-blue body cleared the water entirely. He seemed to stand on his wide-angled tail and frantically tried to shake the hook by jerking his head from side to side. For seconds, with the sun gleaming from the stainless steel leader hanging from his mouth, the fish seemed to hang in mid-air. Then, with a convulsive move, he crashed back into the water. He sounded and more line swished off the reel. He came up as if a depth charge had exploded under him, rose in a corkscrew-like motion, shook his head and jackknifed back into the water.

In the next nine seconds he made nine consecutive leaps, tail-walking in a half-circle around the boat. Then (*Continued on page 239*)



"I replaced the old motor with something that'll give you a lot less trouble"

There was a peculiar fellowship among those wildly disreputable tenants who plied Broadway from the dingy Flugelton

INSURANCE REPORT
GUARANTEE
POLICY
SIMPSON

The Old Homestead

by ROBERT SYLVESTER

THE other day some business took me to a hotel on Broadway in the Seventies which had been taken over by the Waves and, leaving its shipshape and grimly efficient atmosphere with some time to kill, I walked downtown two or three blocks and turned west to have a look at another hotel I remembered. I wanted to see if anything, even a national emergency, could work such a change in this latter hotel as had occurred to the one I had just left.

The hotel I wanted to look at I will call the Flugelton. In the late 1920's there must have been a hundred such apartment hotels in the West Seventies. The district then, as now, had its full share of handsome, imposing apartment buildings and clean, expensive modern hotels wherein were domiciled people of legitimate means and reasonably sane behavior. But the neighborhood also had more than its share of places like the Flugelton.

These homesteads were all much alike. They had been hastily built of cheap brick and powdery plaster, decorated in eye-splitting tints, and committed to a policy of exorbitant rates and a complete lack of curiosity as to tenants. They housed a weird collection of petty thieves, card sharps, hustlers of both sexes, race track touts and illegitimate promoters who probably could have been the product of no other era except the wild and woolly boom-time twenties. They also housed thousands of wide-eyed youths who had recently cut loose from home ties and small town morality.

It had been twenty years since I had been in the Flugelton and, walking along the street toward it, I looked closely at the street floor windows of the brownstone and greystone houses which are the architectural base of the neighborhood. I was looking for cheaply printed cards which used to say, merely, "Mlle. Felice" or "Señorita Carita" or "Pearl and Nannette." They were gone. I suppose they had been chased away long since. I was disappointed. Twenty years ago these migrant teachers of terpsichore and their now-here, now-there intimate studios were as familiar a part of the neighborhood as the brownstones themselves.

The Flugelton was standing right where I had left it in 1927. I guess I was a little surprised to find that it hadn't fallen down. It still presents a dingy twelve-story façade of glazed yellow brick and it looked the other day even narrower than it did in the old days. I paced it off roughly and decided that this twelve-story edifice is less than thirty feet wide. The architect who found a way to get four two-room apartments on each floor deserves recognition.

When I lived in one of these tiny apartments, its rooms scarcely bigger than roomy closets, I had three roommates, all from my home town. We formed the permanent but by no means total population. There were always from one to four guests who were known to all, and welcome. And often there was some strange floater left over from last night's party.

The fact that one was a tenant at the Flugelton was an introduction to every other tenant. All doors were almost always open and the Flugelton party, a permanent affair which moved from one apartment to another and not a series of separate parties, welcomed any and all strangers. If you felt lonely you just listened for the most noise and climbed the stairs until you found it. After a reasonable period as a guest you were expected to send out for a bottle of gin.

There were empty gin bottles in the corners and in the halls. There were casual liaisons and desperate romances going on everywhere and there were intermittent fights. Often you went to bed in a room of screaming celebrators, somehow went to sleep, and somehow got up in time for work. A constant din was over everything. Once a week the management collected $11 from everybody in the building.

That was the one thing they insisted upon and they, the management's representatives, were apt to be belligerent about it. It doesn't take much arithmetic to figure that our tiny apartment, with its four tenants, brought $176 per month. A hotel management can stand for a lot of nonsense at those rates.

Our neighbors to the left were four sharp youths of mysterious origin and motivation. The only one I ever got to know real well was Joey. Physiognomists (and the cops, too) tell us that there is no such thing as an honest face but, nevertheless, Joey had one. He also had a pleasant, effervescent personality. And he spoke no less than nine languages and spoke them well.

With all these qualifications, Joey could certainly have found himself a fine job with a better future. But no, he was a real Flugelton tenant and as such had nothing but contempt for anything legitimate. Instead, he rushed around all day long selling phony insurance policies to ignorant foreign laborers who, in the boom twenties, were beginning to buy automobiles and jewelry and homes of their own.

Looking back, it seems hardly possible that con men were taking advantage of immigrants a brief twenty years ago—or even that there were ignorant immigrants so recently. But there were. Joey did very well. I wonder if the rise of unions and their protective services forced him to go to work.

On the floor above Joey were four more wiseguys of similar stripe. They were busily engaged in what is still, I suppose, technically referred to as "pushing the queer." This is the professional term for passing counterfeit money. These boys didn't make the bad money. They bought it in packages at a price which was usually around fifty cents on the dollar. Then they ran around all day, changing a bill here and another one there.

Their work was complicated by the fact that they could carry only one bad bill at a time. If arrested with only one bad bill in their pockets or fists they could reasonably plead that they themselves had been unknowingly victimized. So they would change a bill here, run back to the cache in the Flugelton, run out and change another bill, and run back to the Flugelton for more supplies.

Considering the legwork involved, and consider-

"At least he didn't forget his tools"

ing that their profit on each bill couldn't have been much more than forty per cent, it often seemed to me that they would have had an easier time of it if they had taken jobs as day laborers. But not they. They were wiseguys and wiseguys didn't work.

Since the things they bought with the bad money were mostly small haberdashery and drugstore purchases, their apartment was overstocked with collar buttons, aspirin tablets, gum and candy.

The Ryan brothers, who lived next to us for a while, were partners in an old-fashioned switch game which, it grieves me to say, is apparently still doing business at the old stand. At least, two swifties played the opening act of it for me on Madison Avenue not a year ago. The Ryans had an ordinary light delivery truck. There was no firm name painted on its side panels but it looked legitimate and so did the Ryans as, in their uniform tunics and chauffeurs' caps, they set out each day. They would cruise about until they spotted a likely prospect, edge into the curb near same, and beckon mysteriously. When the customer approached, one of the Ryans would furtively display an expensive and handsome silver fox fur. The other Ryan would then go into his spiel.

The fur, he would whisper hoarsely, had just been delivered to an exclusive store where the receiving clerk had signed for it but forgot to take it and the boys didn't want to take it back to their boss who was a heel and the customer looks like a good guy who wouldn't call the cops and anyway nobody could trace the fur and how about buying a fur worth $500 for a quick $50, friend?

FOR SALE
OWEN REALTY CO
DEDINI

"It's near the schools, churches, stores . . . and just around the corner from Maxie's Bar and Grill"

While the talkative Ryan was going through this spiel, his pearl of a brother would be blowing on the fur, admiring it and, finally, replacing it in a cardboard box and stowing it carefully under the driver's seat. If the customer went for the offer, even after financial haggling, the box was delivered—or, rather, a box was delivered—and the customer was violently warned not to open the box until he was safely out of sight. Then the Ryans were off with a grinding of gears. Whenever the customer opened his box he found a fur, all right, but not exactly the one he expected.

I realize it sounds silly but it worked often enough to keep the Ryans in gin, dance-hall girls and marijuana cigarettes. And, as I say, two swifties started it for my benefit not a year ago. I gave them a hopeful double take, but they weren't the Ryans.

But of all the Flugelton tenants of my day, the most resourceful were the Mlle. Felices, Señorita Caritas, Pearls and Nannettes heretofore mentioned. These gals, either singly or in pairs, would hire the ground floor parlor of one of the neighborhood brownstones on a weekly rental. They would strip it of all furniture except a single straight-backed chair and a rickety victrola with a dozen scratchy records. They would then take a small advertisement in the late lamented *Evening Graphic* announcing that Pearl or Nannette, or both, were open for business. Individual Dancing Instruction. Intimate Atmosphere. In a day or two, long, shiny automobiles would drive up and disgorge old boys who looked startlingly like elder relatives of Daddy Browning. Pearl and Nannette would dance them around, holding them tightly and whispering helpful instruction. If they whispered anything else they whispered softly, because even in those days there were heavy-handed policewomen who dropped in without formal announcement.

After two or three weeks the elderly foxtrotters would tire of Pearl and Nannette. Business would disappear. Pearl and Nannette would then have their hair dyed a different hue, arrange it differently, and buy another cheap but glittering evening gown.

Then they would hire another floor parlor, print a new sign, and take another ad announcing that Mlle. Felice and Señorita Carita were to be had, terpsichoreally, by appointment. The same old boys would arrive and the routine would be gone through all over again.

After a while the landlords of the neighborhood began to eschew the dancing girls. It wasn't that they moved so often; the landlords were embittered by the fact that when the dancing girls moved they managed to take everything with them except the fireplace.

The Flugelton had other girl tenants who were doing the best they could, but the only interesting ones were those we used to refer to as the Double Dressers. These dolls never went out of an evening without wearing, say, a dark blue dress over a light green one. And they always carried an enormous pocketbook.

They would sit around the speakeasies of Broadway or Greenwich Village and work their charms until some drunk became definitely interested. They would then promise their all for a certain sum paid in advance, and wanted just one more drink before she and her new love departed. And after that she would find it necessary to go to the ladies' room for just a teeny minute.

Even if suspicious, the enamored drunk would raise no objection, since he figured that all he had to do was watch both the ladies' room and exit doors. But time would drag and, usually, he would have himself another drink. Meanwhile the Double Dresser would have slipped off her dark blue dress and stuffed it into her pocketbook. Then, looking quite different, she would stroll out of the joint, keeping as far as possible from her erstwhile boy friend at the bar.

Drunk or sober, a man watching for an unfamiliar girl in a blue dress is apt to pay no attention to girls in red or green. The doorman, when later queried, would honestly report that no girl in a blue dress had left. It was irritating for the drunk but it paid a pretty good living for the Double Dressers. Every now and then, however, one of them would be confined to quarters while a large and painful black eye or split lip underwent healing potions.

Whenever Joey or the pushers or the Double Dressers or the dancing teachers weren't actually "working" they were giving a party. At first these parties were kept at proper pitch by $2 gin purchased from a local distiller. Later, a drugstore put the distiller out of business by selling five ounces of potable alcohol for 75c. All that was necessary was to dump this alcohol into an empty bottle and hold same under the cold-water faucet. Due to the quality of the nectar, and also to the constantly shifting romantic liaisons, the party almost always ended on a high note of violence. The newspapers of the day detail many shooting and cutting scrapes during similar parties at similar homesteads, but we never actually had one at the Flugelton.

One reason for this, perhaps, was the fact that almost all tenants were on reasonably good terms with an amazing policeman named Big George Wandling. The West Seventies was Big George's beat and in the course of his professional duties he had twice been cited for outstanding bravery. Nobody wanted to argue with Wandling and the sudden, urgent cry of "Call Big George!" was enough to take the starch out of the most heated belligerents.

Some years ago I was interested to learn that Big George had married an heiress, retired from the Force, and had gone off somewhere to run a resort hotel. I wish I knew where it was, since it's a safe bet that Big George's resort would be a good place for a real rest.

I stood looking at the Flugelton for a few minutes the other day before I went in. The name had been changed and there was a new canopy. The lobby was painted an electric blue and I thought I could smell opium cooking, but it was doubtless only some part of my subconscious still looking for romance.

A short, tired man in his shirt sleeves was behind the tiny desk. I asked him if I could see an apartment and he said there were no vacancies. He didn't know when there would be. If there ever were any, he said in answer to my query, the rent was 100 dollars per month. Monthly basis. No lease. I told him I had lived there before and asked him what sort of tenants he had.

"The best," he said simply. "War workers and military men." He gave my uniform an expert appraisal. "Hardly an enlisted man in the place," he said, effectively cooling me off. It was obvious that the Flugelton was still very much in action.

I guess I would have felt pleased about it except that it hurt a little to think that twenty years could take so little out of the old homestead and so much out of me. ⌗

Let's Rodeo, Cowboy

There's a lot more to bronc busting than high-powered action and spills when you learn the colorful "inside" of the sport

by GLENN E. BUNNELL

"Twenty packs of Bull Durham and my Justin boots say you don't ride him to a standstill!" shouted one of the wranglers perched on the corral's fence logs as another slid to the ground.

"Yeah," the slim-hipped youth with a nervous grin said, "and a fifth of whiskey says you just made a bad bet."

His spurs clinked and the square toes of his boots kicked up dust as he walked over to where three other cow hands were sweating over a big bronc in the center of the corral. Blindfolded, the fighting horse was snubbed up tight against a cow pony. A puncher chewed on the bronc's ear to keep its mind off the saddle which was being worried into place.

When the saddle was on and straight, one of the men gingerly fished with a cold branding iron for the cinch under the horse's belly and in a moment the saddle was snugged to the trembling outlaw's withers.

"She's all yours, cowboy," one of the men said.

The lanky wrangler grabbed a fist of mane with his left hand, the saddle horn with his right, poked his toe into the stirrup, and after balancing cautiously a moment, swung slowly over the cantle and settled into the deep seat. He braced his feet forward, leaning back slightly, and grabbed the hair-rope rein. He forced the big hat down further on his head.

"All right," he said quietly between clenched teeth. "Let's Rodeo!"

The man on the cow pony released the snub, tore off the blindfold in one motion, and beat it for the fence. The bronc quivered, tense and alone in the center of the ring, its rider motionless. Then the cowpuncher yelled and banged his hat down across the animal's flattened ears. The bronc seemed to explode. Shooting straight up into the air, he came down with his front legs stiff in a crushing pile drive. He sunfished, screwed around in a dizzy circle, and then made a quick series of bone-jarring crow hops.

There were cries of "Scratch 'im bloody!" and "Fan 'im and stick 'im!" as the enraged horse attempted to spin, twist and shimmy off the creature that forked his back so tightly and raked his sides. Frustrated, the bronc suddenly straightened out from a rearing twist and shot for the fence in a jolting lunge. Inches short of the logs he skidded up short, spread his front legs and dropped his head. The puncher spilled forward, sailed past the animal's ears, and was draped over the top rail of the fence like a pair of wet pajamas.

That was rodeo twenty-five years ago.

Today, the broncs still know how to sunfish and pile drive in the same spine-chipping way. Internal injuries and fractures haven't changed. But rodeo has grown up and graduated in the years it took to get out of a little western corral where it was a cowboy's idea of a Sunday big time. Now in New York it's Madison Square Garden's idea of big business.

What about Bill Cody's Wild West Show? Wasn't that big time and big business a long time before rodeo had been east of Phoenix? It was. But rodeo is not a wild-west show, a circus with chaps. A rodeo is a contest. Wild-west performers are paid salaries by the month to do what the rodeo boys do for prize money and fun.

And fun is what most rodeo cowboys do it for, because after paying an entry fee of from $1 to $100 per event for the privilege of risking their necks, their chances of winning enough prizes to come out much ahead are pretty slim. Most of the professionals hold down cow-punching jobs on ranches for ten months out of the year, but a few of the consistent top-money winners follow the rodeos around all year.

But even with them, it's not the purses; it's their silent pride in their savvy and that siren hope of maybe being World Champion Cowboy that lures them on. And it's the glamour and excitement at rodeo time that keeps them hanging around the chutes long after they've admitted to themselves that they've got about as much chance of being "champeen" as they have of roping and tying a calf in ten seconds.

And it's that same glamour and excitement that packs in the fans. The average fan wants to see rough stock—savage horses that really buck and wild cattle that're really mean. If the animals get a little the best of it, well, that's all right. Most people in the audience would rather see a man dumped from a hard-bucking flashy bronc than to have him stick on the back of a dull soapfoot long enough to make prize money.

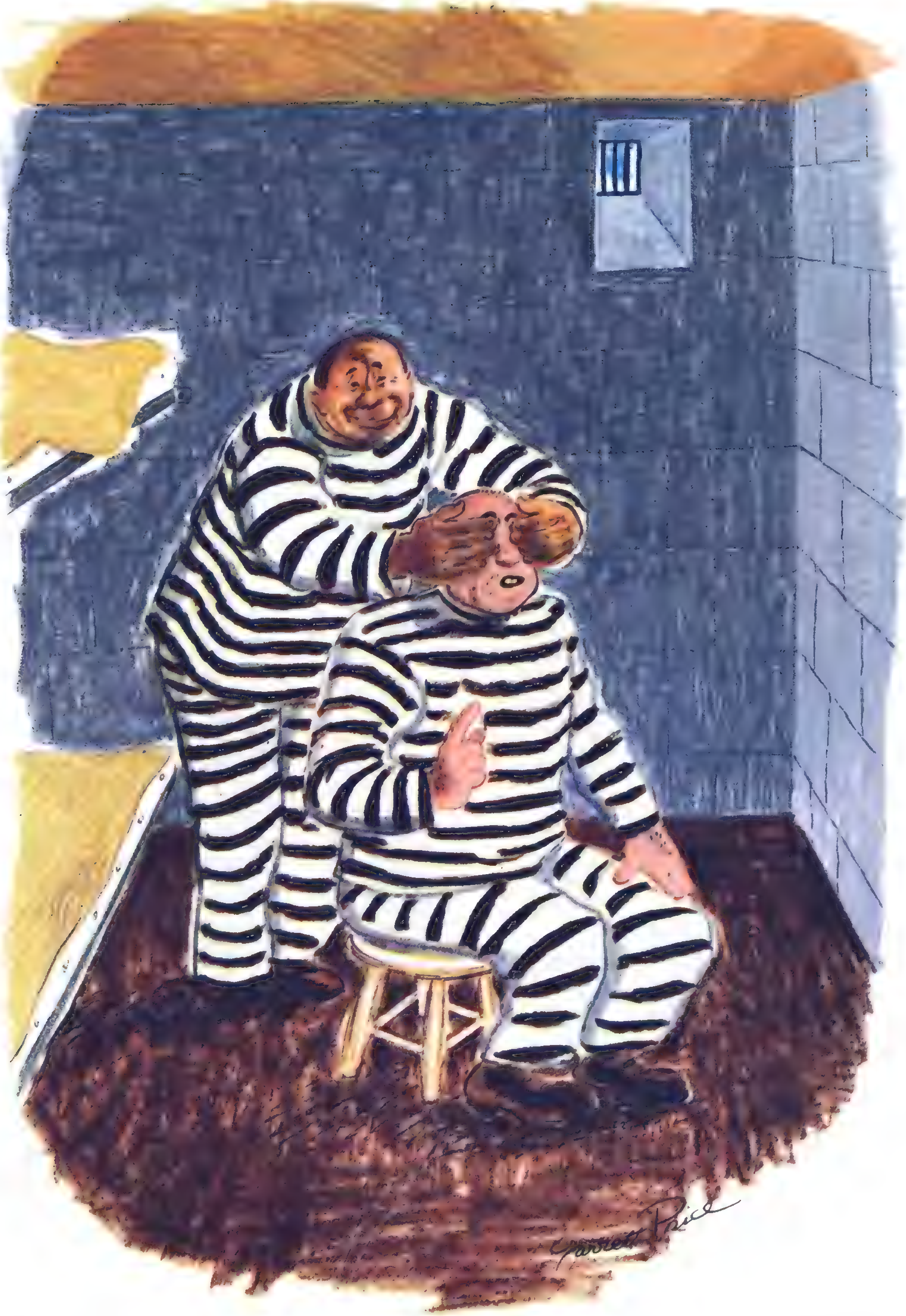
Cowboys, as you might think, prefer stock just "salty" enough to make them look good without being able to shake them loose and lay them out in the arena dust. The management takes the middle ground, liking animals tough enough to spill some of the boys, but not so bone-crushing as to scare away entries.

EAT AT ARNOLD'S CAFE - VENISON STEAKS A SPECIALTY
Fred Lundy

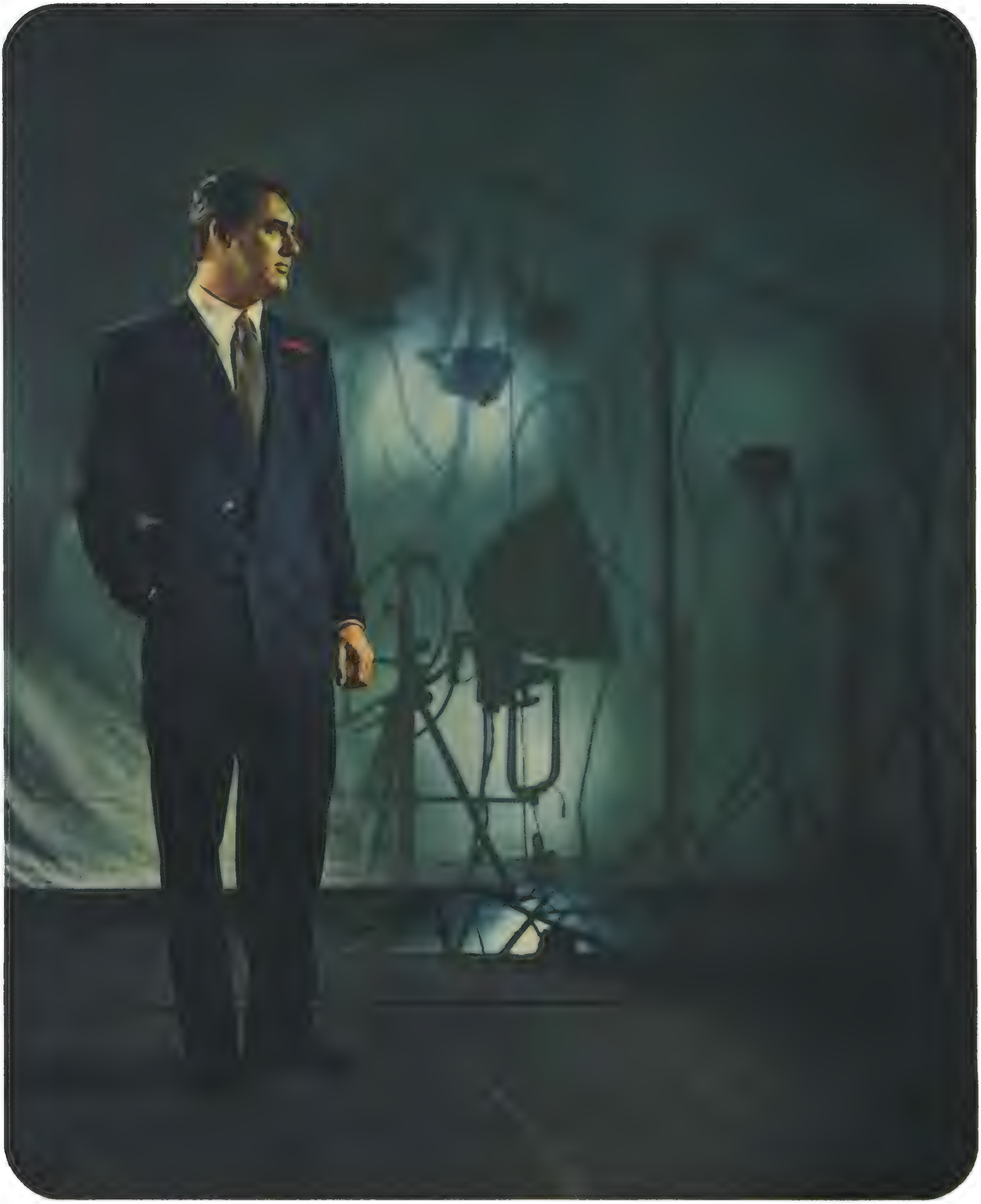
The rules give a slight edge to the animals, and the cowboys must even up the score by wits and skill. It takes an alert stock and chute director sometimes, to see that unnerved cowboys don't take unfair advantage of their four-legged enemies. But this is unusual, and rodeo is generally one of the cleanest sports going.

Bronc riding is generally considered to be the taming of a wild horse. However, most rodeo broncs are not outlaws but trained and experienced performers. A good bucking horse is intelligent. He bucks because he enjoys it, while the outlaw horse bucks because of fear.

Since a contest ride is but eight or ten seconds long (after a ride a contestant will refer to them as "eight or ten centuries"), the rider gets snagged off his horse by a pick-up man before the horse finishes its furious bucking. A pick-up man has to know his business and it's an event in itself to watch him operate. When the timer's whistle blows or the bronc bucks over a predetermined line, the pick-up sidles his calm and well-trained pony into a position where he can grab the bucker's rope rein. He snubs the bronc up by taking dallies on the saddle horn, the contestant scrambles off and over to the rump of the pick-up's horse and *(Continued on page 228)*


Garrett Price

"Hedy Lamarr? No. Lana Turner? No. Betty Grable? No. Dorothy Lamour? No"

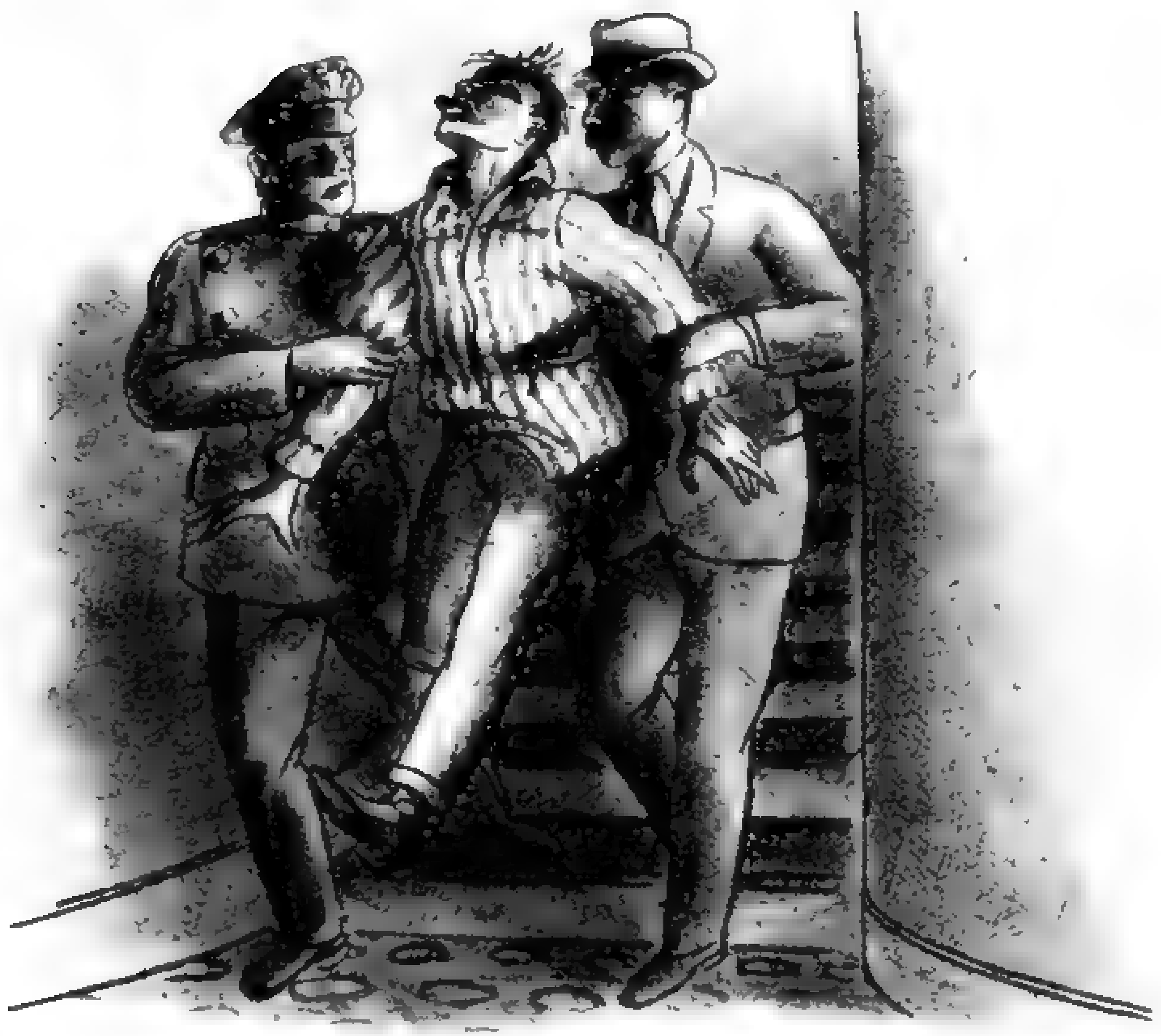


HOLLYWOOD LUMINARY

Cary Grant

Photograph by Arnold Glantz

Cary Grant, ever coming up with the unexpected in pictures (as witness his roles in films from *Gunga Din* to *Notorious* with Ingrid Bergman), leans to conservative dress in his private life. Accordingly you see him in his favorite town suit of blue-striped unfinished worsted. The jacket, designed with slightly extended shoulders, has long rolled lapels which emphasize a trim waistline. The shirt, of off-white silk shantung, has a full collar. The black and white small-figured tie is typical of his taste in neckwear. He designs his own easygoing dress shirts, by the way. Made with a fly front, they fasten informally with buttons. As a concession to usage, they have studs but these purely decorative devices go only through the flap of the shirt.



WM. DuBOIS

Lives of Quiet Desperation

When he's at the breaking point, you've got to treat a man with both wisdom and firmness

by ASHER GERECHT

THE last proof he read was an essay on Henry David Thoreau which began with the quotation, "The mass of men lead lives of quiet desperation." He agreed in the apathetic way he agreed with anything while he was checking lines of print, and completed the proof by ten o'clock, when his shift was done.

He placed his pencils and his visor in his drawer and went to the locker room. He washed the smudges off his face and hands, passing his fingers several times massagingly over his forehead as he looked into the mirror. The clean smell of soap relieved the atmosphere a little.

He put on his hat and coat, lifted his new time card from slot number fifty-one, inserted it into the time clock, checked the accuracy, and dropped it into the rack again. From a vending machine he bought a penny's worth of peanuts. He put several in his mouth, licking off the salt before eating the flat, stale nut meat.

When he reached the outside he had a few left. He let them roll out of his hand and heard the slight bump as they hit the concrete of the walk. Placing one by sound he slammed his foot down, but he did not check to see if he had actually crushed it.

He strolled casually to the employees' parking lot, to the space he had used ten years for his little coupé. He sat motionless before the wheel for a few moments, letting Thoreau revolve in his thoughts. Quiet desperation floated like a wedding veil about the face of his mind. It was a wispy grey steel-threaded mop that obliterated all other consciousness. The routine of existence became worse and worse.

Papers, the greatest symbol of our daily existence! When he woke he read a paper. He worked on a paper, checking it for type accuracy, and he talked paper. When he went home to his lonely room at night he dreamed paper, the daily newspaper, the hurry, the headline, the speed and frenzy of working a schedule—day in, tide and flow, day out, standing water being scurried, but no new water running in to excite it, only its dirtying self to be interested in.

In the car he had the first strong twinge of the headache. It woke him from that reverie, as any pain alerts a sleeping mind, and he started the car for his trip home. The pain was gone, an unclassified itinerant among the suffering of the world.

He drove rapidly to his rooming house, parked the car in the garage across the street and trudged up the stairs. The years were weaving their own constricting spell upon him—they walked less easily over his ligaments and tendons, and his bones suffered for them.

In his room he started to change his clothes when the second attack came, almost throwing him to the floor. It left a haunting unerasable residue on the blackboard of his memory, but the pain seemed minute for the time.

Hurriedly he ran out for coffee and cakes to the near-by Chinese restaurant. Nothing happened while he was out.

When he returned to his room the third attack hit him, and this time he remembered thinking while it lasted that there must be a partial short in the electric wires. His room lights seemed duller.

Barefooted, he was dressing for bed and had only his pajama top to button when the big blow came, wiping out his will. With one hoarse cry of protest and anguish he fell into bed and lost consciousness.

The void of sleep protected him in its sanctuary until the next morning, when he woke, thinking it was still dark. He put his wrist to his eyes, and felt the wrist, but he could not see the numerals on the luminescent face of his watch. He groped for the light by his bed. The cord pulled, he felt a difference when the light hit his eyelids, but that was all.

Another man was in his place, he thought first: it isn't me! Then he screamed hysterically. "I'm blind! I'm blind!"

A neighbor soon pounded on the door. The floor custodian came in with his master key and looked at him. He explained, "I'm the floor doctor too." He tried to look at the blind man, but the proofreader lunged away and fell off the bed.

He heard the skyscraping laughter of the crowd compressing him, but the man repeated, breathing nausea into his face, "I *am* the floor doctor." It was words, words, and a dream he realized when the real doctor arrived and loosened the sheets restricting him to the bed. That was what the custodian whom he made doctor of the floor had done when he had plunged into his time-isolated tantrum.

When the doctor told the people in his room to leave because "he needs quiet desperately" he screamed, and had to be threatened with a strait jacket before he quieted, saying, "I need thorough quiet, doctor, thorough thorough thorough," saying "thorough" until he ran out of breath.

The doctor questioned him.

"What is your name?"

"Walden, Connecticut," the man said. "You can abbreviate it, c-o-n-n-period."

"Be sensible," the doctor spoke up sharply. "What is your name?"

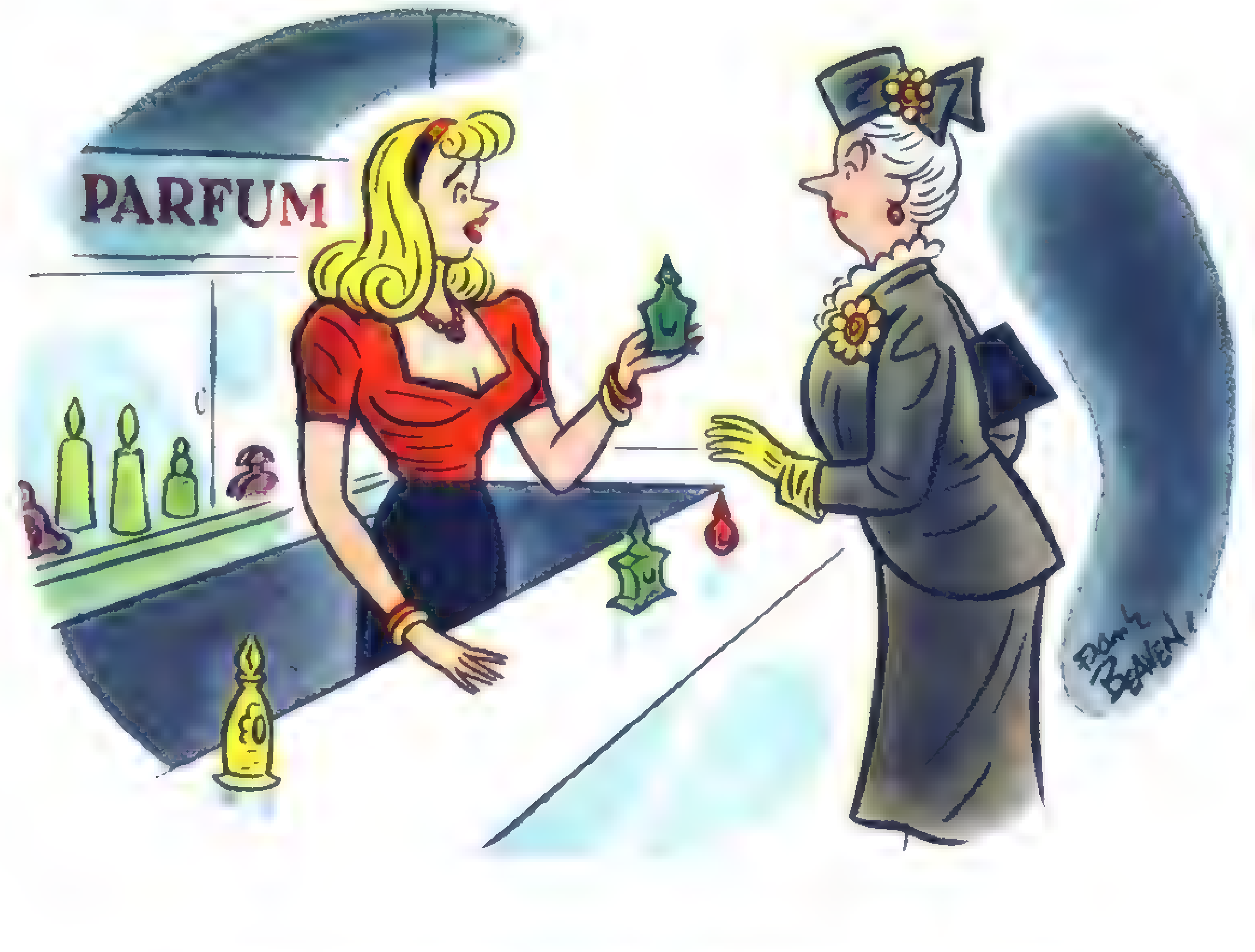
"Why?" He was playing the eternal game, the winner, the chase, and he was the only one. He would catch the police inspector in a dead-end alley and he would jump on him from above and kill him, and ever after he could steal bread from windows and no one in Paris would arrest him. "My last name is Valjean," he said.

"And the first is Jean?" the doctor said, anticipating him.

"I am Judge Ilyitch," the man said. "I have seen my wife every day for twenty years."

"You're not married," the doctor said. "I'm going to call the landlady. She'll tell me who you are. I am going to call the police too. We'll check your property, and then I'm going to send you to a sanitarium. You evidently have suffered temporary blindness and a mental aberration. Mrs. Grant!" he called, going over to the door.

"That's who I am," the man said. "I (*Continued on page 167*)

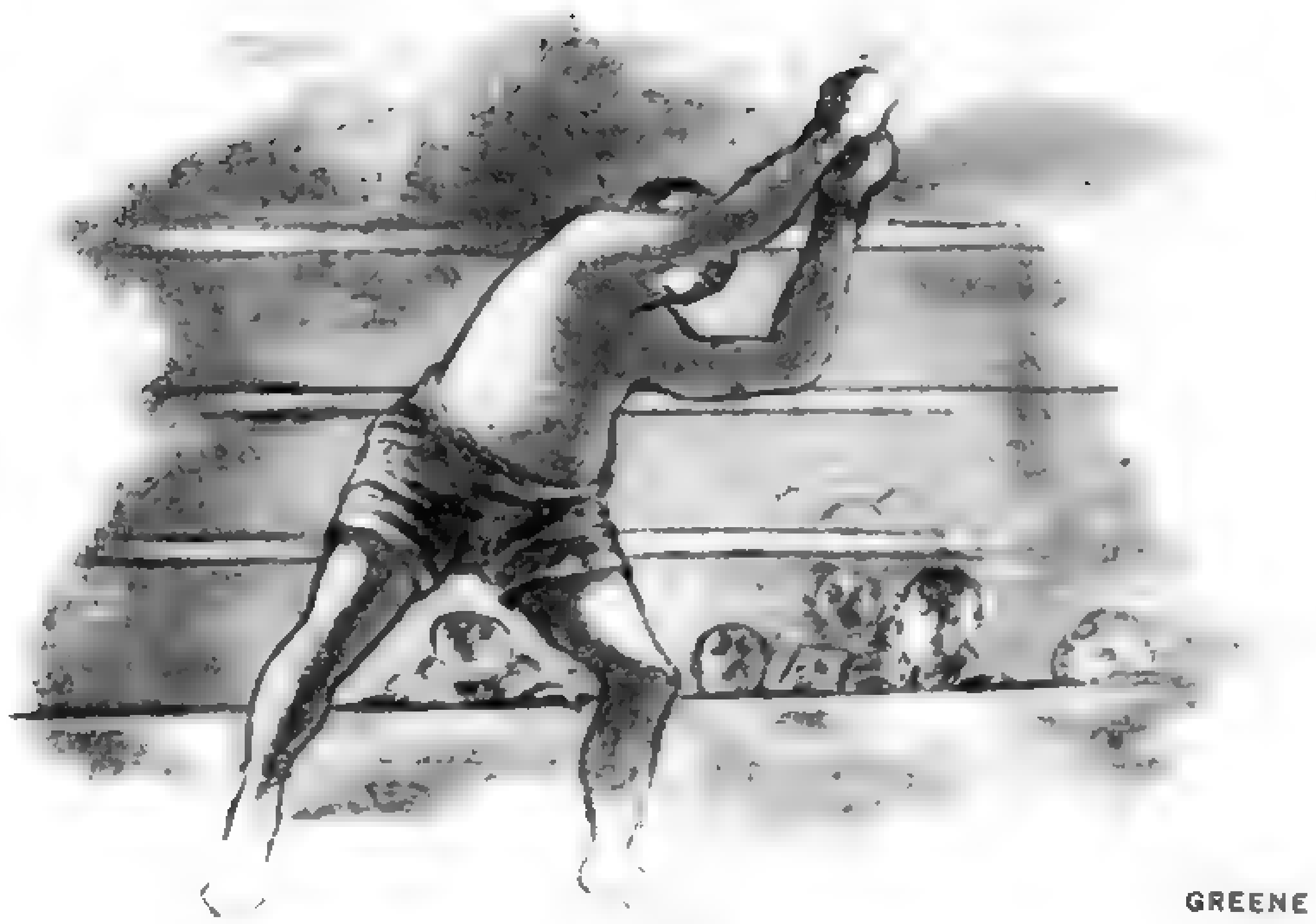


"I'm sorry, Madame, but we cannot sell you this if you are already married!"

He had a misplaced chest and muscles like tired spaghetti, but for this fight he forgot they had named him Horizontal Benny

A Waltz in Leather

by JAMES R. HARTMAN


GREENE

"HORIZONTAL BENNY" BENJAMIN is in good shape for his fight. Every night after dark, when nobody can see his scrawny arms, I have him running, weaving, and blocking an imaginary opponent, up and down the road. His muscles are strong like old rubber bands, and what little remains of an adolescent chest has sunken to a level just below that of the belt line, where it protrudes like an overripe pumpkin. I will say, though, he has gained weight, even though it is in one spot, and even though it is from those gallons of life-giving rum consumed in past moments of relaxation.

From this bulging so-called chest, we gaze with awe at what was once meant to be a pair of legs. They are short and decidedly bowed, with a mass of curling black hair profusely illustrating in ugliness their flabby length. In fact, when considered with the rest of his body, they very closely resemble two toothpicks aimlessly stuck in an overstuffed marshmallow. His feet, which give him such a good understanding, are so large I don't think it possible he can be knocked down.

Benny, whom I am managing, tops the Toledo's at a sagging one ninety, and has never yet even come close to winning a fight. In fact, very soon after the opening bell, he can be depended upon to be found in a prone position. It is for this one salient feature that he has been so aptly named. What fun he gets out of fighting in this manner I have for three years been trying to find out.

This time, my protégé is fighting a knuckler named "Liverlip" de Reyes, a native that is an expert in the sugar-cane-cutting industry. He also makes a name for himself in the grunt and groan racket, so you can see he is indeed a well-versed personage.

So sure are all the boys from our regiment that Benny will again lose, they are betting all their pesos on the nose of Liverlip. In fact, I have also taken a few bets on that same score myself. Who am I to let friendship come between me and a few pesos. I think I would much rather have the pesos.

Well, the night of the fight finally comes, and we are crowded into the stadium in Manila. I have ringside seats for my old friends, especially "Sea-Wall" Rosie, and other people famous in the annals of café society. I, myself, cannot sit down, as I must be ever ready to administer first aid, or to toss in the towel for Benny's quick removal from the canvas.

In the dressing room I give my charge last-minute instructions, although I well know they will do no good, and we walk down to the ring. Instead of the expectant bronx cheers and hisses of past engagements, I am greatly surprised to find that tonight my boy gets all the welcome, and the hungry-looking native the boos. I think, and secretly hope, it will not swell Benny's head and also his fighting ability, now that I have bet on Liverlip.

I climb through the hemp first, as I have to assist my boy so he will not trip and fall. He still gets his huge bunions tangled up in the ropes, and in the tussle that follows while trying to extricate him, I emerge much the loser. This is always good for a laugh, and the fans eat it up. I can also see now that all the taxpayers are rooting for Benny, and already his face begins to beam. In fact, he is now feeling so frisky he is even making unbecoming faces and passes at his adversary, who is bewildered no end by the sudden change in the course of events. "Such a fickle public," I say to myself, "I have never before seen."

Benny is led to the center of the ring by the referee, and extolled to the paying public amidst loud cheers and laughter. He clasps his hands above his head, and bows many times in all directions. More laughs, and I can hardly keep from snickering myself as I see his jelly-like midriff jiggling madly like a fan dancer every time he moves. Yes sir, Benny is enjoying his new-found popularity.

De Reyes is next announced, but stands stolidly, glowering at the crowd in general, and at Benny and me. He does not like the boos, and by the set expression on his face it looks like he means to do something about it.

Now both boys are called into the center and given last-minute instructions. Benny grins and makes a playful jab at his opponent, who looks like he is ready for homicide rather than a sportsmanlike bout of that ancient and noble art. They touch gloves and go back to their corners, Benny bowing to the crowd all the way.

"Leibowitz," he says to me in dulcet tones, "how do you desire this bum; stewed, pickled, or kosher?"

"Now look, Horizontal," I say severely, "be a nice boy. Don't go getting too many ideas in that hungry-looking hat rack you have misnamed a head. You couldn't punch your way out of kindergarten, even if you had gone that high in school."

"Do not insult my educational qualifications," he says as the bell rings, and he plods out on the squared circle.

Liverlip is dancing all around my charge, like a dog around a new tree trunk, while Benny stands

GLANTZ

Afternoon lift from behind the bar

The French 75 cocktail was one of the better, subtler ideas for good living which accompanied our troops home from the first World War. Veterans often claim that a 75 packs the same punch that it ever did, off or on the battlefield. Above, you see it in work at Louis and Armand's restaurant in New York, a quiet, club-like place where the main emphasis is on the quality of the cuisine and the carte des vins rather than on the atmosphere. The bartender is Rosario Pompeo Della Rocca. At home (you can call it King's Peg if it's made with brandy) you take the cocktail through these stages: juice of a lemon, one teaspoon fine granulated sugar, two ounces dry gin (or brandy), five dashes bitters. Shake with cracked ice and pour into highball glass, then fill with champagne and stir gently.

GLANTZ

Cook's Tour: Ruby Foo's Danny Chan

From Canton to New York via Boston, Massachusetts, is the uncommon itinerary followed by Ruby Foo's Danny Chan. A product of the R. F. farm system, he has presided over their New York kitchen for ten years, middle-manning a meeting between Western man and Eastern cookery. Master of Won-ton soup and egg roll, Chan pledges his own allegiance to lobster, Cantonese style, which he prepares as follows: Cut four baby lobsters into eighths, crack claws, and cook in boiling water five minutes. Mix with one pound of chopped pork, two eggs, one cup of chopped scallions, four pieces garlic, two tablespoons ground soybeans, two cups of soup stock, and four tablespoons of cornstarch diluted in water. Cook in hot oil in a tightly-covered pan twelve minutes over a moderate flame. Add two beaten eggs, and cook and stir two additional minutes over a high flame. Add three tablespoons of cornstarch, a quarter of a cup of water, and cook and stir until sauce thickens. Serves four.

there watching him and grinning. This action greatly enrages the native, and leather begins flying in all directions. Even this does not make my man move, but I guess it is because gloves are dancing in front of his vision so fast that that is all he can see.

Now, as I watch, I can see Benny's right hand start moving from his knees upwards. It is a blind swing, although designed to make the recipient's toes curl up and beat a tattoo on the deck. However it misses, but the force of the swing makes old Liverlip's ears flap wildly in the ensuing breeze. In fact, he even steps backward one pace to think matters over.

That is Benny's cue to come out of his trance and go after his man, which he does. His canvas shoes flapping like a duck's wings in frantic flight, he moves in, churning the air with blows both mighty and otherwise. Most of them are otherwise. Liverlip tries to move away, but Benny has him trapped in a corner and is beating a deluge of blows on the bronzed body as the astonished referee watches with mouth agape at this phenomenon.

Liverlip is hurt, and the crowd is on its feet yelling madly for blood, and Benny. Now the native has escaped, and is furtively moving away with old Horizontal Benny still plodding after him. Again he is tagged on the choppers with a blow that makes his glimmers roll in no uncertain fashion, and then the bell knifes through the smoke-filled air to end round number one.

I am so surprised by the sudden turn of events, I sit there stunned until Sea-Wall Rosie pinches me and I come to. Jumping up, I begin giving my boy pointers so excitedly I forget I have pesos on the native until I meet the murderous look of my first sergeant. But it is too late now to change the course of events.

"Ah, Horizontal," Sea-Wall cackles in her everyday voice, "what is it then you have done? Why is it that tonight you are winning, Horizontal? This I do not understand."

"Better you should go out and bet some more copper on me Rosie," he tells her loudly. "Am I good. I told ya Leibowitz. When I finish with this brush ape," he added, "he'll look like he got himself tangled up in the business end of a threshing machine."

"Better you should keep quiet," I say as sarcastic as I can, "already you have made for me so much trouble I will have no pay for the next six months."

The bell rings for the second stanza, so I sit down wearily and watch the proceedings. This, I am sure, is the end.

Liverlip is again coming out fast, but this time leaves off the dance steps. He circles warily, watching for an opening. It comes, and soon. Benny, too confident of an easy victory, wades in carelessly with his chin, and finds himself bouncing all over the canvas. He picks the pieces up and tries again. Once more he hits the deck, and now I am elated as the first sergeant's scowl has changed to an angelic grin. I guess he is thinking about those pesos.

Benny takes his time getting up, and I see he is sad over his change of fortune. The crowd, however, is still yelling encouragement to him, so he goes in swinging from all angles known and unknown in the scientific annals of boxing.

Old Liverlip can't get in close enough to do anything, and is forced to cover his face with his gloved hands. Benny is beating a rapid tattoo on his middle, and lands one so hard in that tender spot, I turn pale when the native does.

Now Benny is grinning as he chases Liverlip around the ring, and the taxpayers are having a good time. He catches up with his opponent and sends him spinning around the hemp by a hasty clip on the hearing flaps. The native boxer is stunned, so Benny stands over him, and belts him so hard on the dandruff my own head aches.

"Listen you," yelps the ref, "lay off that miscolored fighting, or I'll disqualify ya."

"Who's a dirty fighter?" hollers Benny, "why you misfit from the local zoo, I'll rip off your arm and beat you over the head with the soggy stump of it! Put up your dukes!"

The crowd is going wild. This is indeed the best in boxing that Manila's citizens have ever seen. While Benny is trying to get in a little friendly physical discussion with the referee, Liverlip has been forgotten. I have counted him out now four times, and he is still not out officially. Now, as I look, I see him shake his head a few times, and raise up on his elbows. As soon as he spots his glimmers on the new setup, he crawls to his feet and advances on his quarry's back.

Everybody is yelling to Benny about this new menace, but he thinks they want him to mix it up, so he crowds the shaking referee. As he lands a haymaker on this worthy's bicuspids, Liverlip is winding up from way back. Just as Benny turns he is tagged on the calcium, just below the ear, and drops like a bride's first biscuit.

While the crowd yells threats of bodily harm, Liverlip stands in the center of the ring, hands on hips, and sticks out his tongue at them. There is now no referee to boss proceedings, so I toss water on Benny, and then the ref. My charge comes to first, and is up on his elbow when the referee awakens.

Spotting him, and thinking it was his fault, Benny jumps on top of the referee and feeds in the cowhide. Liverlip strolls over, and just as he is going to deliver another visit of stars and tweets, Benny sticks out a paw that finds a leg, and yanks. There is a crash, a jumble of bodies, and when the smoke of battle clears Benny has a half-nelson on Liverlip, and the referee is pleading with tears in his eyes.

With a big grin on his face, Benny grabs the neck of Liverlip and bangs it on the canvas like a drummer in the middle of the *St. Louis Blues*, while the referee is wringing his hands in despair and humiliation.

Suddenly Liverlip goes limp, and Benny gets to his feet and bows to the crowd. "The winner," he says, looking closely at the ref, and holding his hands up.

"Please, please my friend," says the referee to Horizontal in his most gentlemanly voice, "there is a slight misunderstanding that has come about."

"They ain't no misunderstanding here. The other guy's down and out, ain't he?" asks Benny addressing the referee but speaking loudly enough for the crowd to hear.

"Ladeez and gentlemen," yelps the referee over the mike, "due to unforeseen circumstances, it is my sad duty to declare this historic engagement as null and void. It has been against all boxing precedents, and all the laws of sportsmanship have been ignorantly and absolutely ignored."

"Why, you bum," yells Benny in his "dark alley" voice as he makes for that worthy character posing as a referee, "I'll murder ya! I'll hit ya so hard, your teeth'll fly around like hailstones!"

"Now, now, Benny," I say, as I rush over to his side in order to calm him, "be calm, cool, and collected. Sure you won the fight, but nobody lost any money, and everyone is very happy. Let us go from here quietly before we find ourselves in the local bastille."

Benny makes another pass at the referee, who scurries for cover, and then comes with me. The last I see of Liverlip, he is still in a horizontal position, but it would be a gross misconception to say he was resting. ###

How's Your Fashion Quotient?

You can check your present fashion savvy as well as your appearance rating by answering the questions in this nineteen-part questionnaire

by O. E. SCHOEFFLER

THIS month's quiz deals mostly with that much disputed matter on which everyone believes himself to be more or less an authority—combining clothes and accessories. Give yourself 5 points for each of the nineteen questions that you answer correctly. A score of 80 or better makes you a Phi Bete. If you rate from 60 to 75—you're on the borderline. But a grade of 55 and below suggests that you had better devote a little more attention to matters of grooming. Correct answers are listed upside down in the box.

1. A plaid tie, checked shirt and plaid suit make up a combination that is (a) in good taste because it brings together related patterns, (b) not in good taste because there are too many clashing lines in the pattern of the suit, shirt and tie.

2. A good accent for a striped brown suit and tan shirt is a green, rust and cream color striped tie. (a) True, (b) False.

3. The monk front shoe (a) has loosely woven monk's cloth on the toecap, (b) has a plain toe with buckled strap fastening over the instep, (c) is made of monkey skin.

4. When you wear a belt with a blue suit, a good color choice is (a) light tan, (b) black, (c) light grey.

5. Casein fiber, sometimes blended with woolen fibers in fabrics for men's apparel, is derived from (a) milk, (b) air and coal, (c) refined petroleum.

6. A polo coat is (a) one worn only by polo players, (b) a plastic coated fabric that is waterproof, (c) a tan camel hair or cashmere topcoat in double-breasted model.

7. One trend in shoes this fall is toward wing tip models with (a) thick soles and hefty leather uppers, (b) thin soles and light leather uppers.

8. Since most men prefer country jackets of small pattern tweeds, they tend to combine with them sweaters with (a) more colorful and plaid designs, (b) cross stripes, (c) vertical stripes.

9. Best color for wool socks worn with a brown tweed suit is (a) grey, (b) navy, (c) brown, maroon and tan Argyle plaid.

10. The leading style in raincoats this season is the single-breasted raglan model which has slash pockets. The openings of these pockets are set on lines that are (a) horizontal, (b) slanting, (c) vertical.

11. If you have a pair of braces for the trousers of each suit, (an excellent time-saving device, incidentally) your best bet for a blue suit is a pair of braces in (a) blue and yellow, (b) green and gold, (c) brown and tan.

12. For wear with a brown tweed topcoat, brown hat and grey worsted suit, your first choice in gloves is (a) grey mocha, (b) reddish brown capeskin, (c) white kid.

13. Cuff links of colored stones worn with a blue and white striped shirt, blue and maroon figured tie and greyish blue suit should be (a) blue, (b) tan, (c) green.

14. Best choice in country hats for wear with a small patterned grey tweed jacket and grey flannel slacks is (a) brown Homburg, (b) greenish mixture pinched crown model, (c) tan brims-up type.

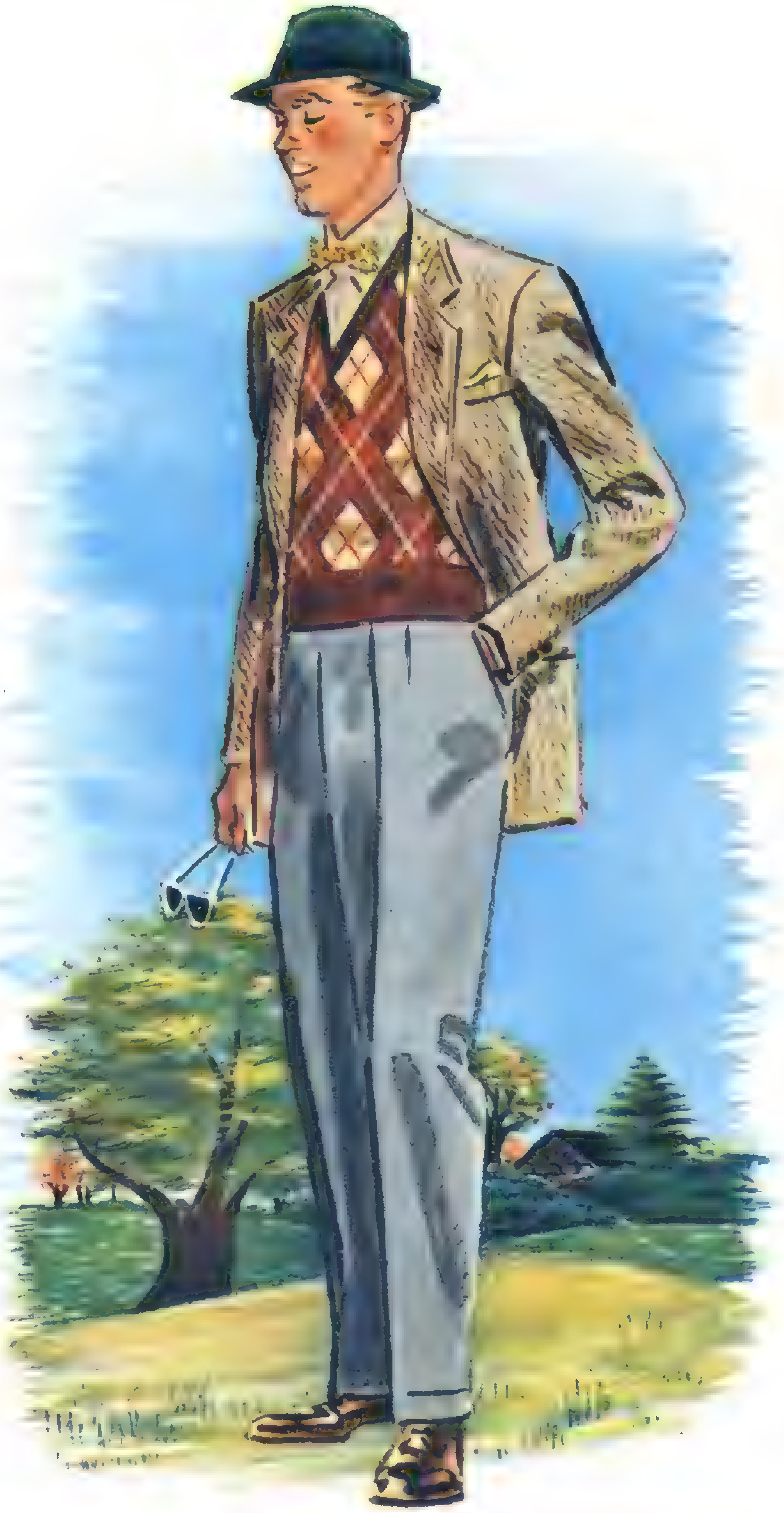
15. A man wearing a grey suit, maroon and grey striped shirt and a blue figured tie should select a chest pocket handkerchief in (a) green and white, (b) maroon and grey, (c) tan and yellow.

16. The correct length of trousers of a business suit is (a) extending to one inch above the shoe top, (b) designed so that a slight break appears above the instep, (c) so that deep folds form over the instep.

17. Processed cotton jackets are popular for cold because (a) they absorb rain and moisture, (b) they repel rain, (c) you can keep your score on the cuff.

18. Brown chukka boots may be worn with (a) a dark blue business suit with double-breasted jacket, (b) grey sharkskin business suit, (c) brown tweed country jacket and flannel slacks.

19. Most appropriate jacket with a blue, red and grey plaid wool sport shirt is (a) a brown Glen Urquhart plaid, (b) a blue hound's tooth check with overplaid, (c) a grey heather mixture tweed. ⌗



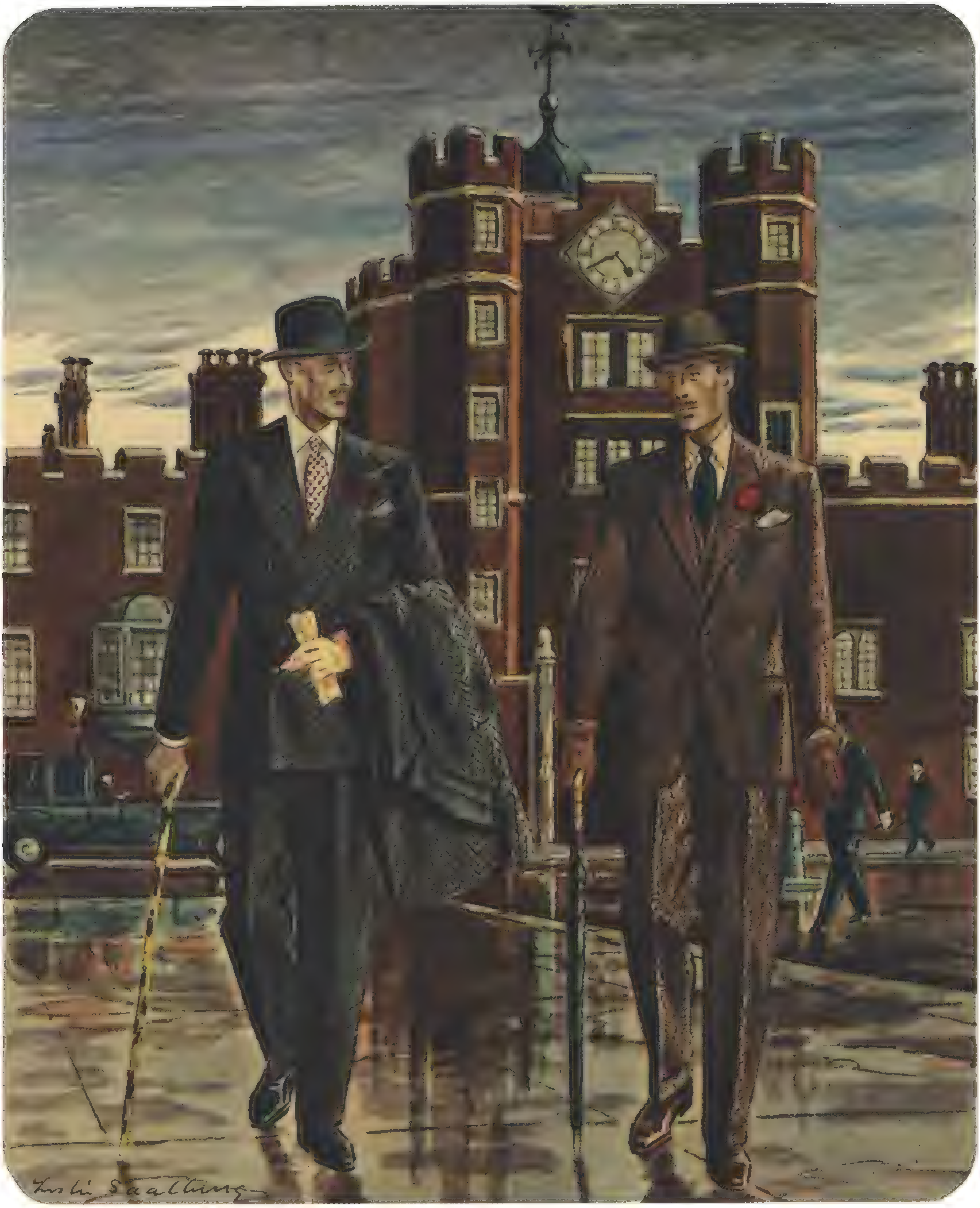
Answers

1—b
2—a
3—b
4—b
5—a

6—c
7—a
8—a
9—c
10—b

11—a
12—b
13—a
14—b
15—b

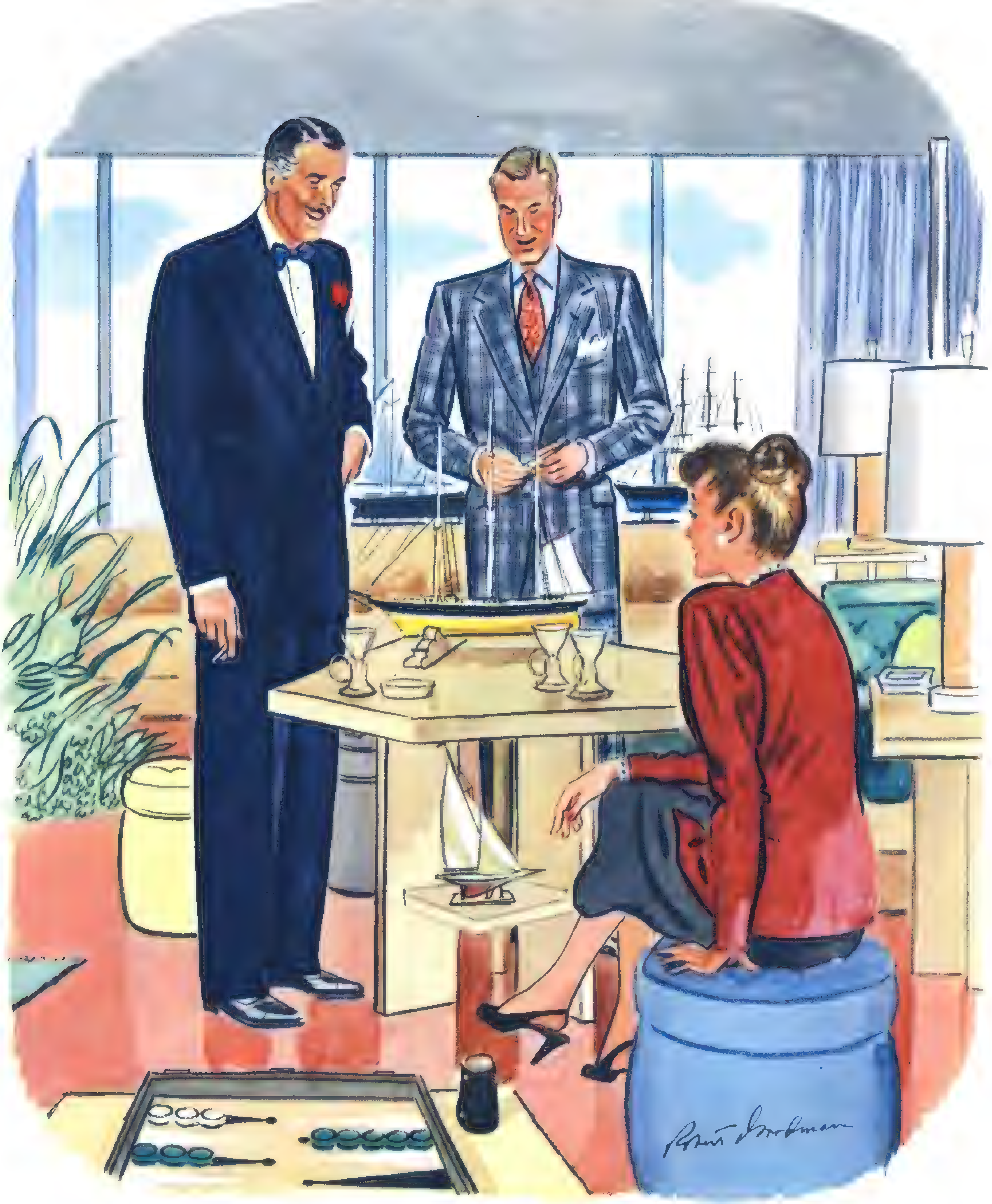
16—b
17—b
18—c
19—c



AFTERNOON STROLL LONDON

Drawing by Leslie Saalburg

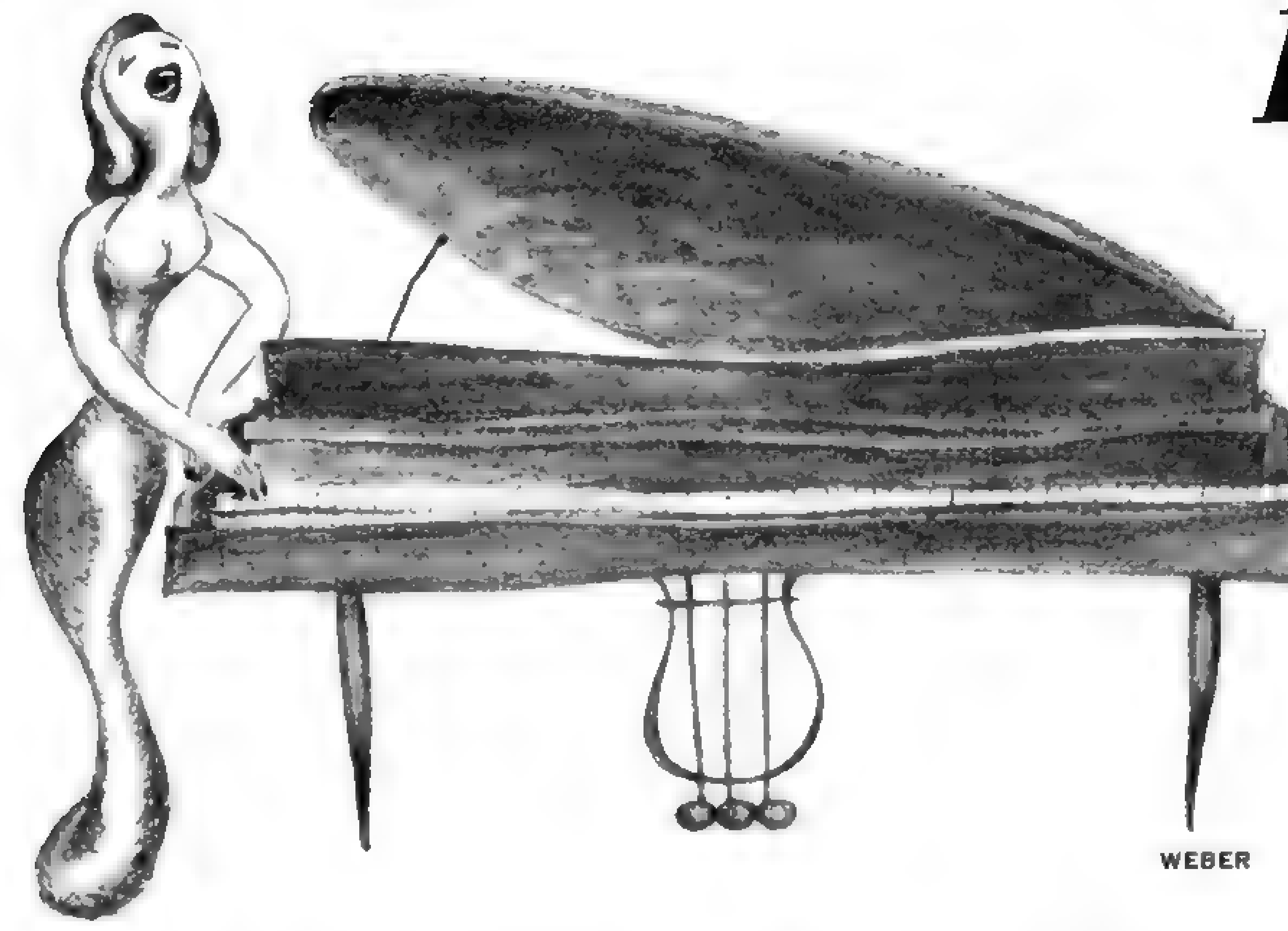
It's easy to see from the smile on this traveled American gentleman strolling in front of St. James Palace that he's got the word from his English friend on how to relax on foot in the world's moistest capital. The swank Yank wears a double-breasted jacket with two tones of blue between the wide wales to accent the diagonal weave of the worsted. There is an air of Empire as well as Fifth Avenue about his white shirt with separate collar, Macclesfield-type tie, herringbone tweed topcoat and cane. His companion's worsted suit has subdued stripes set off by the two-tone brown background. The tan and white striped shirt and bottle-green tie fit in nicely with the suit, as do the hat with turned-up brim and pair of capeskin gloves.



AT HOME ASHORE

Drawing by Robert Goodman

Hobbies are where you take them, as witness these sailing addicts who have brought their salty trappings into a Manhattan penthouse, well above sea level. Fashion- as well as hobby-wise, the two off-duty tars are partial to that briny color, Corsair Blue. The cheerful skipper with the red carnation wears a double pin-dot striped job, the jacket cut in a long roll, two-button model. Additional just-so touches include black town-last shoes, a champagne-colored shirt and diamond-dot blue bow tie. His mate features a single-breasted suit which has fine threads of Corsair Blue woven into the Glen Urquhart plaid worsted. His blue shirt and red foulard tie make up but one of the many combinations that go admirably with the plaid.



Postgraduate Stuff

An inflexible jazz purist, Stella Brooks has built a reputation among musicians by singing in her own way or not at all

by HARRY HESS

Stella Brooks, whose singing has been compared to that of an angel and whose cussing on occasion can rival a longshoreman's, is a jazz purist who has never once given the wink to the almighty buck in a profession notorious for easy conquests of money over creative impulse. In fact, she is as respected for her biting tongue and rock-bottom uncompromising as she is for her voice.

Her insults, pithy and lurid, are delivered most often to foolish people who suggest she might make more money if she'd tailor her songs to popular demand. Miss Brooks not only refuses to do this, but for the past fourteen years she has commanded the public in vivid language to tailor its demand to her. The public has responded with cool aloofness and as a result she is more or less unknown outside a loyal coterie of musicians, singers and *avant-gardes* intelligentsia who view her as something of an oracle. Among these are a European intellectual and student of music who said her singing made him feel like he was in a comfortable parlor, surrounded by friends, listening to an angel; band leader Woody Herman who remarked that "Stella is postgraduate stuff for all students of jazz"; and a turbaned Hindu potentate who once sat staring in front of him in a Yoga trance for fifty minutes by the clock after hearing Miss Brooks sing *Body and Soul* in a night club and then startled the people around him by yelling: "She has sung this *Soul and Body* so that I never remember it again unless she sing it some more."

Miss Brooks, who stands approximately five feet tall propped on a fat telephone book, wears her hair in a brunette page-boy bob that gives her a slight resemblance to Prince Valiant and has blue-green eyes that can rapidly adjust to wistfulness, anger or come-hither, is the sort of singer and person who either inspires intense devotion or intense dislike. There is a boisterous and determined representation in each school.

Among those who dislike her are critics eager to point out that she is inconsistent, sometimes amateurish, often unnecessarily insolent, that her voice lacks training, that her failure to gain popularity is the result of her indifference to popular trends, and that she is as phony as a nine-dollar bill with Benny Goodman's picture on it. To all of this Miss Brooks replies nuts in such a wide variety of vitriolic and frequently witty insults that she is known around New York's jazz circles as a gold mine of bon mots that are unprintable.

"Sure I insult people," she states vehemently. "Not that I'm nasty, mind you. I just can't stand these goons who want to tell me how to sing and how to run my life. I've never asked for success or money or star billing. All I ask is to be let alone. I don't even want to be Stella Brooks singing a song. I want to *be* the song so the sweet guy who wrote it will listen and say '*that's* what I had in mind.' I just can't stand anybody trying to be commercial."

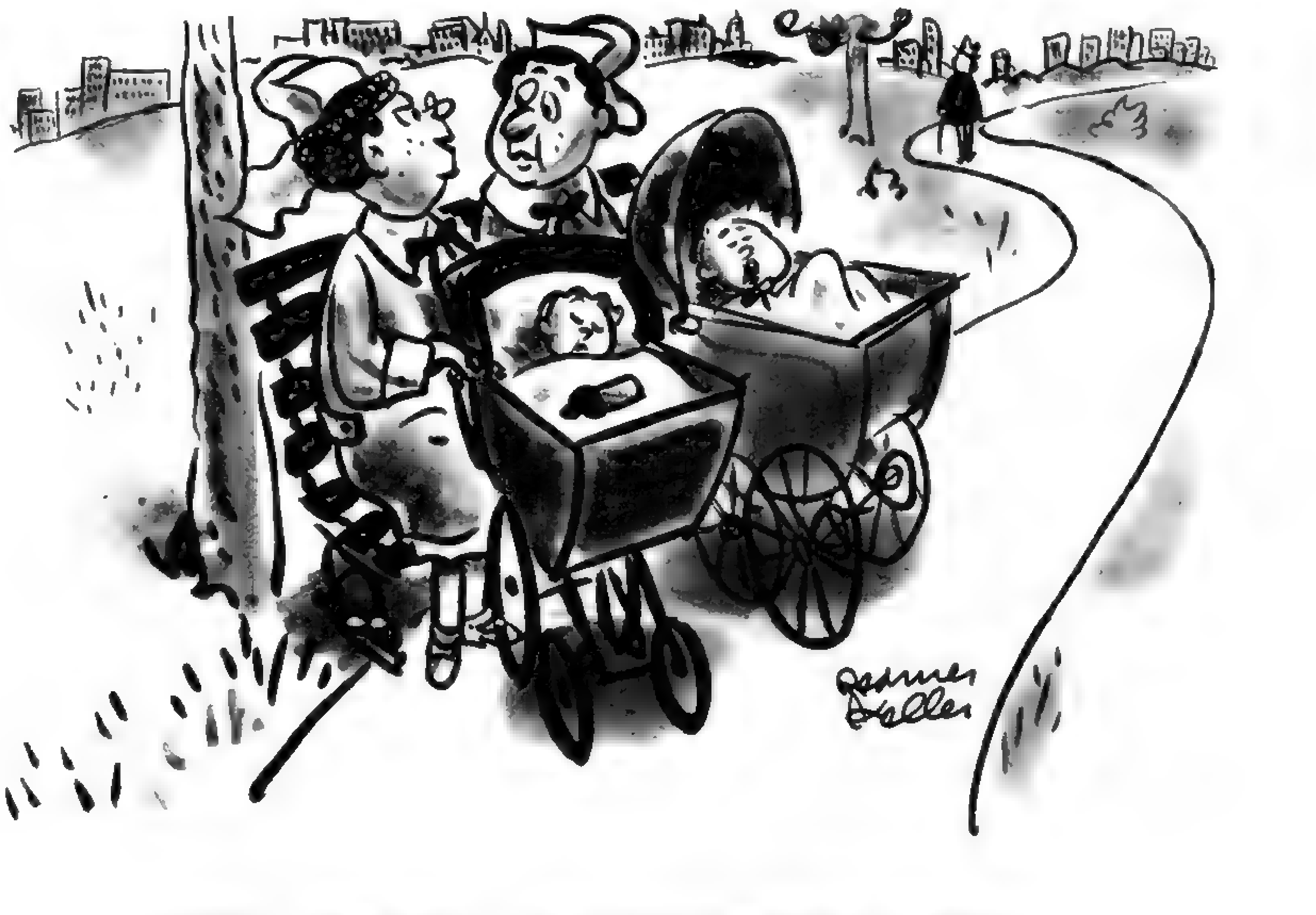
Opposed to the Philistines are Miss Brooks' loyal supporters who cite her free and unbounded imagination, which they claim is so fertile it is a source of inspiration to every singer who hears her. These partisans pooh-pooh the imperfections in her voice, which they say don't really matter anyway since she feels what she's singing so deeply and makes her listeners feel it so deeply that, as one observer put it, "she paints pictures with music." Moe Asch, who is noted for his unorthodox originality in selecting recording artists, thought enough of Stella's singing to have her record two albums, one jazz and one ballad, and defends what some have claimed to be his foolhardiness bordering on idiocy by stating: "She is a magnificently talented singer with a completely honest approach. I have never heard her trying to be anyone but herself. Whether she is singing jazz or ballads she has the feeling of her song. It is important that people be given the opportunity to hear her." Milton Gabler, who runs his own Commodore Records and helps to guide the destinies of Decca, once sent a promising singer to Stella for lessons, although he has never seemed willing to record Miss Brooks himself. Probably one of the most significant compliments ever paid Stella came from the spokesman for one of the major record companies. Explaining why his company didn't want to record her, he said, "Trouble with Stella is she's ten years ahead of her times and the trouble with that is she's gonna keep on being ten years ahead of her times."

The bone of all this contention was born in Seattle, Washington, approximately thirty years ago. When she was five her father died and her mother sent her to an orphanage in San Francisco. She remembers her childhood as dreary, unpleasant and punctuated with sickness. "I can't understand," she once told a friend, "why anyone would want to be a child again."

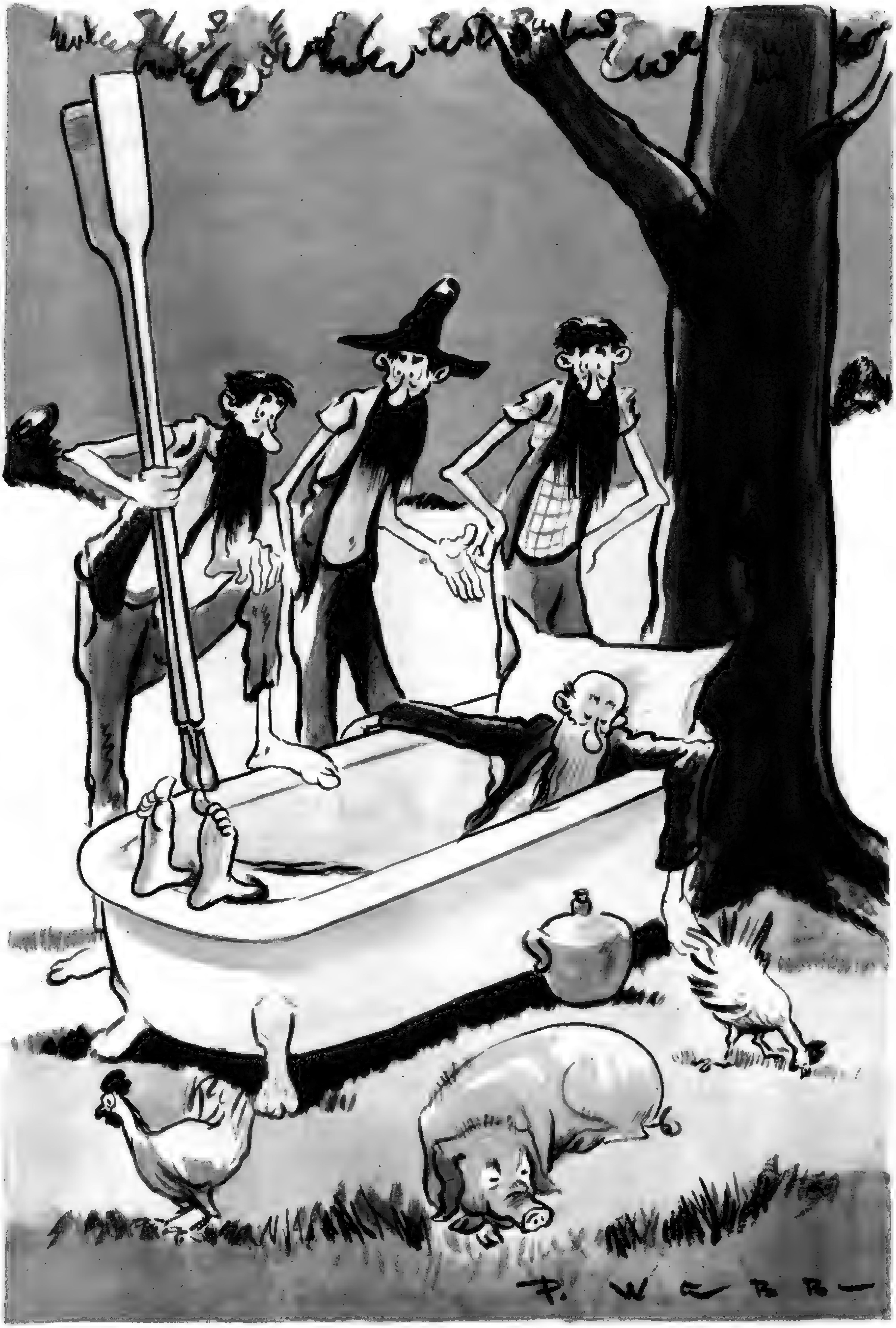
Stella stayed at the orphanage until she was seventeen and had finished high school. The orphanage people thought she was brighter than average and wanted to send her to college on a scholarship but she declined and took a job as stenographer in a broker's office. A short time afterwards the market suffered its famous nervous collapse and by 1932, Stella's employer announced he was shutting his office in favor of opening an apple stand which he thought he could run without a stenographer. His sentiments were general at the time and one afternoon a few months later, with the ad section tucked in the soles of her pumps to keep out the inclement weather, Stella felt a to-hell-with-it-all mood coming over her and walked into a speakeasy to buy her first drink. Three drinks later her spirits had improved so much she started singing along with a wheezy and battered piano which constituted the entertainment.

The following morning she awoke with a headache and a hazy recollection of doing a lot of singing the night before and also being given a considerable amount of money. She was about to write the money off as part of an alcoholic dream when her glance happened to fall on the dresser. It was covered with

(*Continued on page 161*)

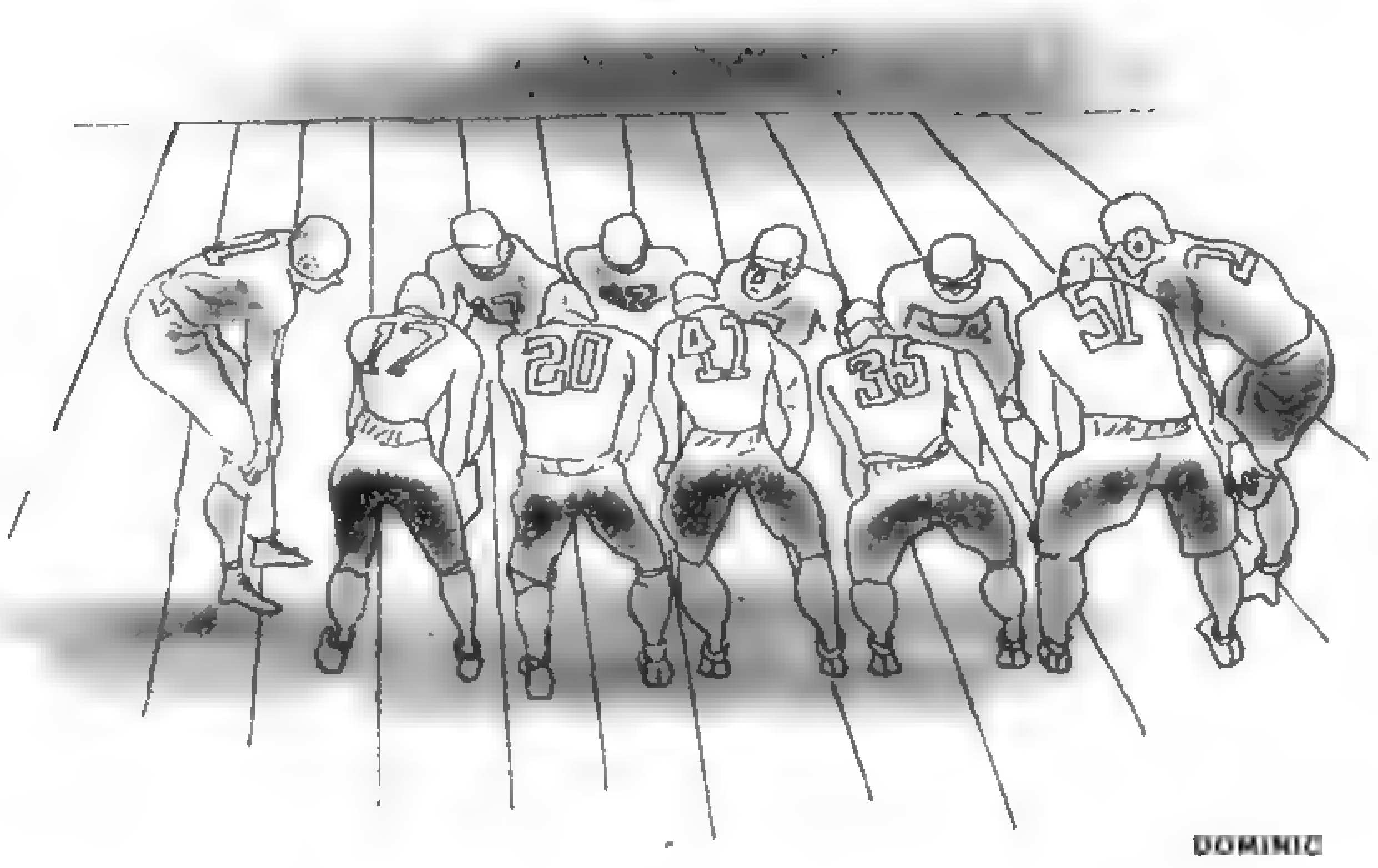


"They raised my pay and promised me they wouldn't have any more children"



"Dammit . . . he's had it to hisself all month . . . when is we goin' to git it to try out fer fishin'?"

The Esquire Sports Poll on College Football



DOMINIC

Some informed guesses on how collegiate footballers will fare this coming season

by JIM CROSSETT

THIS is football month and for the occasion the sports poll dusts off a trio of prediction queries designed to give readers the best informed guess available on what to expect among the colleges this fall. We booted caution out the window in asking the questions; co-operative as always, our experts (football coaches, sports writers and announcers) did likewise in answering them. The casual fan and the sporting man who likes to back his opinion with folding stuff are hereby invited to read on, take notes and make up their minds accordingly.

How the Experts See 'Em

I. Who do you predict to be the outstanding collegiate football player in each of the following sections for the 1946 season?

Pacific Coast —Herman Wedemeyer, St. Mary's—Q. B.
Rocky Mountain—Don Morris, Colorado—H. B.
Southwest —Bob Fenimore, Oklahoma A & M—H. B.
South —Charlie Trippi, Georgia—H. B.
Southeast —Charles Justice, North Carolina—H.B.
Middlewest —Buddy Young, Illinois—H.B.
East —Felix (Doc) Blanchard, Army—F. B.

II. What collegiate team would you predict to be the standout in each section in the 1946 football season?

Pacific Coast —Southern California
Rocky Mountain—Utah
Southwest —Oklahoma A & M
South —Alabama
Southeast —Duke
Middlewest —Notre Dame
East —Army

III. What collegiate football coach in each of the following sections do you feel will turn in the most outstanding coaching job this fall?

Pacific Coast —Jim Phelan, St. Mary's
Rocky Mountain—Ike Armstrong, Utah
Southwest —Jim Lookabaugh, Oklahoma A & M
South —Frank Thomas, Alabama
Southeast —Carl Snavely, North Carolina
Middlewest —Harry Stuhldreher, Wisconsin
East —Earl Blaik, Army

By far the biggest prediction job tackled by our seers as they gazed at the ten-yard markings on their crystal balls was the problem of how they would finish in the seven major geographical sections of the country. The experts took on this assignment with satisfying rashness, though many did preface their opinions with a hedge to the effect that the strength of any team will be in direct ratio to the number and caliber of returning service personnel. And so—reading from West to East—we give you their selections:

Out on the Pacific Coast, where the boys grow taller, the girls prettier and the salt air seems to do something for college football teams, the picture is all Southern California. The pre-season movement to get U. S. C. into the Rose Bowl is led by such indomitable prognosticators as Braven Dyer of the Los Angeles *Times* who says, "I'll stick with Southern California through the 1946 campaign for I think they have everything that a good team needs, weight, speed and top-drawer coaching"—the last, of course, being a boost for the Trojans' Jeff Cravath. Dyer's prediction is backed by writers and football coaches across the nation, the latter including such top football Einsteins as Tuss McLaughrey of Dartmouth; Bernie Oakes, of Wyoming; Henry Frnka, now at Tulane; Ed McKeever, Cornell; Harry Stuhldreher, Wisconsin; Wally Butts, Georgia; Jimmy Phelan of St. Mary's; and Frank Thomas of Alabama, who opposed Cravath last New Year's Day in the Rose Bowl.

In two other categories, U. S. C. is forced to retire in favor of St. Mary's, however. Thus Cravath himself is outscored by Jimmy Phelan who wins the poll for outstanding Pacific Coast coach and St. Mary's Herman Wedemeyer breezes in as the choice for outstanding West Coast player. The Hawaiian quarterback set the experts babbling with his performance last year; now they reason that a Wedemeyer one year older should be even better. It would seem that any upsets out California way will probably be fashioned by the Phelan-St. Mary's-Wedemeyer combination.

Moving east—but still remaining west—the predictors maintain that the top team in the Rocky Mountain region this fall will be Ike Armstrong's University of Utah Redskins. The cagey Drake University graduate has been sweating out his chance to make fans recognize the rugged type of ball played in the Wasatch Range country and from all indications, this is his season. Last year, Ike gave his brothers in the Big Seven fair notice. This year, say the experts, he'll give them Sunday morning headaches as well. So the speculator can place his money on Utah the team and Armstrong the coach in Rocky Mountain football for 1946.

Having stuck their necks out twice, the experts got that what-have-we-got-to-lose feeling and rushed in where the sports angels feared to tread—the tough and unpredictable Southwest, where upsets are routine and championships have a habit of hanging on last-minute passes. Last season, Jim Lookabaugh had a back-breaking line-up down at Oklahoma A and M. The Aggies were so good that most books placed them second to Army as the team of the year.

Well, say the writers and coaches, Jim has it again. He has the fantastically talented Bob Fenimore (the draft still doesn't want him) and he has a good hunk of the line-up which rubbed it into St. Mary's in last year's Sugar Bowl. Undefeated in 1945, the Oklahoma boys are again slated to make such rough organizations as Texas, Texas A and M and Southern Methodist regret the day they ever heard of the boys from the Will Rogers country. With Lookabaugh selected as the probable outstanding coach, Fenimore copping the balloting for outstanding player, and the whole squad selected as the outstanding team, how can the Aggies lose? (For answers, see Dana Bible and other assorted Texans!)

Down in the deeper south where the footballers seem to thrive on heat, the voting was almost monotonous, with expert after expert endorsing Frank Thomas and the boys from Alabama. Champions in 1945 and possessed of a passing fool named Harry Gilmer (a second Luckman and Baugh, the boys will tell you) last year's Rose Bowl winners emerge hands-down winners.

In fact, the only thing 'Bama seems to lack to make it a clean sweep is Georgia's halfback, Charlie Trippi, for Wally Butts' boy is selected over Gilmer and others as the outstanding Southern player-to-be this season. However, Thomas has an All-American lineman to act as foil for Gilmer in the person of Vaughn Mancha, who plays beaucoup center for the Crimson Tide and calls defense signals slicker than opposing quarterbacks call out their offense. Say the experts, Gilmer will keep 'em awake before the game and Mancha will put 'em to sleep during and the whole routine will add up to an Alabama story in the south this year. Southern California is hereby warned that it may be catch-

(*Continued on page 238*)

Defender of the Weak

It's a fine thing to be able to look back on a successful juvenile fighting career marred by only one very slight incident

by JOHN SCOTT RENWICK

My fighting record should, on paper, be an impressive one and might, without straining the truth, be summarized somewhat like this:

"Young Wildcat never tasted defeat. Before the age of twelve he won upward of fifty fights. During all these combats he was hit by an opponent only once, and on that sole occasion the blow landed quite by accident . . ."

Naturally such a unique pugilistic record requires detailing. As my former adversaries are scattered and living in retirement the truth can now be told.

I owed my prowess to the Frommer System. Bill Frommer was night watchman in our neighborhood. He was afflicted by rheumatism caused by nocturnal showers while sleeping on the grass. Yet in his youth he had been the town's best rough-and-tumble fighter. The way he had broken the Scotch stonemason's jaw and had chased the circus spieler out of town was local legend.

Old Bill liked me. He let me feel his biceps and confided that but for his rheumatism he would be as good as ever. One summer evening in a burst of confidence he imparted his secret.

"John," he said, "I always observed one rule. 'The Golden Rule' I call it. If a man gets in your way hit him first and keep on hittin' him. This is how I do it."

Bill demonstrated by vicious thrusts at the atmosphere until a twinge in his leg brought him to his senses. I was six at the time and vastly impressed.

The next day I experimented on Harold F., a timid young man who lived in the next block. That evening Mr. F., bringing Harold along as Exhibit A, called in search of justice. Pride of authorship was in no way lessened by a rather unconvincing sermon on the virtues of pacifism delivered by my father.

A few days later Charles S., two years my senior, who had bullied me as long as I could remember, invited me to knock a stick off his shoulder.

"I dare you and double-dare you!" he said.

Charles had always done this when he was bored, and I had always declined. This time I fooled him. Aiming at his nose instead of the stick, I swung in approved Bill Frommer style. Charles, the claret running from his proboscis, took to his heels. I, having scored that *ultima Thule* of juvenile combat, a nosebleed, pounded on my chest like an angry young bull ape and roared after him:

"Nobody can double-dare me and get away with it!"

The assault on Harold had redounded to my credit. Still he was a notorious sissy and it had at the best caused only a mild ripple in the stream of community life. But Charles rated as a tough egg. The report that I had "beaten him up" created a sensation. My prestige grew overnight. Boys four and five years my senior noticed me for the first time. They felt my muscles and patted me on the back. "He's a good kid," they remarked to one another. Naturally this was pretty heady wine. I began to lie awake nights plotting assault and battery.

Even as a youngster I possessed a sound public-relations sense and recognized that society did not condone unjustifiable violence. Accordingly, in developing my plans I decided (1) that my opponents should be preferably older and at least larger than I, and (2) that it was desirable to attack them when they were engaged in inflicting physical or mental anguish on younger boys or on members of the fair sex.

A studied appraisal of the fighting qualities of the boys in my class (the first grade) convinced me that the vast majority were unworthy of consideration. I deemed only three were of such timber that my prestige would be enhanced by their downfall. Jimmy M. was singled out as the first victim. He owned a senile setter, blind and barely able to move. One day Jimmy made the error of shouting at the sleeping dog, "Sic her, Hector!" as a little girl passed. Naturally she was terrified. I was at him like a tiger. Once again the Frommer System worked. I made it evident that no guy was going to sic his dog on an unprotected female while *I* was around.

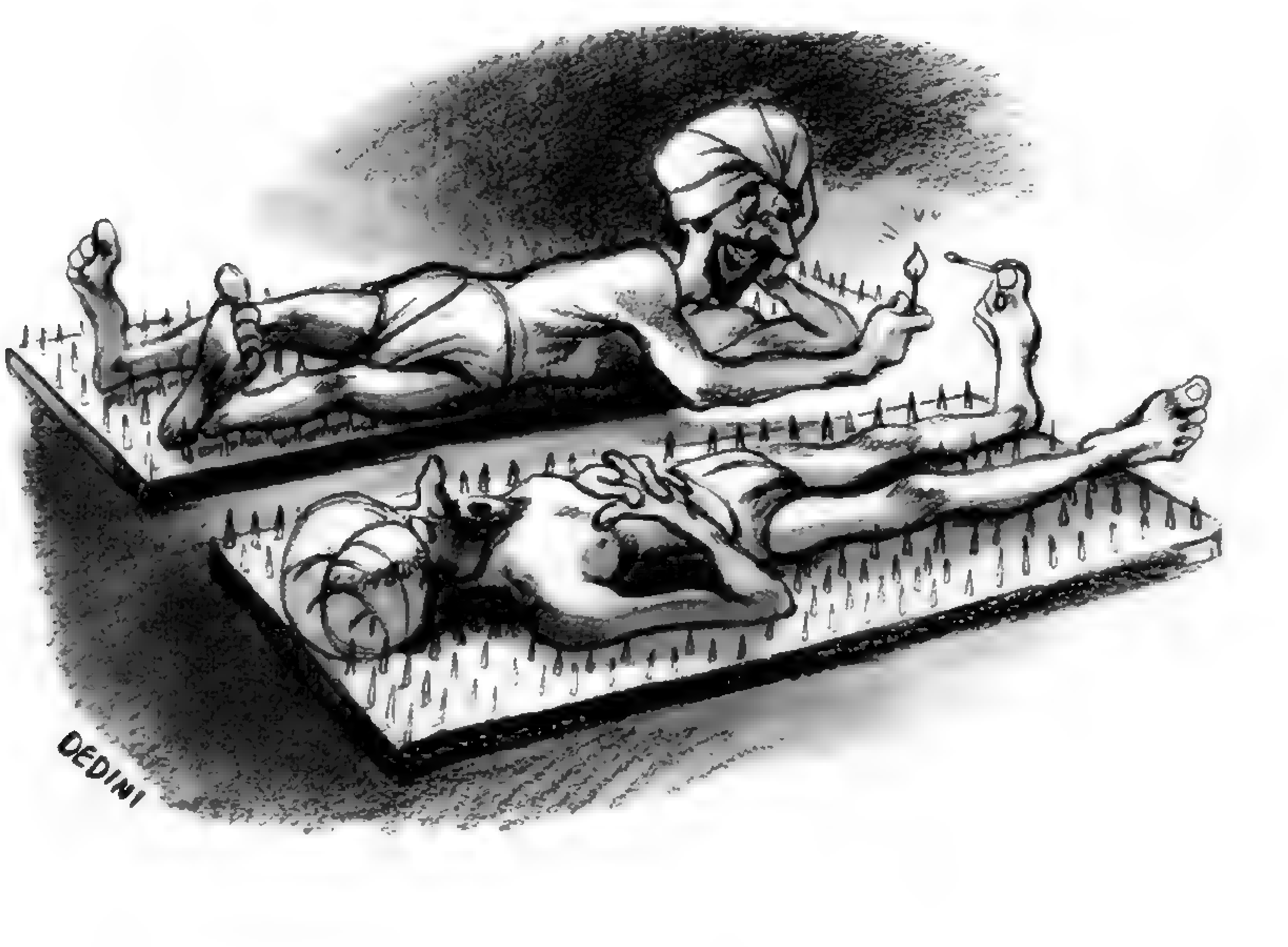
Vernon R. was eliminated for shoving another boy, who weighed probably two pounds less than Vernon, during fire drill. Only Joe G. now stood between me and the second grade. Joe sensed something was up. He was always forcing candy upon me so I knew he was my meat. During one recess he was wrestling with another boy. Joe threw the boy, who fell on a stone and burst into tears. Enter the avenger of the weak!

"Whaddya mean, you big bully?" I demanded, going into action. But Joe side-stepped and swung, his fist landing in my left eye as I lost my balance. It was a distinct surprise and for a split second I debated whether I should go on with my career. Then I remembered my reputation and lashed out blindly. It was all over in a minute. Joe couldn't take it.

The second grade proved soft. Knowledge that I was "dynamite" caused several who might have been expected to defend the class honor to treat me with gratifying circumspection.

But now I was content to coast on my reputation. I affected the role of the strong, silent man suggested by Bill Hart, who was then making cinema history. Little things ceased to irritate me. I no longer looked for trouble, although I let it be known subtly that I never avoided trouble. A saying I used was, "I always like to give trouble a little squeeze when it comes my way." Boys looked at one another significantly when I said that. I continued to receive the deference essential to my peace of mind.

One episode during the strong, silent phase is still vivid. Dick L. was ambitious, and although his growing cockiness worried me I never gave him the satisfaction of knowing it. On a particular afternoon Dick discovered *(Continued on page 224)*



If you were a Cat, your Tail would Twitch

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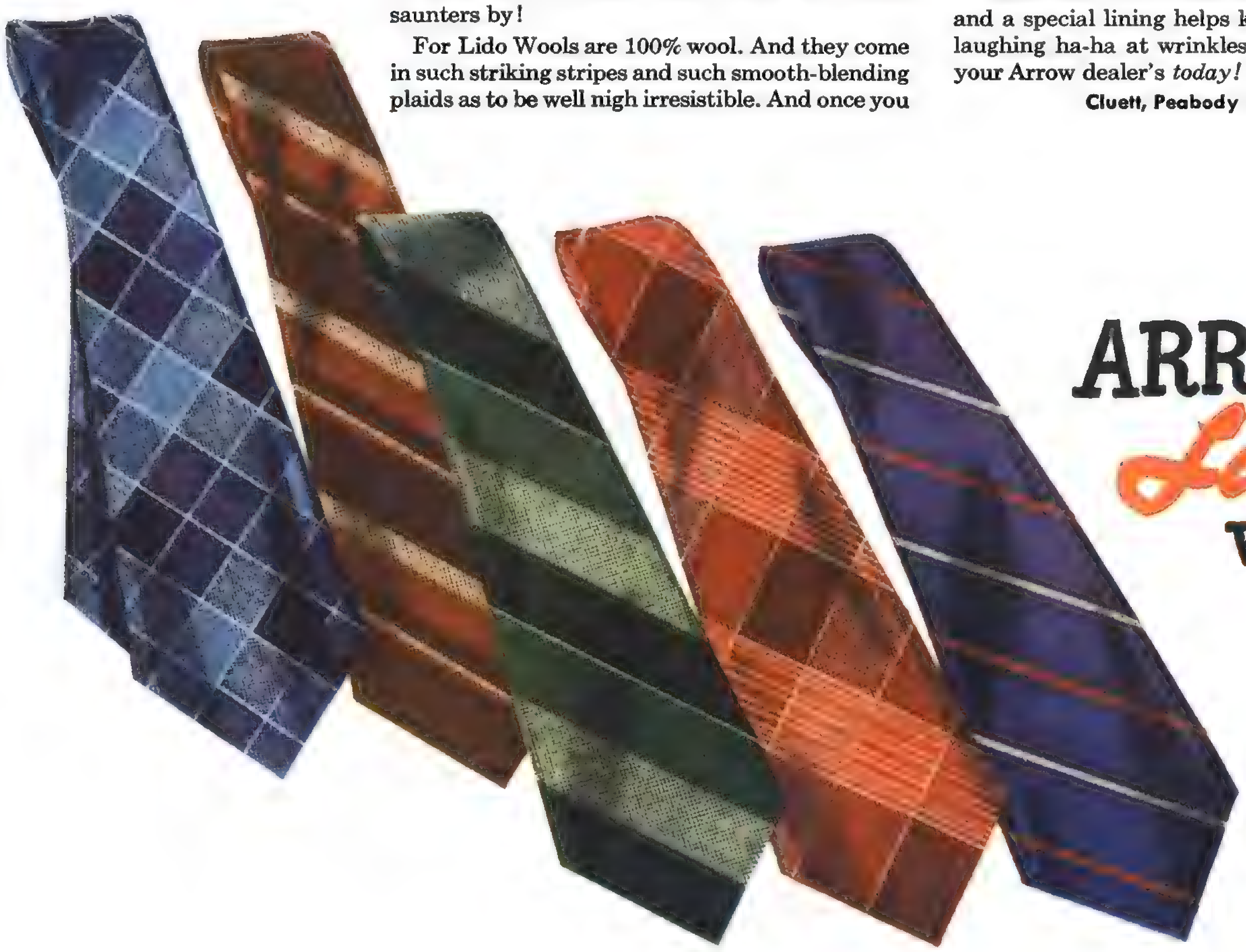

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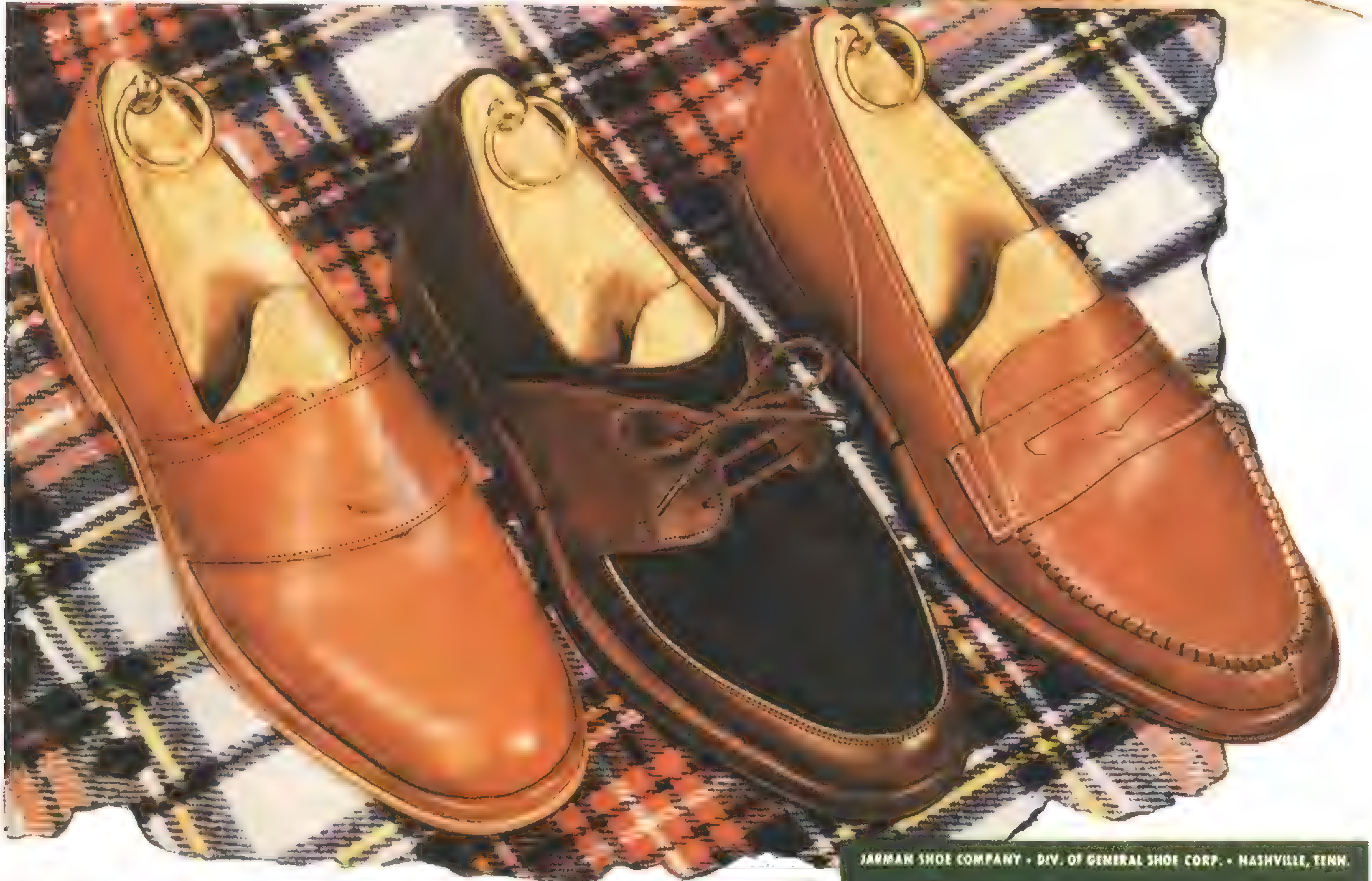

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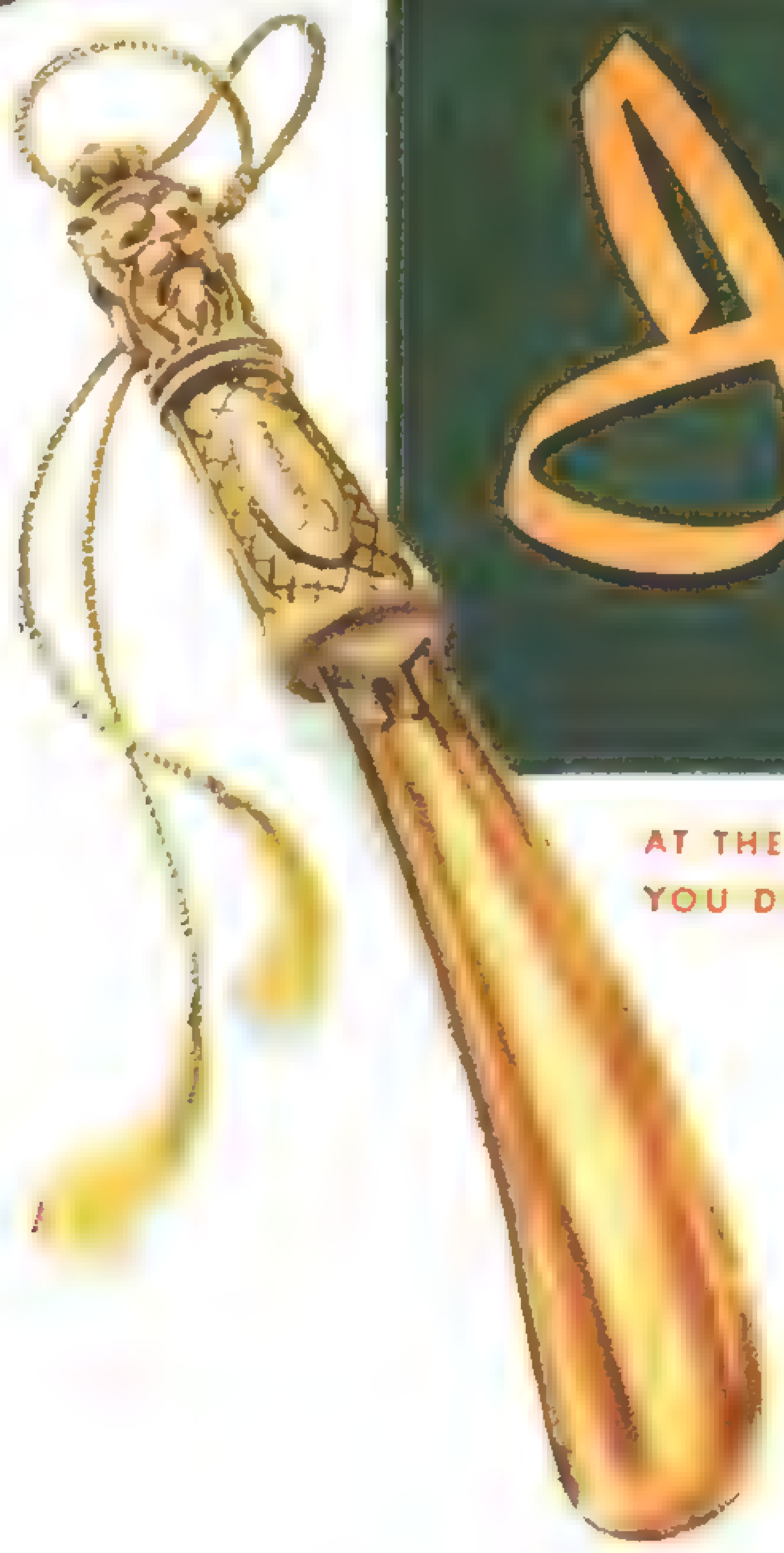

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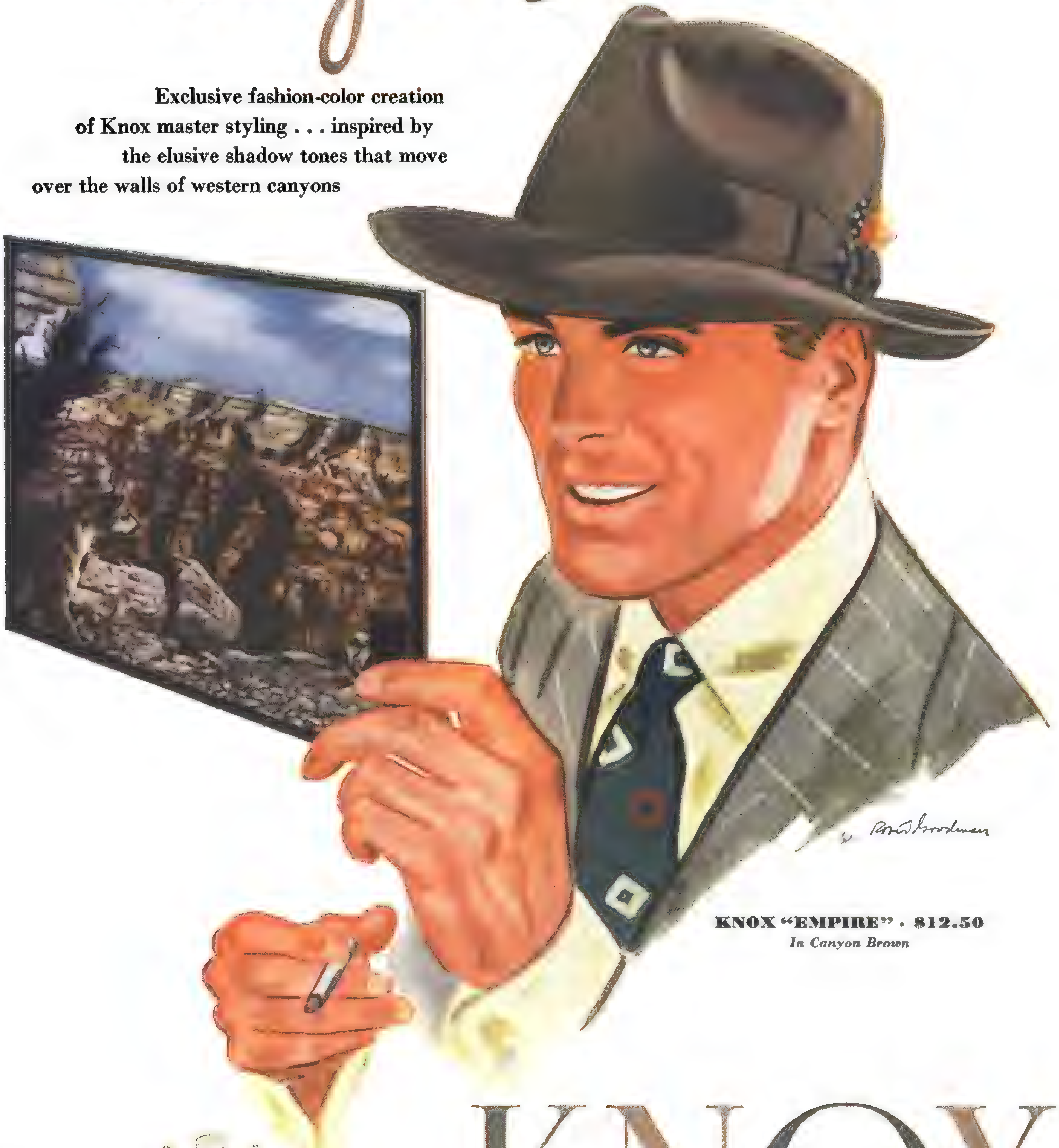

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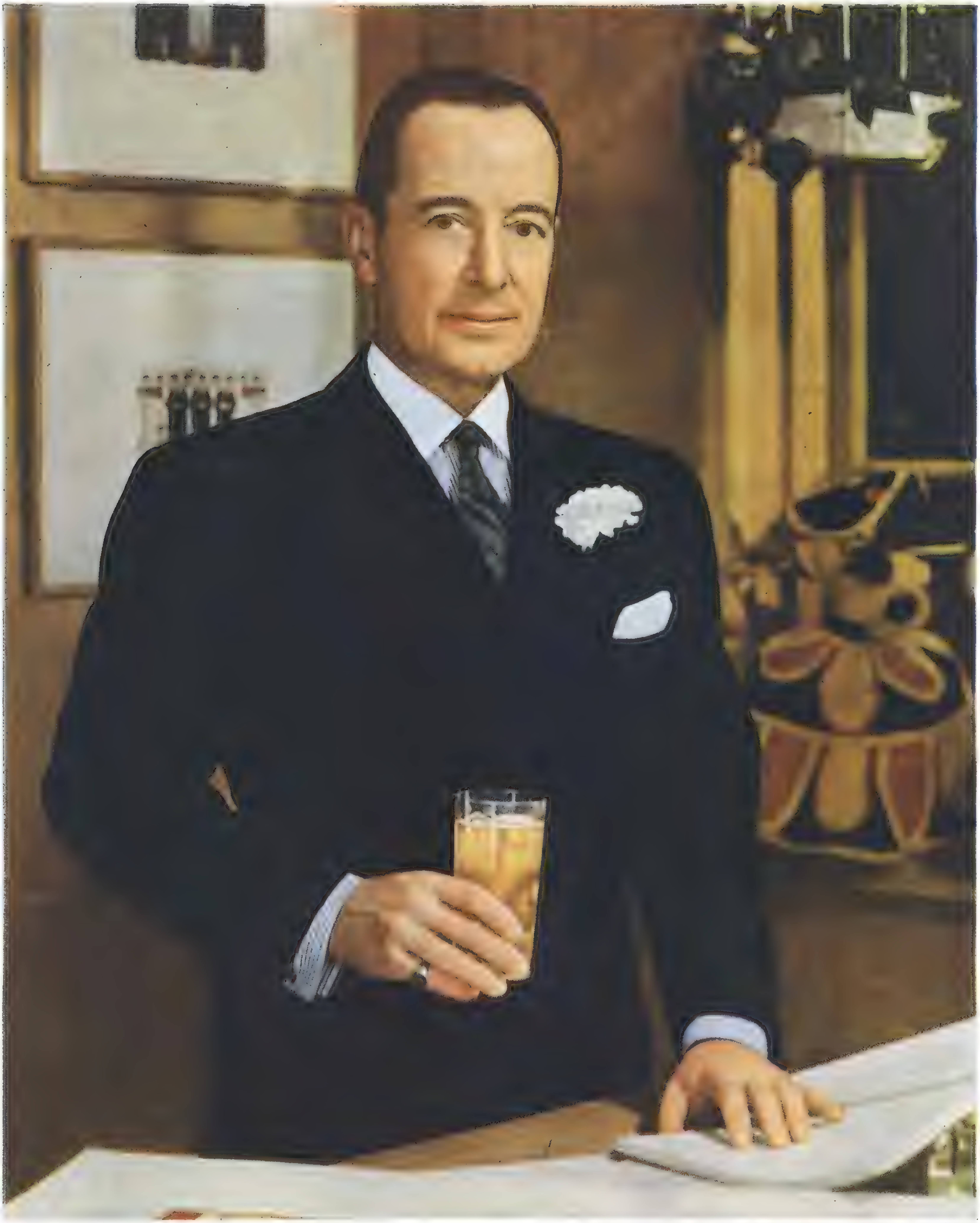

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Outlining a concentrated plan for action designed to assist the harassed masculine shopper in his fight to circumvent present-day wardrobe "shorts"

Making Much Out of Little

by O. E. SCHOEFFLER

That plague which has hit wearables these past many months—as any clothes-hungry veteran will tell the world—is the "shorts." Plague or no, the ex-G.I. who knows what he wants in a wardrobe will cogitate a practical way to circumvent shortages or—if he fails in that ambitious job—put his ingenuity to work in making little do.

Briefly stated, the following is a suggested formula for being well-dressed whatever the supply of suits and accessories: Look for your choice and if you can't get it, settle for something close to it; if you can't get that, play games with the wardrobe you have to achieve the effect of a change. Let's see how that works.

You need a minimum of two suits and you prefer more. Suppose you're a veteran who is building a wardrobe from scratch and you have your mind set on two suits, one a double-breasted striped Corsair Blue, the other a Crane Grey unfinished worsted with a two-button single-breasted jacket. Says the clothier: "I can't fit you in the blue and I haven't a Crane Grey suit in stock."

Do you then trek directly to the wailing wall and start thinking desperate thoughts about getting back into uniform? Not if you're blessed with adaptability and common sense. You can still work out a practical compromise, substituting a non-Crane grey with double-breasted jacket and then doubling back to pick up a single-breasted blue with faint stripes.

To the man who already has three suits, two of which are beginning to give their age away, the problem is less acute though equally real, for he needs a spare outfit to help the frayed suits along. In the course of his wardrobe scouting, he will discover that it pays to establish rapport at one establishment. If he's fortunate enough to have a backlog of cordial relations with a salesman, he'll undoubtedly get something close to what he wants, if not immediately, then on delivery. If he lacks this useful "in," he should still be able to rout up something suitable through diligence.

Though the ready-made "shorts" are most talked about, the man who has his clothes tailored to order is meeting them, too. His selections are limited by stocks of fabrics on hand, and delivery inside of three months after measurement is phenomenal in most circles. As a custom-made customer, he'll do well to consider weights of fabrics when he's ordering, as deliveries are running roughly one season behind orders. If he submits to the tape in winter, for example, he'll be wise to do so in terms of spring delivery.

The gentleman who shops for certain other wearables will soon discover that the "shorts" are ubiquitous. Topcoat supplies are such that often a search for a natural shade covert cloth coat in a fly front model with peaked lapels will end in selection of a grey herringbone or diagonal tweed in one of several other styles. Again, the "shorts" have also invaded hats and it is still not always possible to get the desired model, color and size. The situation is ditto for shoes, though here substitutions are more readily worked. The imaginative buyer will soon learn such routines as making bluchers serve for brogues and vice versa.

Shopping for accessories in this era of frustrating shortages is a surprisingly pleasant experience akin to getting at the head of a line for Notre Dame-Army tickets. For the supply of most accessories, if not lush, is ample. All of which makes for smoother sailing for the man in search of a wardrobe.

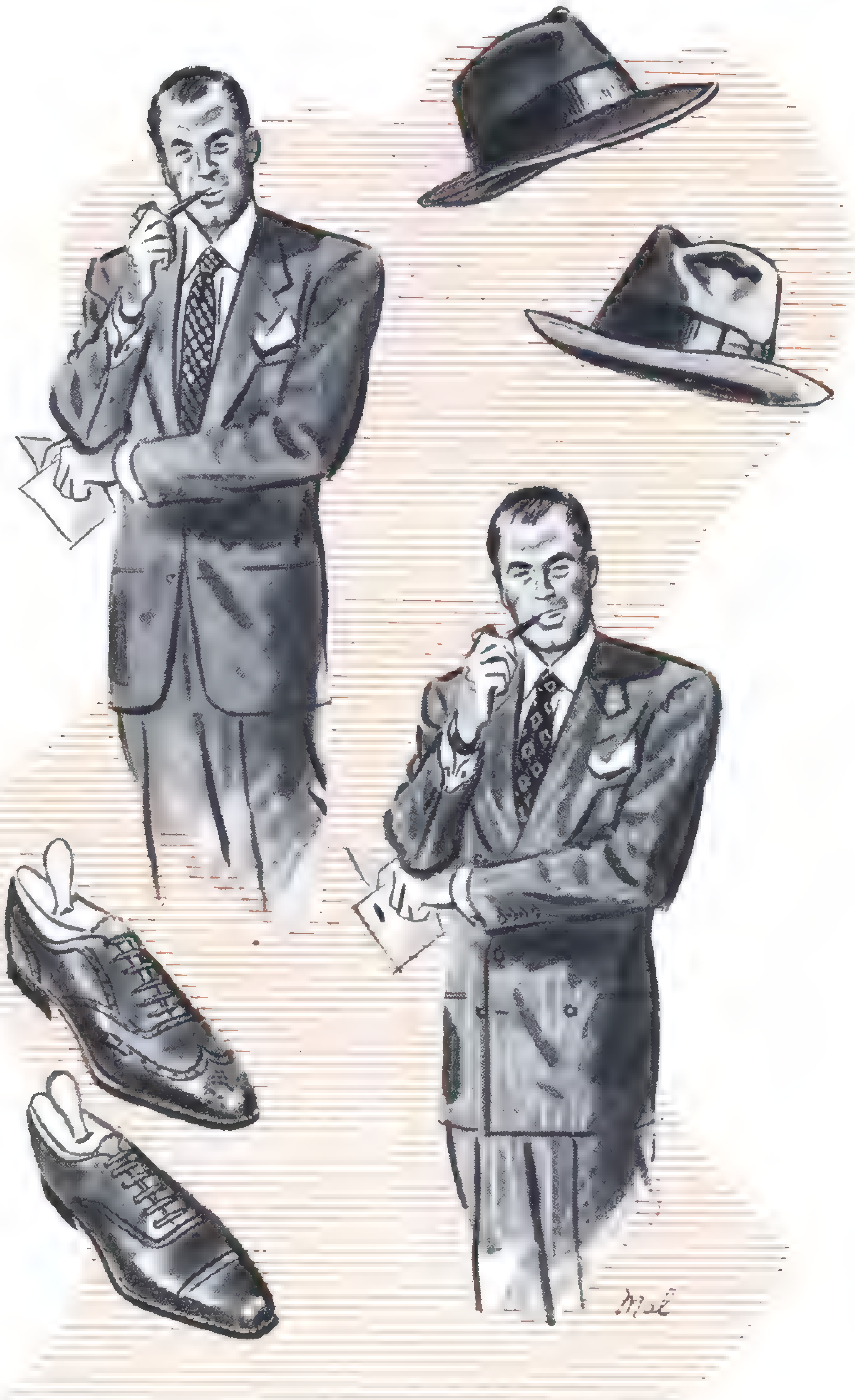
Educated shoppers well know the magic latent in a wide selection of ties, handkerchiefs, belts and hose. Chosen with taste, these apparel items can be the salvation of a wardrobe, for they have the knack of making yesterday's suit sparkle like tomorrow's. And they are the panacea which cures ills arising when you can't get what you want, for they help you make the most of what you have.

Variety in shirt and tie ensembles can jazz up a wardrobe like nothing short of a closet full of suits. Your tie rack can be as colorful or conservative as you like, but the average man will want a careful blending of the two. If small patterns dominate in your ties, add a bit of spice with a few of the larger, overall geometrical designs which can do double duty for business and sports wear.

It is advisable when purchasing ties to buy handkerchiefs at the same time. A chest pocket kerchief has a knack of picking up the color of either your shirt or tie, and such kerchiefs are back in quantity now that hands which once rolled bandages are back rolling hems. Even imported kerchiefs are available in moderate quantity.

In selecting hose, you can choose from an El Dorado of designs and materials. Many new patterns are making their debuts this season and may be had in all wool, cotton, rayon, nylon or in mixtures of same. Frequently, hose contrasting with your suit but blending with your tie can be a denominator of good taste in grooming.

Much the same story holds true for braces and belts which offer still another outlet for color and novelty for the man in search of a balanced wardrobe, poor supplies notwithstanding. And finally, cuff links and tie-holders can be called into service to supplement the diet of the man stricken with the suit and topcoat "shorts." ⵌ



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This Year—It's The Yearling

Continued from page 81

decided that any kid being groomed for the screen by his parents would have had the naturalness required for *The Yearling* hammered out of him. Securing permission to visit Nashville school yards, he spotted the Jarman boy in the midst of a scrub football game. Thus Claude won the year's most coveted juvenile movie role without knowing he was being considered for it.

Few movie heroes have been selected so directly from the heart of America. And none has a better chance of going so directly to America's heart.

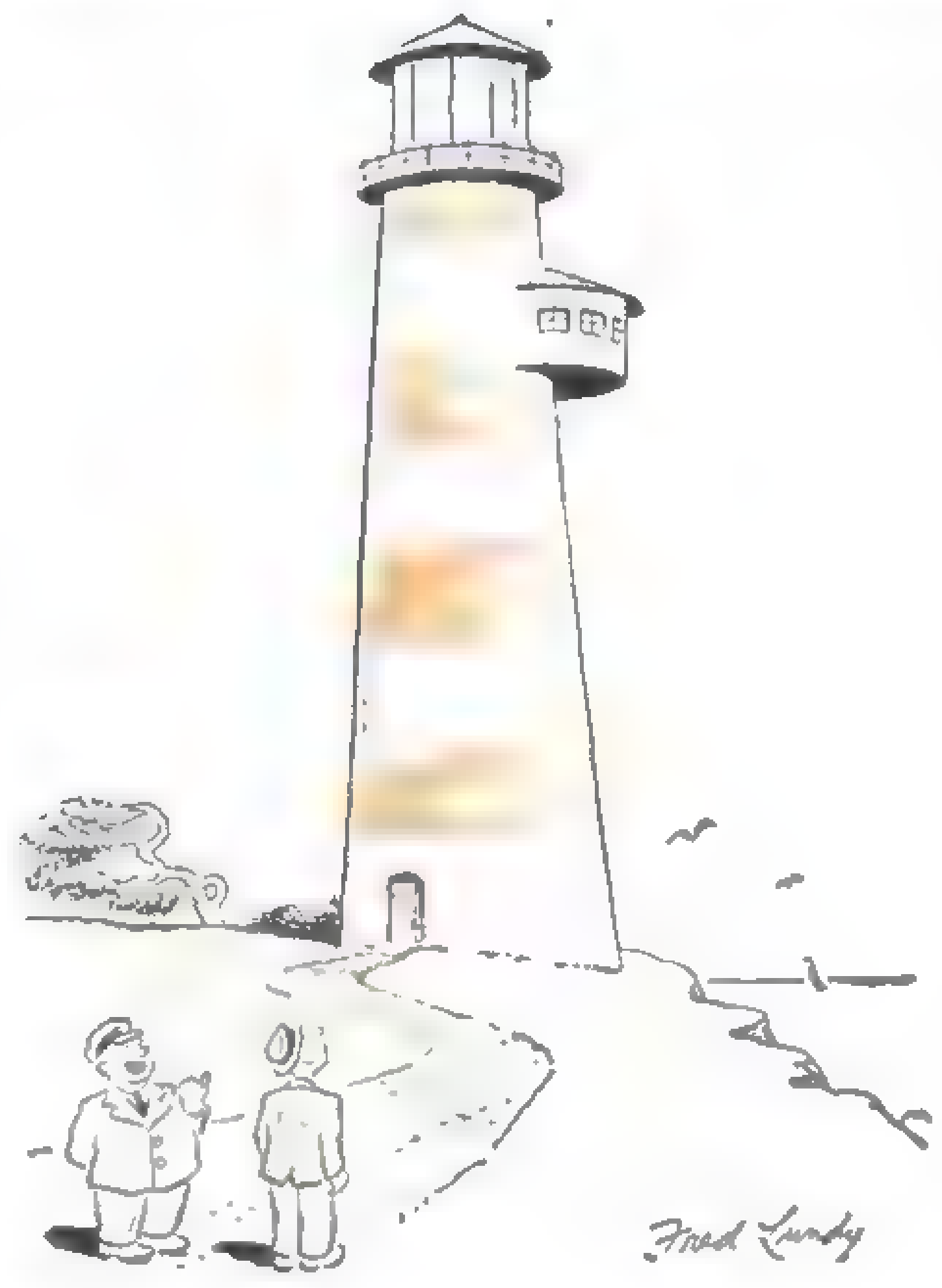
Claudia and David

In a movie month devoted to the patter of little feet, most films skirt the most acute problem of the American family—the loused week end. But Fox's *Claudia and David* considers this problem at some length.

Life pulls a snide trick on every generation.

By the time a youth's voice has changed to the point where he can pronounce "escrow" without sounding like a rooster, he has been so bossed by his parents that he longs for a cot just for two, where the cares of the day will be all charmed away in his little gay home in the west. He may acquire this paradise if he succeeds in persuading his dream woman and a landlord to say "yes." But he won't enjoy it for long. In less than a year, if both parties are healthy, the stork will start dive-bombing the love nest.

Soon the joint will jump as our hero eats breakfast while dodging great gobs of oatmeal flung by a sharpshooter in a high chair. The bathroom clotheslines, flaunting multi-colored rompers, will make him feel he's shaving on a set for *State Fair.* "There's Molly and me, and baby makes three"* sounds ducky in a song lyric. But the great blisters of bubble gum which cause Junior to look like a Ubangi soon put the blues in *My Blue Heaven.* Romance gets bruised when the breadwinner trips over roller skates while embracing the only woman in the world. After awhile, the bewitched couple spend Sunday afternoons, not gazing into each other's eyes, but at the zoo—gazing into the eyes of a gnu.



"I've added a guest room"

Therefore, at the risk of introducing a frightening note of family coziness into this article, I feel it my duty to place one of my daughter's ideas before the nation—in the interests of public welfare. This fourteen-year-old thinks the American public would be spared much anguish if parents and children were kept out of each other's hair on Saturdays and Sundays. So she is trying to induce the National Association of Manufacturers to keep all fathers chained to their ledgers on these two days. This would prevent all aged sires from heckling the Sabbath saturnalias of the bobby-sockers. But, being a reasonable child, she suggests that the old men be compensated with Monday and Tuesday. On these days their sitting around in their undershirts, drinking beer, would not embarrass the Brave New World that had returned to its Latin verbs and algebra.

If acted upon at once, this proposal may bring peace back to the home and romance back to marriage.

It might have spared Robert Young much of the suffering he endures in *Claudia and David,* which reintroduces Dorothy McGuire as Rose Franken's emotional female Dagwood. As Claudia, Dorothy wears a wardrobe that looks like a collection of old wind socks from rural airdromes. Once more her family life takes off at odd angles. But she looks sweet upon the seat of a tangent built for two.

Miss Franken's stories are filled with the slushy sentimentality that makes the weather always April in the women's magazines. This time Claudia is maternal. And she's taking it big. Her temperamental didos remind one of the saying that it doesn't take a mother elephant nine years to have a baby—it just seems that long to the father elephant. With Claudia, this bated-breath atmosphere of genesis is maintained until the child is half grown and has the measles.

As before, the entire company is required to go into an all-kneeling attitude while Claudia has the vapors. If Miss McGuire makes more of this series, Actors' Equity may have to resort to picket lines until the studios provide knee pads for supporting players.

But if your wife insists on your seeing this (as she probably will) you'd better give in without waiting to have your arm twisted. From a man's point of view, the film saves itself by its moments of hilarious domestic humor. Sometimes it kids its own effects. Once, when Miss McGuire goes into a rapt, spiritual close-up, you discover that she's only concentrating on swatting a fly. Mr. Young

Continued on page 140

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This Year—It's The Yearling

Continued from page 138

stops being reverent to the little woman long enough to get in a number of husbandly wisecracks.

The mood of family fun owes much to the clever adaptation by Vera Caspary, who gets some new angles into the two eternal triangles that make up the geometry of *Claudia and David.*

The "other man," played by John Sutton, is a fellow who yearns for domesticity and who would like nothing better than to help Claudia worry over her child's measles. Mary Astor as the "other woman" is a poised and competent widow whose offspring also has the measles. Never has sex seemed so futile. Mr. Young, seeking nothing more than a quiet week end in the country, is faced with a choice between sacred and profane spotted youngsters.

As in the original *Claudia*, there is considerable highfaluting talk about the necessity of "making friends with pain." The husband not only makes friends with it, but eventually gets into bed with it when he is run down by a drunken driver during his dashes back and forth between quarantines. This takes Claudia's mind off her worries and prevents her marriage from falling into a rut. It's amazing how a man can keep his wife happy if he's willing to undergo a few blood transfusions.

Holiday in Mexico

If father is a widower, the domestic situation is slightly different. He must call in a sitter whenever he feels the yen for extra-mural romance. Otherwise his teen-aged baby may pick out a sitter for herself—and wind up trying to sit in the sitter's lap.

Walter Pidgeon, as the daddy of cuddly Jane Powell, faces such a problem in *Holiday in Mexico.* He is introduced as an American diplomat in Mexico, whose young daughter takes pride in being his official hostess. When Pop starts dating a Hungarian houri, Ilona Massey, the kid dreams up an infatuation for her unsuspecting music teacher, José Iturbi.

Somebody should teach Iturbi to act. Because he can't act, his easy naturalness makes all the other actors look like actors. The quiet power with which he plays Rachmaninoff's *Concerto No. 2 in C Minor* and Chopin's *Polonaise, Opus 53*, maintains his reputation as the least long-haired and the most masculine of the maestros. Even his two grandchildren, who appear with him briefly, have inherited something of their handsome grandpa's nonchalance.

Miss Powell, as the girl who casts calf love and sheep eyes at José, is such a delectable little bundle of feminity that she sometimes seems like a perfumed tidal wave. During the early sequences, her cuteness is so virulent that even so able a performer as Mr. Pidgeon finds it contagious. There are *two* scenes in which he tiptoes up behind her with an impish smile on his face.

However, this fey quality soon is brought within bounds by producer Joe Pasternak. After the story gets rolling, both Miss Powell and Mr. Pidgeon turn in excellent performances. The central situation might have become ugly had the producer lacked the skill to differentiate between a daughter's jealousy and her desire to feel necessary to her father's happiness. Mr. Pidgeon achieves a fine blending of sophistication and fatherly tenderness when he makes his daughter understand that love must be too big for corny sacrifices.

As the latest Pasternak protegée, Jane Powell begins an auspicious career under the tutelage of a man who has gone through more adolescent girlhoods than Elsie Dinsmore. The screen discoverer of Deanna Durbin, Joe recently piloted Kathryn Grayson from the starry-eyed youthfulness of *Anchors Aweigh* to the two-Martini worldliness of *Two Sisters from Boston.* He has spent almost his entire professional manhood at that point in a girl's life where brook and river meet—without getting splashed. All Pasternak daughters are musical. At an age when most girls are running errands, his are invariably running scales. Sooner or later, their screen fathers find themselves in a concert audience registering pride, while the kids sing *Ave Maria.*

In *Holiday in Mexico*, Miss Powell considerately sings *The Italian Street Song* while her old man is out of the house. This soprano aria requires such a dental delivery that it's impossible for the leading man to watch without looking as though he's making an oral surgery diagnosis.

If Mr. Pasternak has interest in girls who don't sing, it may be worth his while to encourage a minor member of the cast—Helene Stanley. As a piquant little pullet who gets a crush on Mr. Pidgeon, red-headed Helene manages to suggest a latter day Clara Bow—a kid who can be cute without contortions.

Mikhail Rasumny, as her posturing father, produces the most amusing moment by hauling off and being cuter than anybody.

Miss Massey's glamorous concentration on Mr. Pidgeon as she sings *You, So It's You*, should be ample reward to a hero who is required to do a hell of a lot of listening.

The Big Sleep

This brings us Bogey and Baby in a tough shoot and sneer opera that's strictly not for children. Hollywood grapevine (which sprouts its share of professional sour grapes) insisted before the preview that this was a stinker.

It isn't. Apparently the honeymoon is over. Mr. Bogart has stopped playing straight to Mrs. Bogart. He no longer keeps his

Continued on page 142

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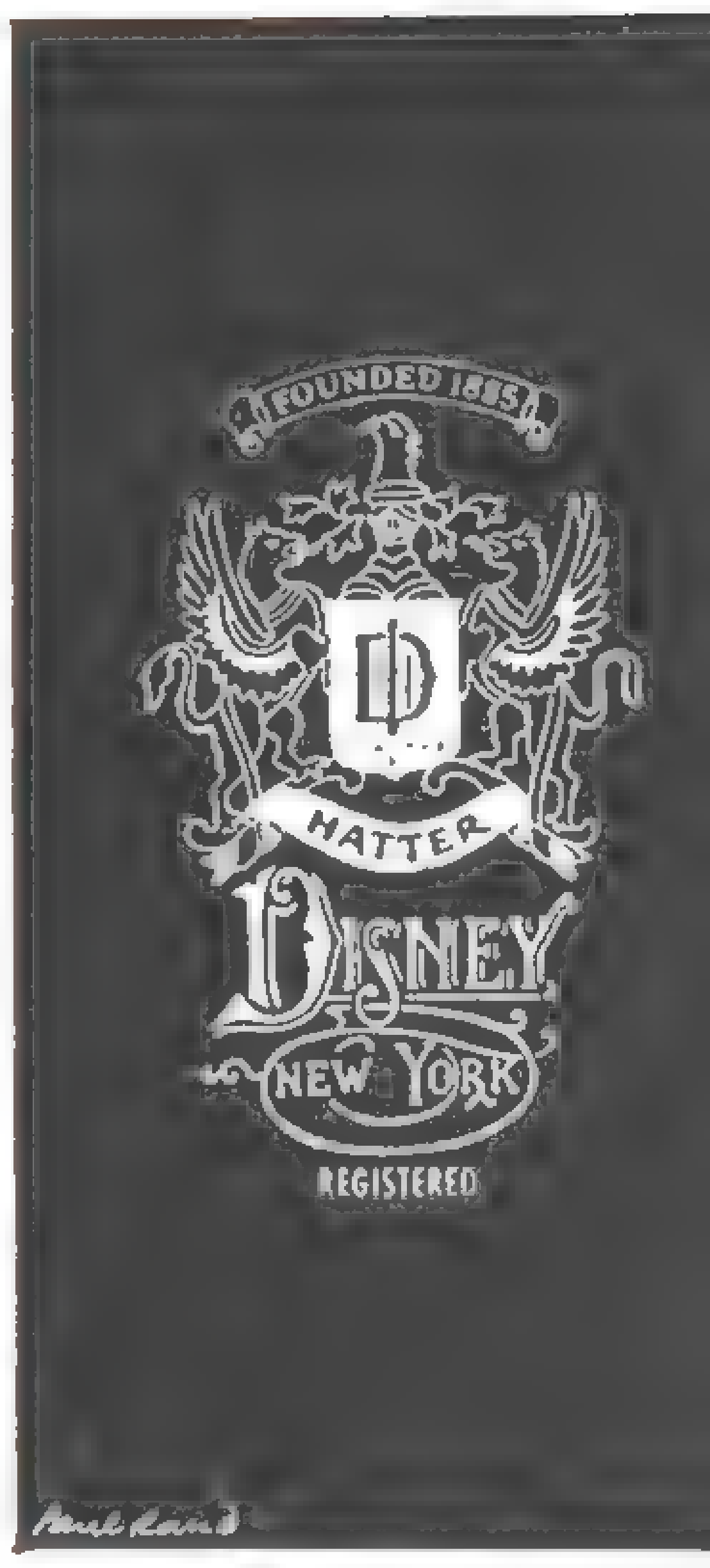
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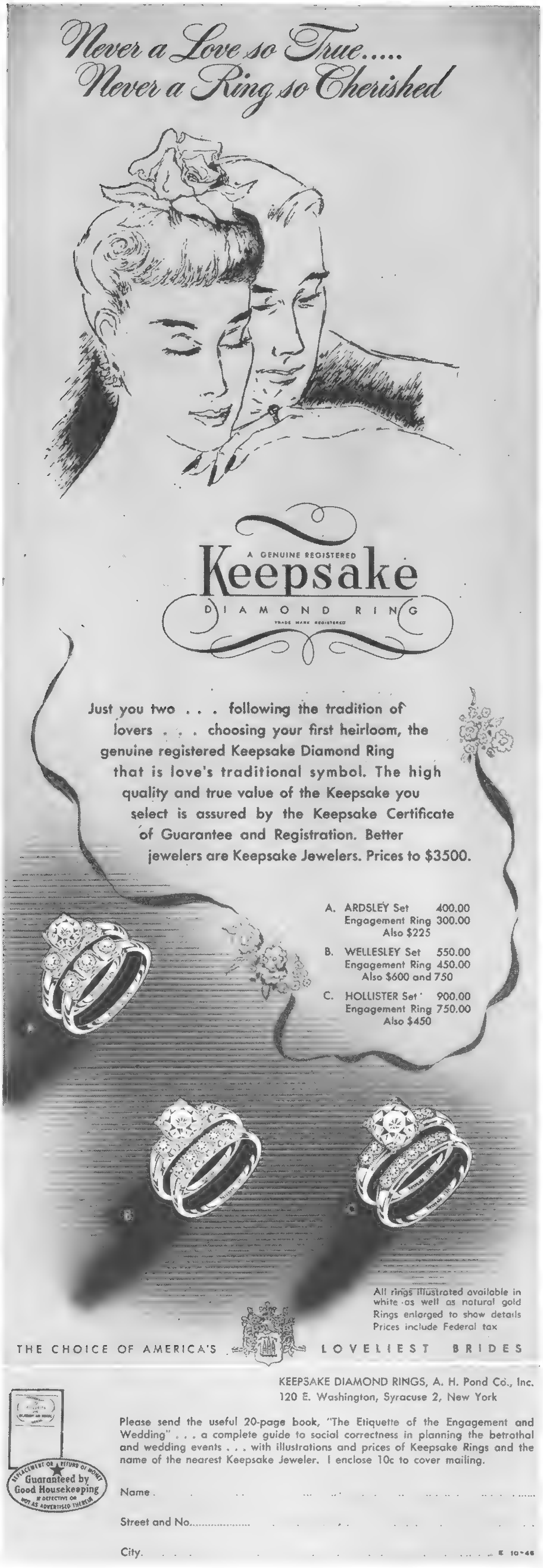

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This Year—It's The Yearling

Continued from page 140

good dialogue in his wife's name. Many of his funniest lines are right out of the Raymond Chandler book. These kill the audience while the characters are killing each other. As the private detective hero, Bogey is a fellow with both guts and belly laughs—a comic as well as a sleuth. In his detecting, Bogart even goes swish.

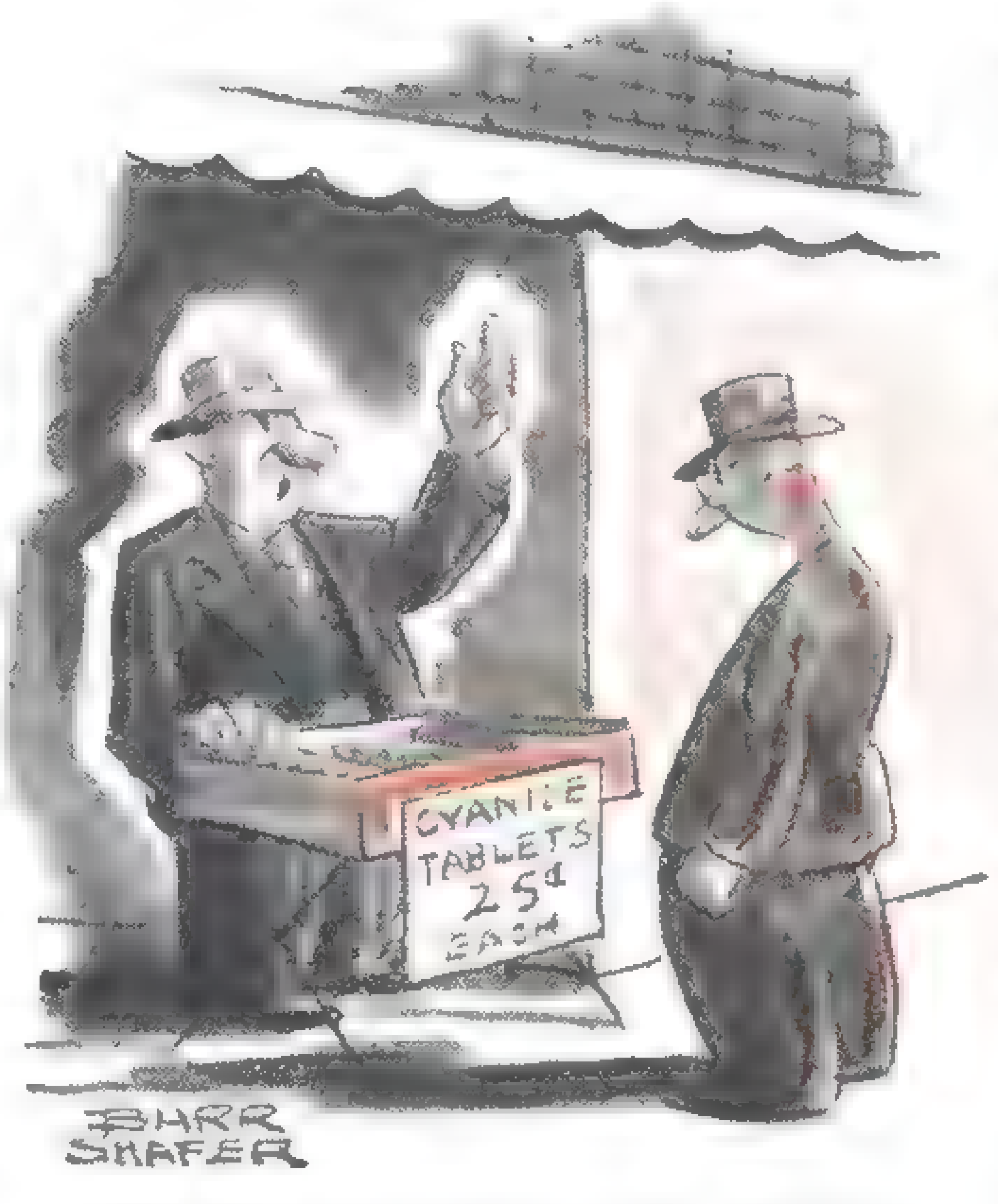
This, you got to see.

I can't tell you the plot—since I only read the book once before seeing the picture. Mr. Chandler does not write "who-done-its." He writes "whom-done-its," in which slaughter is objective. There is such an abundance of corpses in a Chandler movie that some never get their picture taken. They have to wait outside in the expository conversation. Theodore Von Eltz looks natural as a corpse who makes the grade.

There are no yawns in *The Big Sleep.* A top-flight cast stooges to Bogie's gags and bullets. Elisha Cook, Jr., is a wistful gunman; Louis Jean Heydt is a friendly assassin; and John Ridgeley is a killer who doesn't like killing. There are many others. Among them Martha Vickers seems headed for stardom as a lethal lady who sucks her thumb.

Lauren Bacall begins to make a comeback in this blood bath. After *To Have and Have Not,* Warner Brothers bought her contract from her director, Howard Hawks. This was like rehiring McCarthy and letting Bergen go.

The Big Sleep restores Mrs. Bogart to Mr. Hawks' supervision. But the picture isn't tailored to her as her first one was. She's coming back the hard way—as just another member of a cast that is tough competition. Four Warner stock actresses (Sonia Darrin, Dorothy Malone, Peggy Knudsen and Joy Barlowe) have good scenes with Mr. Bogart. From Baby's standpoint, each is a menace—both as to looks and acting ability. It must be tough to see your husband playing with other women—particularly when they are good.



"Relieve boredom the quick easy way"

To Each His Own

We men never know how much women suffer. This proves how dumb we are—because they tell us often enough. In *To Each His Own,* Olivia de Havilland once more reminds us that the woman always pays. But after she's paid for something, she insists on taking it back.

Charles Brackett may have given birth to his brainchild after being scared by Gene Stratton Porter. In the early reels, the heroine has an illegitimate baby by a World War I flyer (John Lund). The event soon takes on all the privacy of Tom Sawyer whitewashing a fence.

After a surreptitious accouchement, Olivia deposits the youngster on the doorstep of a neighbor, Mrs. Ingram, thinking she can drop in a few minutes later and adopt it. Man's work is from sun to sun, but woman's work is never done—as planned. It was one of those days when just everything seemed to go wrong. Because Olivia simply couldn't get to Mrs. Ingram's a minute sooner, her bouncing boy bounces over to Mrs. Piersen's. Olivia now tries to get him on the third bounce. But Mrs. Piersen has adopted him and won't give him up.

The results of these maternal maneuvers are pretty disastrous for all the masculine bystanders. Mr. Piersen (Phil Terry) begins to have the home life of a tomcat in a doghouse. And as the two women love him persistently, the little boy gets mauled about like the last pillow slip at a January white sale. Olivia's unrequited lover (Bill Goodwin) becomes a bootlegger, and her old man (Griff Barnett) crawls behind the prescription counter of his drugstore and quietly dies. There's a lesson in this picture. Girls should be discouraged from their first false step. It's apt to break the legs of too many men.

The embittered Olivia subsequently goes into the cosmetic business and becomes the Rockefeller of the rouge pots. She forces Mr. Piersen (a once proud player-piano plutocrat) to give up the child. But she can't paint the bloom of love on the kid's bewildered features. He very reasonably prefers the quiet affection of his foster parents to the typhoon of maternal passion which Olivia unleashes at him.

Donning an expression of hysterical stoicism, Miss de Havilland next goes to London, where she meets Lord Desham (Roland Culver) who seems to know instinctively what he's up against. His first reaction is to fall off a roof. The heroine saves him, somewhat crossly, and the Englishman returns the compliment by assisting her reunion with her son (who has now grown back into John Lund, the same actor who got Olivia into all this trouble in the first place).

The boy is a World War II flyer, planning to spend a few hours' leave with his girl. He's a little irritated when Olivia butts

Continued on page 144

AFTER SHAVE LOTION
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QUIET, PERFECT GROOMING

MEN'S DECANTER SET . . . Matching de luxe decanters of Lenthéric's After-Shave Lotion and Tanbark Cologne . . . the set, $5.00. Individual decanters . . . each, $2.50. *All prices, plus tax.*

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AT THE BETTER SHOPS

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*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.—A product of A. Stein & Company, Chicago, New York

This Year—It's The Yearling

Continued from page 142

in and begins playing *Madame X.* However, Lord Desham, being a Britisher, hates to see the "muddling through" championship go to the United States, so he decides to help Olivia. With his assistance, the young people are wedded and the son recognizes his mother in time to cheat the bride out of the final clinch.

Beneath the tortured sentimentality and elaborately contrived pathos, Mr. Brackett and Miss de Havilland tell an honest story in spite of themselves. Being intelligent people, they're unable to sugar coat what is essentially a grim spectacle of love gone berserk. The noblest attitudes become ridiculous when too long maintained. By refusing to adjust to life's changes, a heroine becomes a heavy whose emotional fixation is selfish and grotesque.

It's a plot that will exercise many tear ducts. But a cinder in the eye would serve just as well.

Sister Kenny

THIS is propaganda. It may be good propaganda. Only science and time can judge that.

Dudley Nichols has written, produced and directed a screen play that is an eloquent appeal for Elizabeth Kenny, the Australian nurse whose revolutionary treatment of infantile paralysis has been the subject of violent medical controversy for more than two decades. As in the case of *The Song of Bernadette* and *The Life of Louis Pasteur,* the story of an inspired nobody, battling for the relief of suffering against organized expert opinion, makes a deep appeal to audience sympathies.

Enacting the title role, Rosalind Russell rises to unexpected heights of technical skill and personal warmth. If you've ever worried at the bedside of a sick child, you'll find yourself loving the obscure bush nurse as, with weary and desperate common sense, she copes with an infantile paralysis epidemic in the remote cabins of the Australian wilderness.

The love story may or may not be authentic. But it is necessary to the dramatic structure and handled with taste. In *Sister Kenny,* Miss Russell portrays a normal woman who loves a man and wants a home and children. She keeps hoping to avoid the moment when she must choose between personal happiness and public service. You like her better because her self-sacrifice is unpremeditated and reluctant.

A martyr who fails to flinch on the eve of martyrdom is apt to be too noble for ordinary mortals to understand. The Gethsemane scene in which Jesus asks to be spared His Crucifixion puts human sympathy into the Passion Play's exalted climax.

Mr. Nichols showed perspicacity in casting Dean Jagger as the man the heroine loves. Strong-faced and rugged, he lacks the reproachful Newfoundland dog eyes that usually decorate the-man-who-waits. Alexander Knox is cross-grained and rabidly open-minded as the Scottish doctor who approves of Sister Kenny's methods, without being able to repeat them. He delivers an outstanding performance.

During the latter half of the picture, Miss Russell injects considerable irascible mirth into a characterization that might otherwise go nobly statuesque. Masquerading her handsome figure with frumpish padding and donning a falcon-like make-up, she looks a lot like Ethel Barrymore. And her acting's as good. The opposition of the Medical Associations, both in America and Australia, brought sardonic bite to some of Sister Kenny's remarks. Miss Russell makes good use of this. Her tart comebacks to her chief antagonist (played by the late Philip Merivale) put lightness in what might have been a heavy script.

It may occur to some that Hollywood, with its occasional Leftist thinking, has sponsored Sister Kenny in order to present the American Medical Association (the opponents of socialized medicine) to the public in an unfavorable light. I doubt this. Mr. Nichols says, not once, but many times, that Sister Kenny's opponents are sincere men, working for the same cause she is—the easing of pain and the curing of a dreadful illness. On only one point do the cards seem to be stacked. Great emphasis is laid upon the failures of established doctors, while there are not any scenes showing Sister Kenny's failures —though no claims are made that she is a hundred per cent success.

The picture aroused my admiration for a woman who has suffered to relieve suffering. But, since I lack medical knowledge, this review expresses no opinion concerning the Kenny treatment. In this I am less knowing than the film's extras, who are shown giving a unanimous endorsement of a therapy that cannot be agreed upon by trained scientists. Playwrights have a way of attributing intuitive omnipotence to "The People"—as long as "The People" agree with playwrights. When they disagree, "The People" are called "The Herd."

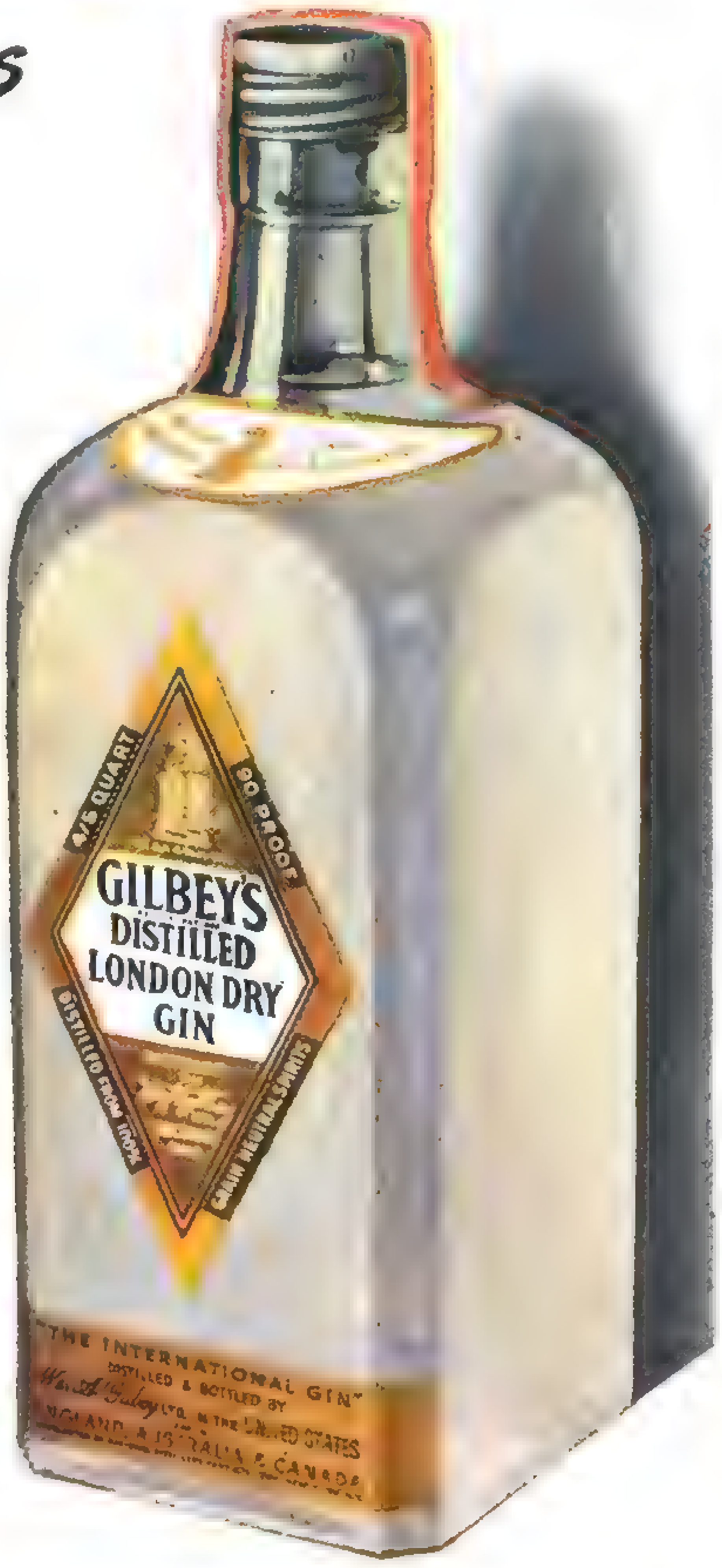
The Cockeyed Miracle

BUT we mustn't expect too much. Only the dead can be completely objective. Keenan Wynn manages it in *The Cockeyed Miracle,* where he appears as the ghost of Frank Morgan's father. It's an amiable comedy that might have been more spritely had Keenan been given snappier dialogue. But Ed Wynn's boy gets laughs. He's a leering wraith who hangs around haunting his shapely granddaughter while she changes her clothes. Audrey Totter is the granddaughter So the spook sees a vision. #

Continued from page 81

The world agrees on "Gilbey's please"

AT RECEPTIONS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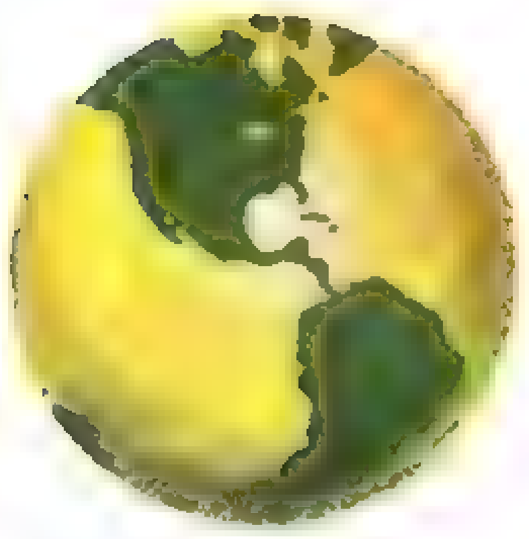

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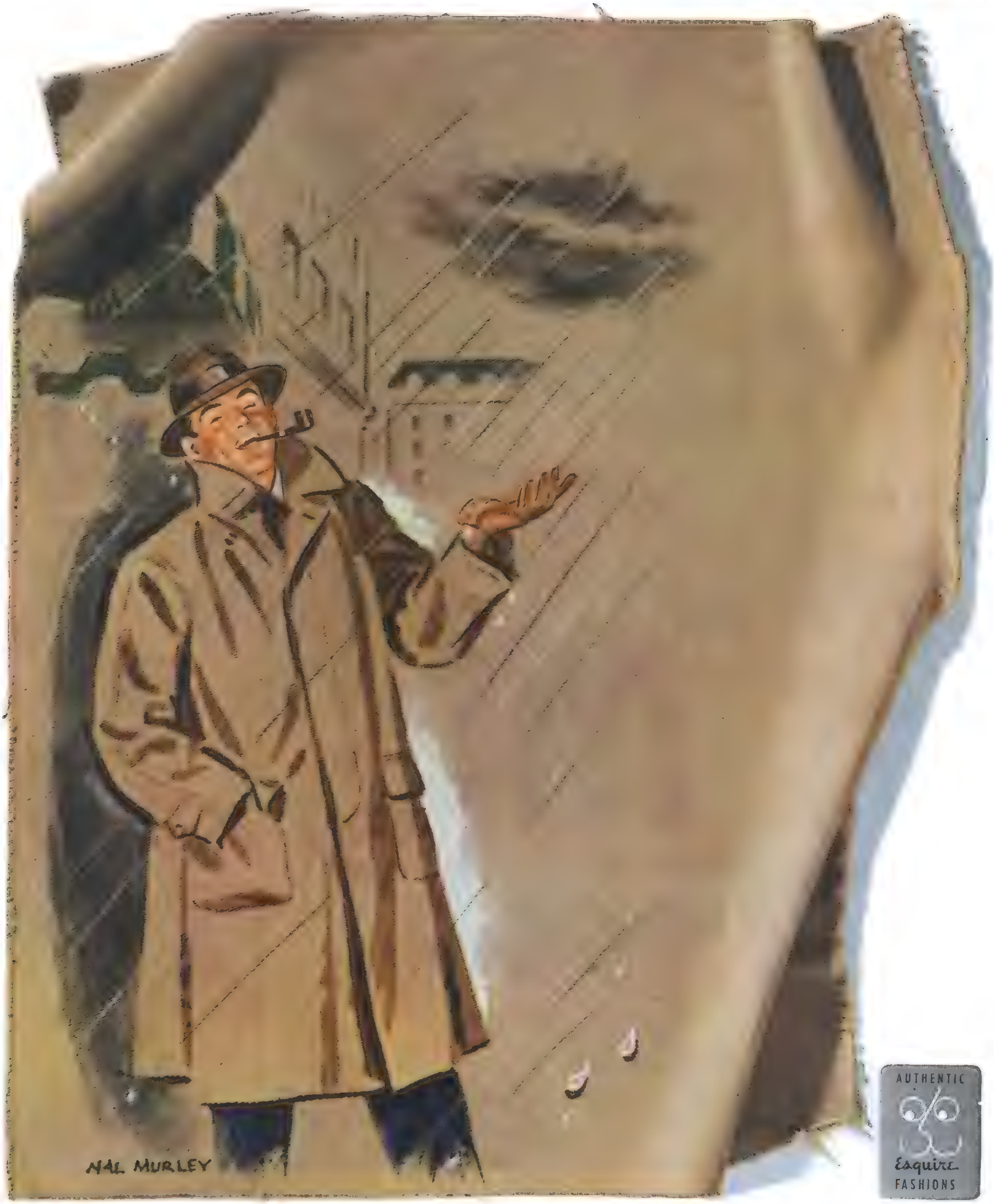


LET IT RAIN

Drawing by Mal. Murley

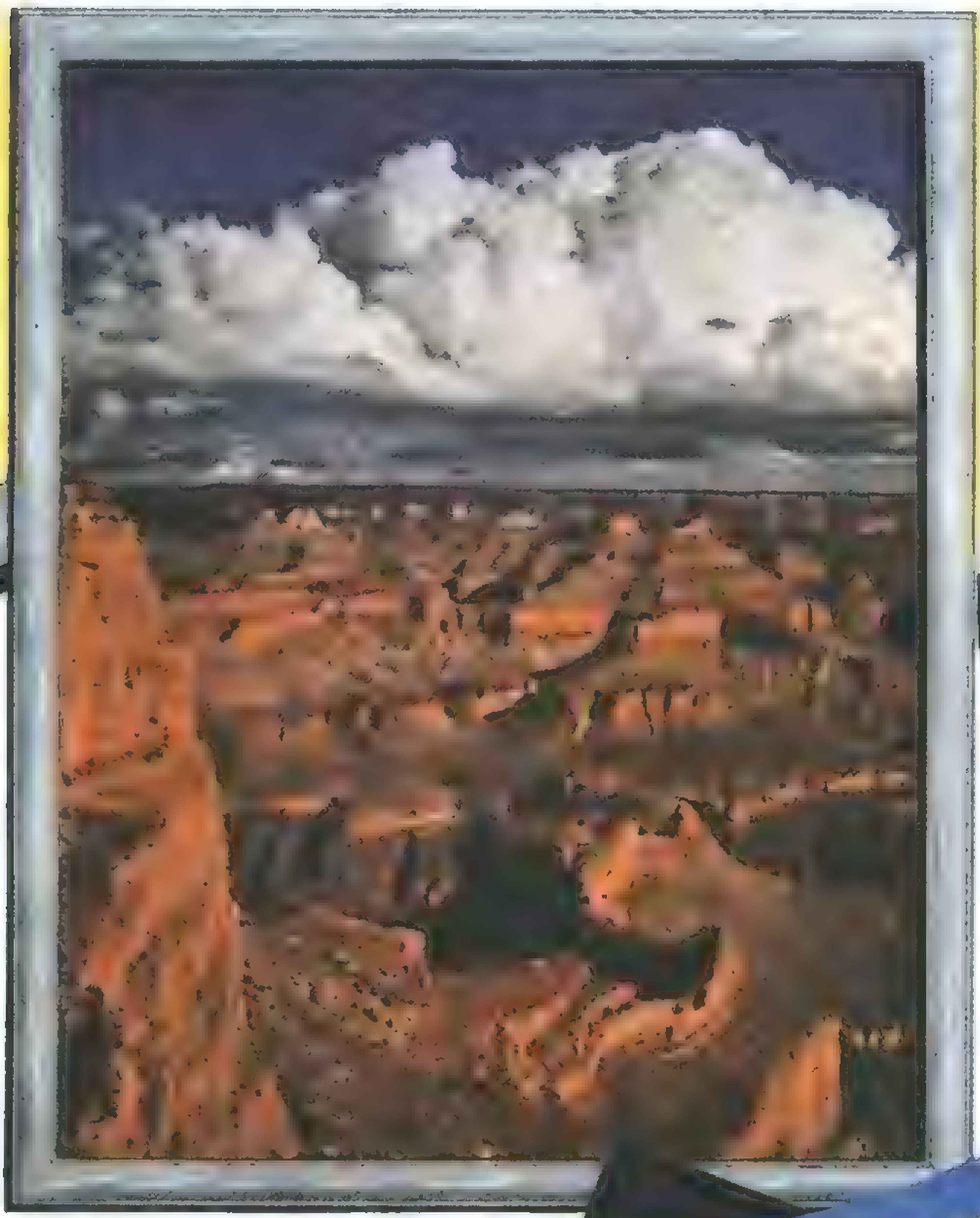
When the roofs shine wet through the slanting rain and every corner becomes a water hazard, you see processed cotton all over town—just as you see it all over the picture above. (The happy chap is painted on an actual sample of the water-repellent fabric developed in recent years by textile technicians.) Besides having superb water-shedding qualities, this material takes to tailoring like a duck. The raincoat above has set-in sleeves, patch pockets with flaps, fly-front, and convertible collar. It is cut on generous lines with fullness through the shoulders and around the bottom. With it are worn a brown snap brim hat and slip-on pigskin gloves with side vents. This type of coat has fashion acceptance for fair as well as rainy days.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)

Clothes figuring?

The answer's as easy as 1, 2, 3. Wear a Hart Schaffner & Marx suit for (1) style-*plus* (2) added comfort **(3) quality** multiplied to the nth degree. It all sums up to the Trumpeter Label— a small thing to look for, a big thing to find!

Hart Schaffner & Marx Clothes



Grand Canyon

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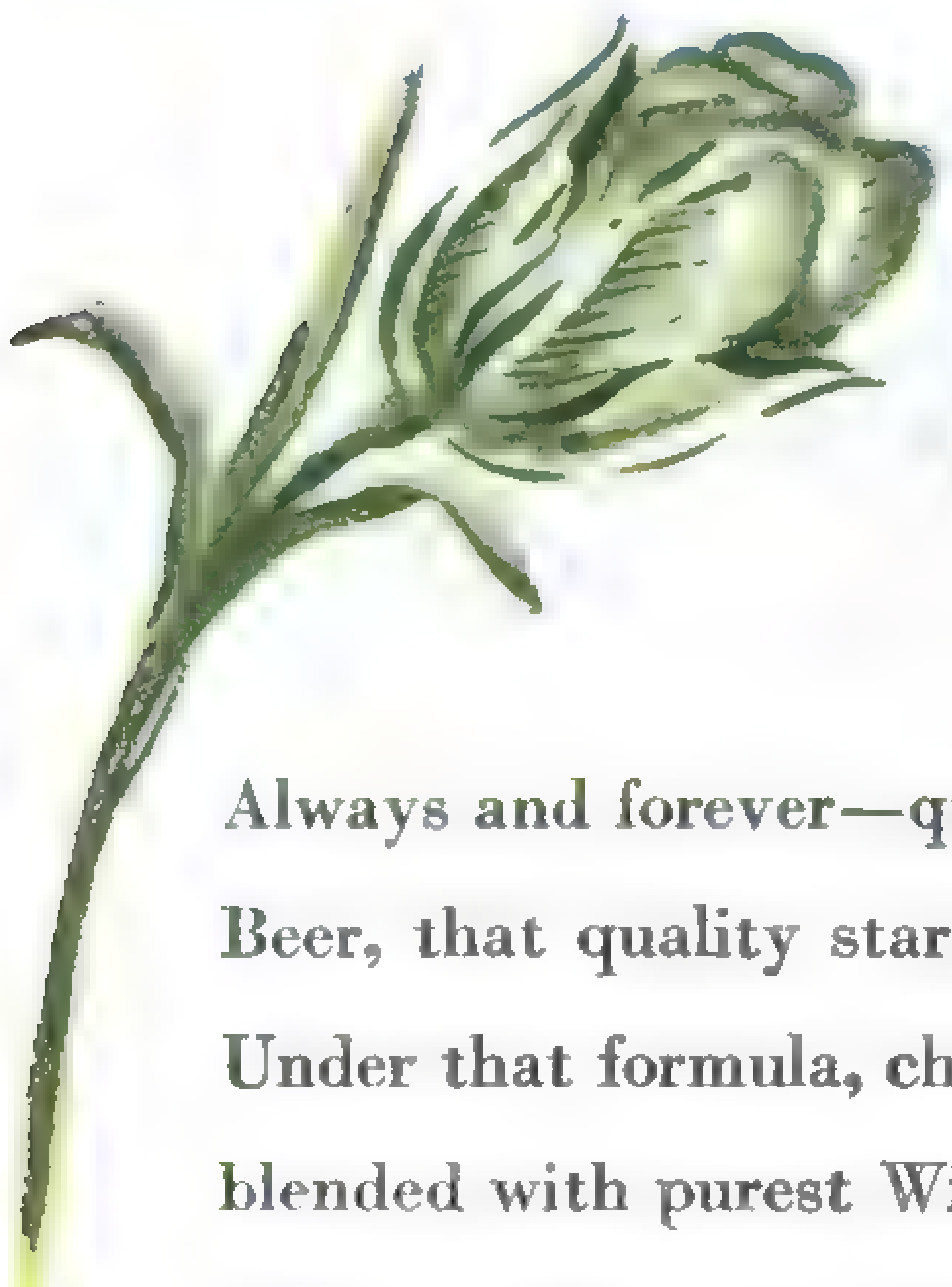
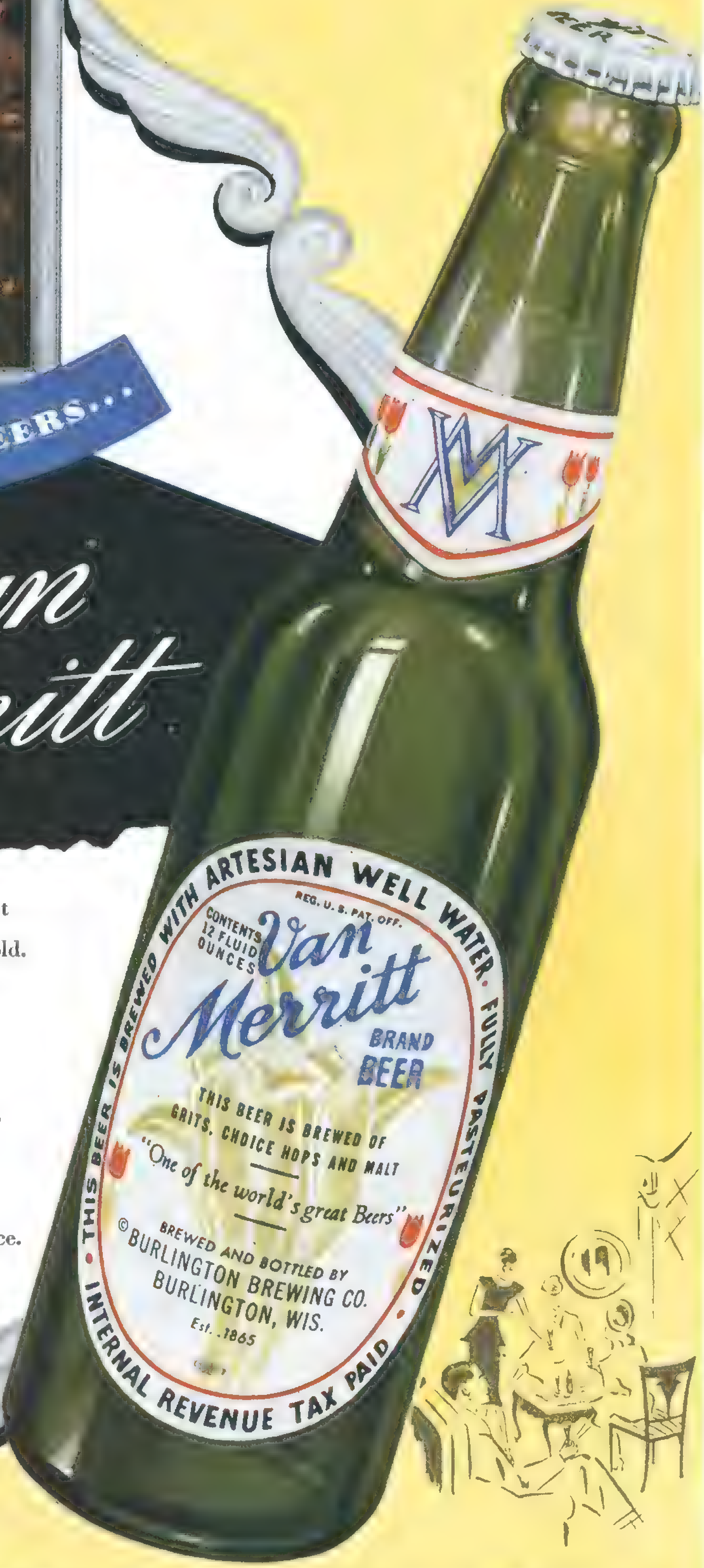
ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREAT BEERS...

Van Merritt



Always and forever—quality pays dividends. In Van Merritt Beer, that quality starts with a secret formula, centuries old. Under that formula, choice hops, barley malt and grits are blended with purest Wisconsin artesian well water. Then comes aging far longer than usual—and bottling under the most rigid controls. The result—a beer so mellow, so satisfying, so rich in flavor, you know at first taste it is truly one of the world's great beers. Naturally, Van Merritt costs a bit more, but you can taste the difference.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CONTENTS 12 FLUID OUNCES
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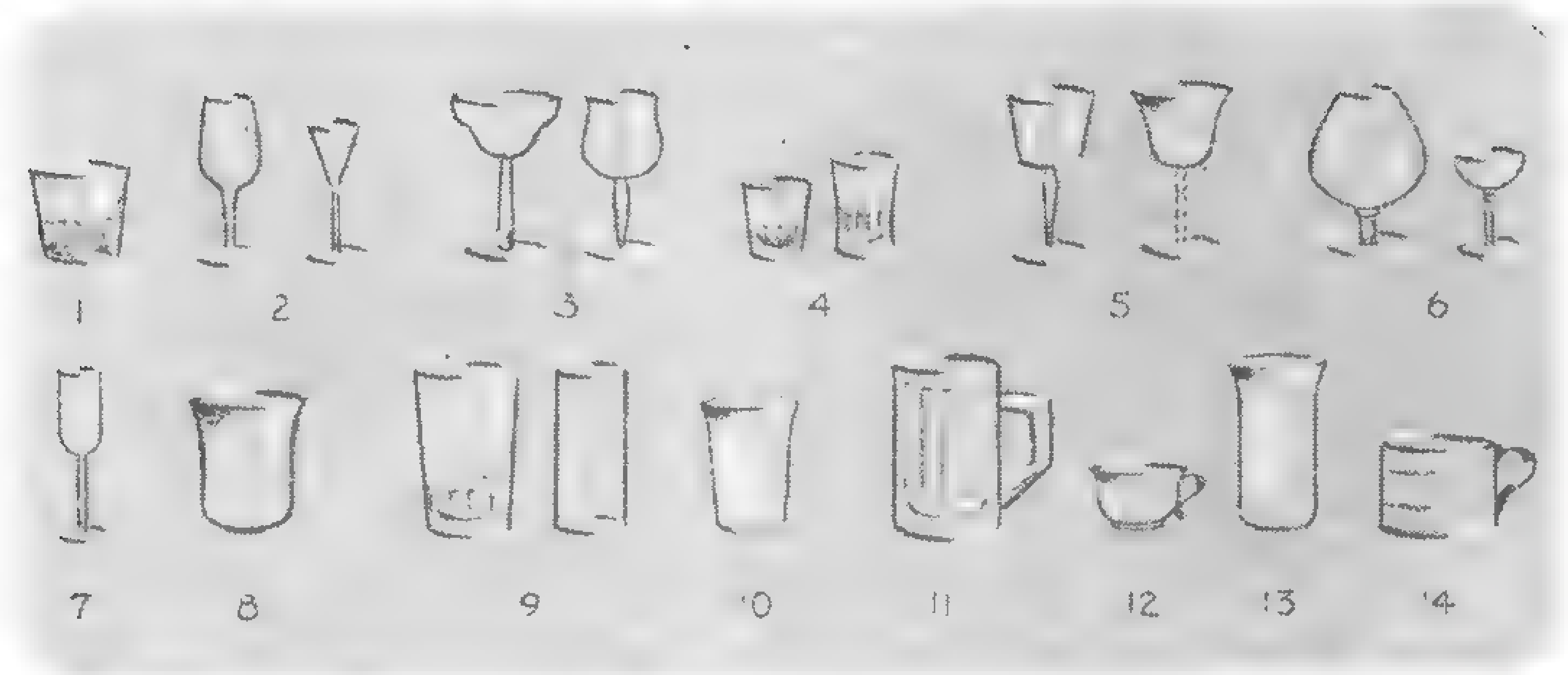
What's Your Potables I. Q?

A picture quiz and a talk on the metaphysics of quaffing glasses

by **LEWIN W. WICKES, JR.**



Above are fourteen quaffing cups and glasses, each designed to harbor a particular potable. Do you know which libations are best housed in the above glasses? Jot your answers down and then compare them with those in the box at bottom of page before reading on.

It is true that a drink out of anything is better than no drink. But the size and shape, and sometimes the color and material of a glass can make a real difference. This is clearly illustrated by the old fashioned glass (1). It must hold more than a usual cocktail, to house ice and trimmings, and can't be as large as the usual drinking glass to permit maneuvers at the bottom with sugar, bitters, lemon peel and muddler. The wine glass (2) should be large enough so that the wine may be spread around the insides of the glass and the glass warmed with the hands in order to get the aroma. The opening should be narrow, the glass thin, undecorated and perfectly clear, and the stem long, for wine is to be sniffed and sipped and the glass is handled many times per filling. Champagne glasses (3) are subject to the same considerations as wine glasses, except that the shape must give a view of the beads, and so is either flat or hollow-stemmed.

Other factors come with higher proof, small quantity being one. So the shot glass (4) for whiskey is small (or, in barrooms, large with a little dent in the middle) and, being emptied quickly, needs no stem. On the other hand a cocktail glass (5) and brandy glass (6) must be handled. A small amount of brandy may be put in an outsized narrow-necked glass (5) that can be thoroughly warmed, so that not only the aroma but an appreciable quantity of the kick can be directly absorbed. One would want only a small amount of heavy liqueurs, hence the small, stemmed pony (7). And the old boys, lacking distilled spirits, saw to it that the guests got good and party-party by giving them a round-bottomed "tumbler" or sour glass (8) that they couldn't put down until they had imbibed all the mead it would hold.

Highball glasses (9) could be none other than high, or, what with ice and fizz, you'd get no drink at all. Stock ale you don't want so much of as other brews, for it packs an unexpected wallop. It therefore comes in a container (10) neither small nor large, often of pewter and copper in order that the delicious bitterness may be enhanced by electrolysis. But lighter brew should come in a large mug (11) with thick and insulating walls, for it is served cold and has no installed cooling system.

Temperature again is important in a little cup (12) for mulled wine, which should be of china so as not to break from the heat. Temperature transmission is important in mint julep glasses (13), which work better in silver. And the colors, white frost, green mint and silver, are most functional. The material again is important in the water cup (14), which should be unbreakable and rust only just enough. ##

Answers

(Score: 5-7, fair; 8-10, good; 11-12, excellent)

1. Old fashioned cocktail
2. Two of many wine glasses
3. Champagne
4. Whiskey
5. Cocktails
6. Brandy
7. Liqueurs
8. Light fermented drinks
9. Highballs
10. Stock ale
11. Beer
12. Mulled wine
13. Mint julep
14. Water

Harry Beckhoff sketches the York Rain Topcoat at the Bronx Zoo

Topcoat Smartness plus Showerproof Protection

Skillfully Tailored of Super Fabrics in Faultless Style so Smart Appearance Lasts the Long Life of the Garment

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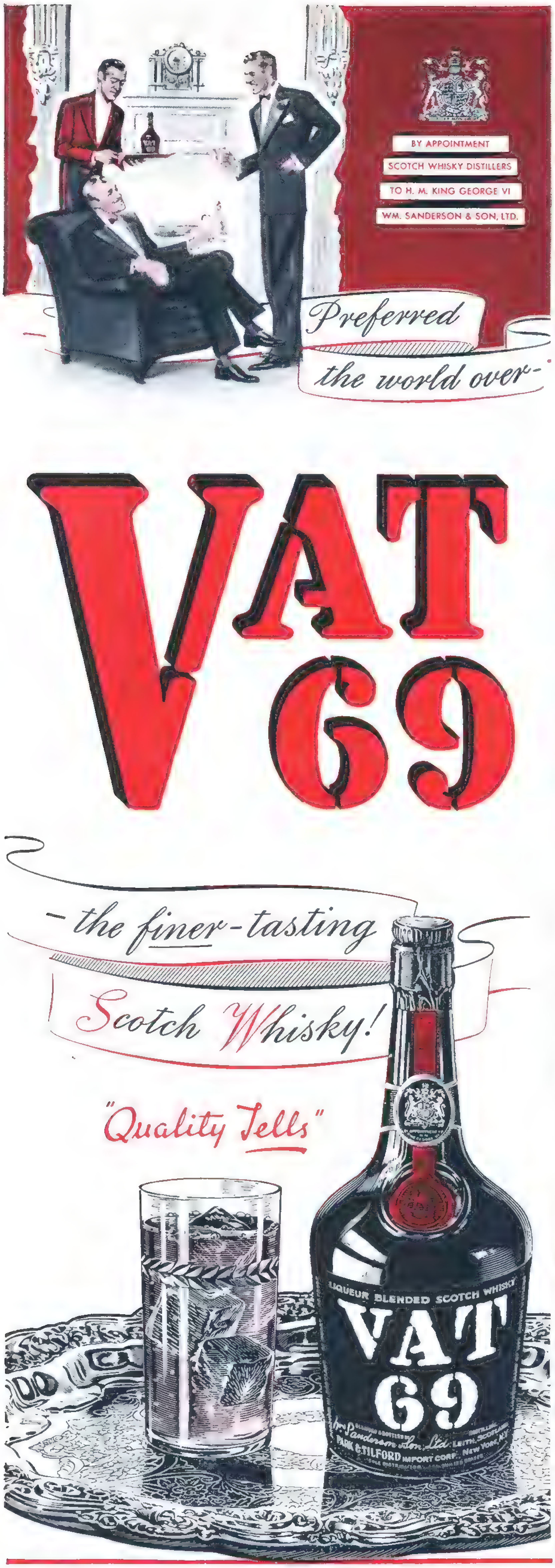
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Harvard's Hooton

Continued from page 72

hand scientific knowledge and findings than Hooton. In thirty-three years at Harvard, he has literally taken man's measure so often he had to get an International Business Machine to keep track of his data, probably the first time the automatic punch card system ever had been employed in the study of anthropology. Now about all he has to do to make a monkey out of man, as he frequently is accused of doing, is pull a lever and wait for the proof to drop out of a slot like gum from a vending machine.

Except for some anthropological ramblings in his early years in the Canary Islands, England and New Mexico, Hooton himself hasn't dug around much for the skulls of ancient man which convince him we're getting nowhere fast, but he has a way of inspiring his students to roam in the farthest corners of the world for the material he needs. "I don't go out myself to bite a cannibal in the leg," he explains. "The youngsters do that while I sit on the eggs at home."

How he stimulates his students to scientific research in the out-of-the-way spots is illustrated by what happened to one of his favorite old-time students, Dr. Harry Shapiro, now chairman of the Department of Anthropology at the Museum of Natural History in New York. Shapiro declares he once took a trip to Pitcairn Island simply because Hooton declared in class, after discussing the inhabitants there, "There's no place I'd rather visit."

One of the most intensive studies made under Hooton's direction was a whopping ten-state survey of 18,000 criminals which took twelve years to complete. After gathering twenty-two standard measurements on head and body and thirteen percental relations of one measurement to another on each of the 18,000 guinea pigs, Hooton concluded that of the 1450 cc of man's brain matter "probably about 1100 cc is enough to provide the optimum human behavior; the rest is devoted to misbehavior."

The survey also strengthened his belief that each racial type runs the gamut from idiots and criminals to geniuses and statesmen, that no race has a monopoly on virtue or vice, and that no type produces a majority of individuals from either end of the scale. His other conclusions: that criminals are the sweepings of civilization from a biological point of view as well as mentally and economically; that in every category they are physically smaller and inferior to a corresponding type of law-abiding citizens; that in forgeries there is a large percentage of the Nordic type, and that first-degree murderers are usually older, heavier, taller, bigger-chested and broader-jawed than the rest of the prison population. Second-degree murderers, he found, had fewer and poorer teeth, less head-hair and narrower foreheads.

In announcing the results, he pulled no punches in offering a remedy. "Let us no longer delude ourselves," he declared, "that education, religion, or other measures of social amelioration can transform base metal into gold. Public enemies must be destroyed—not reformed."

Hooton declares he undertook the criminal study partly because at eighteen, during a period in which his father was minister of a church in Waupun, Wisconsin, he has a part-time job as foreman in the twine factory of the state prison there. "I used to sit all day among the thugs," he recalls, "listening to one tough mug pass moral judgment on another." In 1932, Hooton undertook another important study inspired by nothing more than a curiosity, born of proximity to Boston's Irish, about the qualities that go to make an Irishman. The expedition he sent out took five years to get the answers and applied the tape measure to 14,000 men and women from one end of the Irish Free State to the other.

During the Chicago Century of Progress Exposition, Hooton set himself up in the interest of science in competition with Sally Rand and her fans. In a booth bearing the imposing title, "Anthropometric Laboratory for the Measurement of Man," Hooton's assistants measured approximately 6,000 visitors from all over the country in search for the physical characteristics of the modern American type. He found that the average American male with a mean age of 30-35 years is five feet eight and one-tenth inches tall, weighs 154.50 pounds and that there are more blond men than women. The American's wife, he discovered, averages five feet 3.65 inches, weighs 127.70 pounds and there are more red-haired women than men.

Even before Pearl Harbor, Hooton was already busy for the Army and Air Corps. When eighteen-year-olds were drafted for the first time, the Army had no measurements to guide them in ordering uniforms and equipment. Hooton had them, however, because for years he's been measuring Harvard freshmen. Later, he set his department to work on measurements of fliers, which helped determine the size of airplane turret seats and other flying equipment. At the moment, he is about to undertake an analysis of the photographs of body builds involving 100,000 soldiers and 10,000 Wacs which, he says, will constitute a permanent file of great value for psychologists, medical men and other specialists in the study of man, besides giving the Army data it wants for uniforms of the future.

One of Hooton's rarest studies was the one he made personally of "The Angel," the wrestling freak

Continued on page 152

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Alligator makes both kinds of rainwear for both kinds of Mother Nature's weather. Waterproof and water repellent . . . both at Better Dealers everywhere. The Alligator Company, St. Louis, New York, Los Angeles.

ALLIGATOR
Rainwear
because . . . IT'S SURE TO RAIN!

Harvard's Hooton

Continued from page 150

who came to America from France and who, according to the famous anthropologist, is the nearest thing to Neanderthal man alive today. Hooton not only had a field day taking "The Angel's" measure in public with the help of his associate, Professor Carleton S. Coon, but wound up inviting "The Angel"; Karl Pojello, his manager; and Paul Bowser, the promoter, to his home for tea.

" 'The Angel,' " he says, "was a swell egg, a gentleman and, surprisingly enough, a scholar with a half-dozen languages at his command."

Hooton is still honestly flattered that "The Angel's" first request was for an autograph.

Through his interest in "The Angel," Hooton developed a love for professional wrestling bouts and became known among followers of the sport as its patron saint. Now, on passes which Bowser sends him regularly, he organizes parties among the Harvard faculty, his students and friends, and sits at the ringside. Usually, he travels to the shows on the subway with the janitor of the Peabody Museum, where Hooton is curator of somatology. After the shows, Hooton, the janitor, and his other guests frequently adjourn with Bowser and his wrestlers to a restaurant for a bite and a discussion that lasts until late.

Once, while "The Angel" was still around, Bowser and his wife, the former Cora Livingston, famous as a former woman's wrestling champ herself, threw an elaborate party at their Lexington estate. Hooton, Professor Coon, newspaper editors, and thirty wrestlers attended. A highlight of the evening was a huge cake on which was inscribed in colored frosting, "Prof. Hooton and His Angel." The distinguished Harvard professor and his wrestling protégé both liked that touch. Hooton also liked the discovery that every one of the wrestlers Bowser had invited was a college graduate. He had a wonderful time talking with them about science, politics and the ills of the world with barely a mention of the wrestling game.

Hooton's teas in his own home, a ritual at four-thirty each day, are famous among Harvard students. Nobody ever knocks on the door and every student, teaching associate, and friend not only is welcome to walk right in, but is expected to show up at least once during the term. Once Hooton had as his special guest Ann Corio, a burlesque queen. An alert publicity man, mindful of all the free space Hooton's measuring of "The Angel" had gotten in the papers, arranged for her presence at the tea in the hope that Hooton would apply the tape measure to her.

"She was a charming lady," Hooton recalls, but he balked at the press agent's plan. "After all," he explained, "there is only one 'Angel' and we are interested in him because he so closely resembles Neanderthal man, but there are plenty of girls with figures like Ann's."

The day wasn't a complete washout for Miss Corio, however. The mere fact that she had tea with Hooton was enough to land the story on page one.

While entertaining at his tea rituals, Hooton usually wears a faded red velvet smoking jacket, grey slacks, garterless socks and old shoes, and his necktie is always slightly awry. He brews his favorite jasmine tea in the living room, and passes the cups along, each with a single cookie.

The conversation is rarely world-shaking or professorial. Rather, it may be about Hooton's fruitless efforts to break ninety in golf, caustic comment about a minor ill of the world, or just good-natured banter between Hooton and his wife who sometimes protests: "Earnest, I'll swear you're getting terrible. Your stories get bigger and bigger each time you open your mouth."

Until recently, Hooton liked to show off for any new visitors his favorite cat whose main claim for special attention was based on a complete set of double paws. Descended from a long line of Hooton cats, each with a biblical name, this one was called Shem. Shem died in June, however, and Hooton says, "I am heartbroken and disconsolate."

Hooton's stories are well spiced with colorful slang. With thick glasses, the result, he says, of burying his nose in books at an early age, a short neck and slight stoop, he is anything but an imposing figure as he shuffles around the room or slouches in an easy chair. As a hangover from his Rhodes scholar days, he frequently winds up a statement with "dontcha know" and emphasizes a point by making a peculiar clucking noise the while his eyes pop out as though they were going to leave their sockets and come right through the glasses.

Sometimes the tea-time conversation is about Hooton's books. He has written eight or ten in the last fifteen years, several being merely a formal collection of informal class lectures. With an excellent sense of sales appeal, his titles include *Why Men Behave Like Apes and Vice Versa*, *Up from the Ape*, *Man's Poor Relations*, *Apes, Men and Morons*, and *Twilight of Man.*

The books, which Hooton himself types hunt and peck system, reflect his strong feeling against cloaking science "in accents of pomposity." Most of them are humorous, conversational and free of language which only a scientist would understand. This pleases most of his public, but critics sometimes blast him for what they call his Sunday newspaper supplement technique of horrifying statements. His teaching associates know that Hooton never insists that they agree with his theories, so it bothers him little that outsiders won't agree. As long as his lectures and writings stimulate others to think too, he feels he has done his job well.

Prof. Alfred Marston Tozzer, chairman of Harvard's anthropological department and a warm personal friend, is one of those who is irritated by Hooton's treatment of scientific subjects in such popular style. Knowing this, Hooton nevertheless dedicated *Apes, Men and Morons* to "my colleague, Alfred Marston Tozzer—humbly offered for his disapprobation."

In 1937, when the book appeared, Hooton was invited to make a speech at the New York *Times* book fair presided over by Waldemar Kaempffert. Kaempffert had reviewed the book and criticized it freely as being too pessimistic. In introducing Hooton, he said of him: "Here is a man who despises all members of his own species" and made a few more remarks which weren't exactly flattering. Hooton replied: "You know, I could never think half so badly of my fellow men as Mr. Kaempffert thinks of me."

Kaempffert liked Hooton's answer and, when he came to know him better, became his admirer. Later, in reviewing another of Hooton's books, he mentioned: "I'd rather be wrong with Hooton, than right with the rest of the world."

The anthropologist not only writes the text for his literary output, but frequently illustrates it as well. As a boy, he wanted to be a newspaper cartoonist and he has never lost the knack for making fast freehand sketches with pencil or chalk in a style bearing a faint resemblance to the work of Thurber.

"It's the Gallup Poll. What do I think of President Truman?"

To illustrate *Crime and The Man*, he drew twenty-four pictures which he explained for his readers as follows:

"I originally intended to illustrate the lectures and the book with diagrams and graphs, but decided that ordinary graphs are hardly less depressing than tables. So I began to embellish or deface the graphs with nasty little human figures. Beginning thus innocently, I gradually relapsed into an adolescent vice of which I have been free for a quarter of a century—drawing bad pictures. These are supposed to illustrate the text, but I suppose a psychologist would say I perpetrated them as 'a way of escape.' "

Another time, he apologized for his drawings by saying: "Amateur illustration by the author is like profanity in conversation. It probably serves no useful purpose and certainly is shocking and objectionable to many, but the perpetrator enjoys it."

In *Twilight of Man* one of his drawings shows the phenomenon of steatopygia which, he explains, is "an accumulation of fat around the posterior, which appears in females of some primitive human types and probably helped some women of the glacial period keep warm when skimpier males crowded them from the fire."

Once he illustrated a piece of writing with a cartoon captioned "Primate on Fence Between Apehood and Manhood." The fence, strangely enough, looked suspiciously like the one on which Yale football captains usually sit for their pictures.

Hooton regularly supplements his writing with public appearances. Until recent years, he was making speeches at least once a week and could always be counted upon to put on an excellent show. Of late, his health hasn't been good and his eyesight is bothering him, so he has cut down on this activity.

The speech he likes best of any he ever made was, by his own admission, one of his greatest flops. Long admired by dentists for his crusade against bad teeth which he blames for many of man's ills, he was asked to prepare a speech of acceptance in connection with the award to him by the Alpha Omega national dental fraternity of a medal "as big as a plate" for "meritorious contribution to the art and science of dentistry."

As a new twist, he wrote his entire speech in verse which treated the subject of anthropology from the shark, through fossil man, to the modern dentist. Hooton thinks the verses might have gone over with the dentists except for the fact that a fifteen-course dinner put most of the audience to sleep. "I had a lot of fun writing it though," he declares.

Another speech which he admits was a flop was one he prepared especially for the American Society of Mechanical Engineers under the title of *Simian Basis of Human Mechanics* or *Ape to Engineer*. He thought that was a smart touch until he discovered at the last minute that his audience, instead of being working engineers, consisted of the big shots who sit behind desks and had no real interest in the subject he had chosen. Though he had prepared a ninety-minute address, he waded through it in half that time, cutting it while he was on his feet, and consoling himself that at least Dr. Shapiro, whom

Continued on page 154

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Harvard's Hooton

Continued from page 153

he had brought as his guest, would get a kick out of it. When he finally reached the end and made a hurried exit, he discovered that Shapiro had missed it all because a woman sitting near by had broken a chain of pearls and Shapiro had been under the table during most of the address trying to retrieve the missing gems.

"My morale was so low over that flop," Hooton recalls, "that when a fellow approached me in the corridor and identified himself as a former classmate of mine, though I knew he wasn't, I let him have ten bucks."

Though he failed to impress the audience on these occasions, Hooton rarely lays an egg when he tells the stories for which he is famous in class.

Strangely enough, most of the stories which get the biggest laughs, and are remembered by his students for years, aren't funny at all when they are retold, but it's the way he tells them that puts them over—his poker face, picturesque, classical vocabulary spiced with modern slang, and an occasional gesture that tells even more than words.

Recently, two young men who were in Hooton's class ten years ago met at one of his teas. One still remembered how the class had roared when Hooton, in discussing linear types, had said: "This African woman was so slender, doncha know, that she could take a bath in a fountain pen." The other laughed again when he recalled that Hooton, coming to the end of a class period, started to discuss an ape's foot, then suddenly declared: "And now we'll not go a foot farther." No one else at the tea laughed when the stories were retold, yet they are the kind that, by actual count, recently got ten belly-laughs in a single hour's lecture in class and, because Hooton has told them, will tickle student ribs for years afterward.

Hooton denies he tries to be funny. "My students think I'm being humorous," he says, "but really I'm just being nasty."

The show he puts on for his students isn't the only reason for the popularity of his course, however. One explanation, aside from the fact that he makes it worthwhile, is the fact that Hooton will go out of his way to give a discouraged but potentially able youngster a break. Usually, if he senses that a boy is having trouble making the grade, or that he has worries remote from his studies, he will suggest that he drop in for tea. Then Hooton will swing the conversation along lines that indicate a genuine desire to help.

Despite the informal atmosphere of his classes, students have never had a pet name for Hooton. They laugh with, not at, him, and have too much respect to tag him with a frivolous nickname.

In teaching advanced courses, Hooton sometimes will open a session by reading prepared material hurriedly from cards as though performing a duty which he is anxious to get over with in fast order. Then he will lay the cards aside, slouch down in his chair or pace restlessly up and down the room and make ironic comments about the accepted facts which rarely fail to raise the kind of doubts in the minds of his students that make them want to dig further for themselves in a hunt for the right answer.

At present, one of his classes is made up mostly of veterans, some of whom have been away from their studies as much as five years. About to give them a test, he addressed them recently as follows:

"We're a little worried about some of you fellows who are having difficulty learning again how to get down to this grind. We don't want to flunk you, if we can help it, so we're giving you points for your war service." As an afterthought, he added, "But I'll be darned if you're going to get extra points for your wives or your children."

Hooton is encouraged that so many vets, back from all corners of the world, are showing such an interest in the study of man. "It's none too soon for them to start worrying," he declares.

When Hooton celebrated his fiftieth birthday eight years ago, seventy-five of his old boys from all over the country came back to Boston to throw him a party. One of his former students, Fred Stagg, flew all the way from Ecuador for the occasion. They presented their old teacher with a beautiful illuminated testimonial and some silver, then having some money left over, gave him a gift of cash with which he bought a new typewriter—"to my disadvantage and everyone else's," Hooton explains.

During the war years, the typewriter produced such hot newspaper copy that often Boston editors found Hooton crowding the war news itself for page-one position. At one point, for example, he issued a statement advocating the drafting for combat of men over forty-five.

"Why not?" he asked. "At forty-five, most men have outlived their usefulness anyway and ought to start repaying society for the advantages they have enjoyed. Besides, they might just as well have their coronary thromboses on the red battle line as on the green golf links."

Somewhat along the same lines, he plugged on another occasion for new standards of mental and physical fitness for combatant duty consisting of all those defects for which men were being exempted. With all the armies of the world made up solely of morons, imbeciles and the biologically unfit, he argued, all society would improve, once they were eliminated, and there would be no need for further conflict. When this suggestion wasn't heeded, he had still another: universal training for women.

Hooton's typewriter, however, didn't confine itself merely to problems of war. Government, education, philanthropy, science, the racial problem and scores of other weighty subjects, many only remotely connected with anthropology, were also his meat. Progressive education, he shouted, equals educational dementia praecox whose main achievement is the decline of literacy. Biology, which should be the foundation of all education, he complained, is only a neglected outhouse.

Philanthropy he indicated as encouraging shiftlessness and the multiplication of misfits; science he blamed for developing gadgets that destroy the eyes, the eardrums and the capacity for meditation—the kind of gadgets, too, that man must fit himself into whereas science ought to be developing gadgets that fit the man.

Regarding the Jews, he wrote that the world nurses its "Aryan" imbeciles, morons and criminals, encouraging them to breed more of their kind, while at the same time persecuting the Jew and thereby preventing in his case the survival of all but the fittest. "We have ourselves divested the Jews of their morons," he cried, "and there is but one remedy—intermarriage—which would offset Gentile stupidity and raise the general average."

As for other problems of the world, he kept forever repeating the warning that there isn't much hope as long as well-intentioned busybodies go on coddling the incompetents so that buck-toothed girls, by spending a fortune, can have their own teeth patched up, get married and breed buck-toothed offspring of their own. Everything he wrote or said had the earmarks of being just nasty enough to irritate the public into action.

Oddly enough, it wasn't until after Hooton had graduated from Lawrence College in Appleton, Wisconsin, taken postgraduate work at Wisconsin University and gone to England as a Rhodes scholar that he became interested in the field in which he has become so famous.

Born in Clemansville, Wisconsin, the son of a preacher who rarely settled for long in one town and who never made more than $1500 a year in his life, Hooton spent his boyhood as a bookworm with the ambition, encouraged by his mother, to shine in the study of Latin and Greek. By the time he was six he already had ruined his eyes and was wearing glasses; at eleven, he was, in his own words, "a horrid little squirt" and ready for high school. At fifteen, he entered Lawrence, an event which he described recently for his alumni bulletin as follows:

"I was a callous stripling . . . with thick glasses, round shoulders and my first derby hat—a hard lid of peculiar conformation which blighted my social career until my roommate put his foot through it."

When, following his graduate work, he won the Rhodes scholarship, he left for England determined to pursue his classical studies. As a language student, he had always disdained the lab as "the stinks." However, after attending the first seminar on Sophocles, he came to the rude realization that his five years of Greek, of which he had been so proud back home, was hardly a match for the course. Groping for a way out, he heard that Prof. Robert Ranulf Marett offered a course that wasn't too tough. It turned out to be anthropology, a subject so unpopular at the time that Marett welcomed the addition to his small class with open arms. Marett taught in an informal manner and told such delightful stories, some of which Hooton swears today he must have made up, that he enjoyed himself immensely and in a short time forgot about his classical ambitions.

Marett did more than just teach him anthropology. He set the whole pattern for Hooton's career, taught him the value of showmanship even in the laboratory, and in 1913 got him a job as instructor at Harvard.

Hooton met the woman he married while on a train as he was returning for a visit to England. He pursued her all over Europe and boasts today that when he got her to accept his proposal it was the one stroke of genius he ever displayed.

Strangely, neither his two grown sons nor his daughter has any serious interest in science. With some of the frankness they inherited from their father, they do not hesitate to tell him on occasion, when he sounds off on the deterioration of man, that he's getting long-winded and boring.

Mrs. Hooton participates in the teas and is used to having her spare bed occupied by visiting graduates and her living room filled with an assortment of characters—some of them strange company for a Harvard professor, but she is content to stay in the background. In the Hooton home, just as in his classroom, Earnest A. Hooton is the headline act. #

Continued from page 72

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Mother-in-Law Talks Back

Continued from page 108

willing to cling to mother, or if either of the young couple is abnormally jealous of the other. Jealousy, maternal love, possessiveness, are not easy emotions to juggle, but they are much more easily controlled if the people who feel them are willing to admit it.

The day I told my daughter-in-law I'd been acting like a darn fool and she said she hadn't been a model herself, fifty per cent of the friction between us disappeared like a puff of smoke.

I used to ask myself why fathers-in-law almost always escape the stigma attached to mothers-in-law. The answer is that you cause trouble for your in-laws in exact proportion to the amount you are interested in them. Fathers-in-law are usually financially independent, which also makes them independent of their children's homes and interests. Mothers-in-law, especially if they are widowed, are often forced into a greater intimacy with their children's affairs by the simple fact that they all have to live under the same roof.

Fathers usually have a profession or business apart from their homes, and often they continue with it as long as they live. Mothers, on the other hand, always have been primarily concerned with the home, and if they don't have one of their own they transfer that interest to the next closest—the home of their children. By being too absorbed in everything that goes on in her son's or daughter's home, a mother-in-law makes a nuisance of herself. By being impersonal, disinterested, and casual (in other words, by keeping hands off!) fathers-in-law make themselves welcome.

Mothers-in-law can't win. But a son-in-law with a heart can help this least popular of all his wife's relations to make herself if not exactly popular, at least something less than obnoxious.

First, my dear fellows, let the old girl know where she stands financially. You may be lucky enough to have a mother-in-law comfortably supported by a husband or a fat bank account. But if she is a widow, she may be poor as well as lonely. Herein lurks danger.

If she is newly widowed, help her to straighten out her affairs. None of your business? It certainly is, for if her independent income is dissipated by her inexperience in matters financial, supporting her may become all your business.

If your mother-in-law must depend on you, make a businesslike arrangement with her—and stick to it! If your purse simply can't take it, it's no use advising you to spend the extra money that it will require to have her live alone. But whether she has her own home or moves into yours, let her know exactly what her allowance will be each month, and on what day she will receive it. You get *your* paycheck regularly, same amount, same day of the month. She needs the same security, no matter how small the ante.

And, unless she is too old or too ill, encourage her to become self-supporting. There is no better way to make her a parasite than constantly to make her feel like one.

One friend of mine found herself widowed and almost penniless with no qualifications for a self-supporting job. Her daughter insisted the mother live with her, and there seemed no other choice. With unusual foresight the mother suggested that since her daughter had had a maid, and was looking for another, she would apply for the job. The daughter and son-in-law were sensible and sympathetic. Mother-in-law got the job, the salary that went with it, and performed the duties and kept the hours of her predecessor. Everybody was happy!

My second rule is a corollary of the first. Don't ask your mother-in-law to move in with you unless there is no alternative. You may think you are helping her, that joining your household is the only cure for her loneliness. At first it may be. But in the long run the friction which is bound to ensue will hurt her more than her loneliness. Believe a battle-scarred mother-in-law: Loneliness can be remedied, at least in part, and the irreducible minimum is much easier to bear than the misery of not getting along well with your children.

Either you or your wife may rationalize, "We need Mother's help." Unless you are the type of offspring who use mothers as cheap second-rate maid-of-all-work, you are kidding yourselves. You don't need her, and you can get along without her. Unhappily, children indulge in this kind of careless thinking with the kindest intentions in the world, and mama agrees readily, despite her good sense, because she *wants* to believe it.

Rule Three: Don't dump your troubles, domestic or financial, into mother-in-law's lap. No matter how sweet her smile or attentive her ear, remember that you are encouraging an intimate, confidential relationship which will have to work both ways, and your mother-in-law's troubles may not fascinate you as deeply as your own. Don't inquire into her private life, and she is less apt to peek into yours. Let her make her own decisions. In other words, treat her as much like a casual old friend as she will let you.

To some extent, a mother-in-law is what you make her.

I don't guarantee that you'll ever like her. But put half as much thought into it as you give your bowling average, and the wheels will grind more smoothly. You may even think sometimes that the old girl isn't half bad. ##

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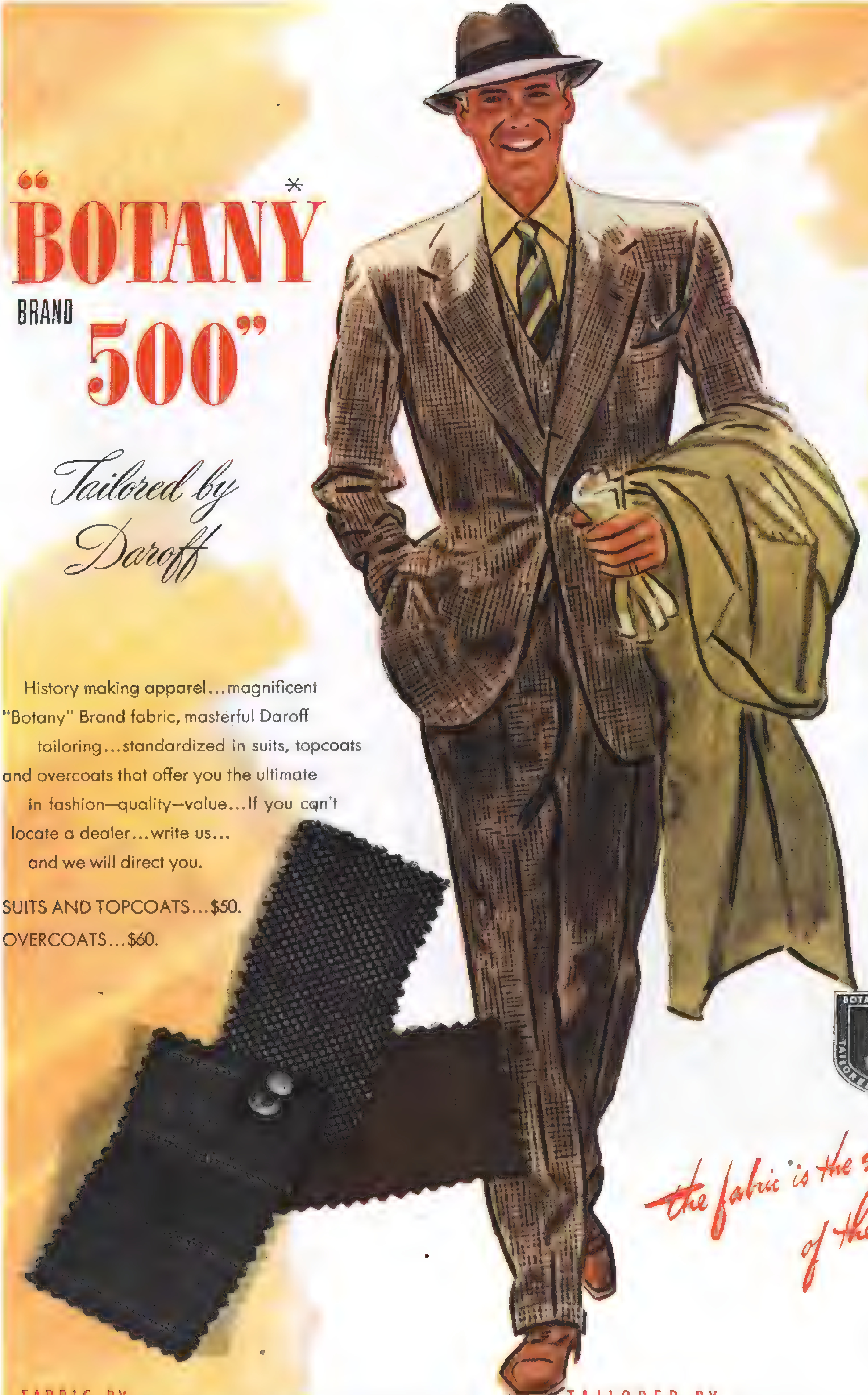

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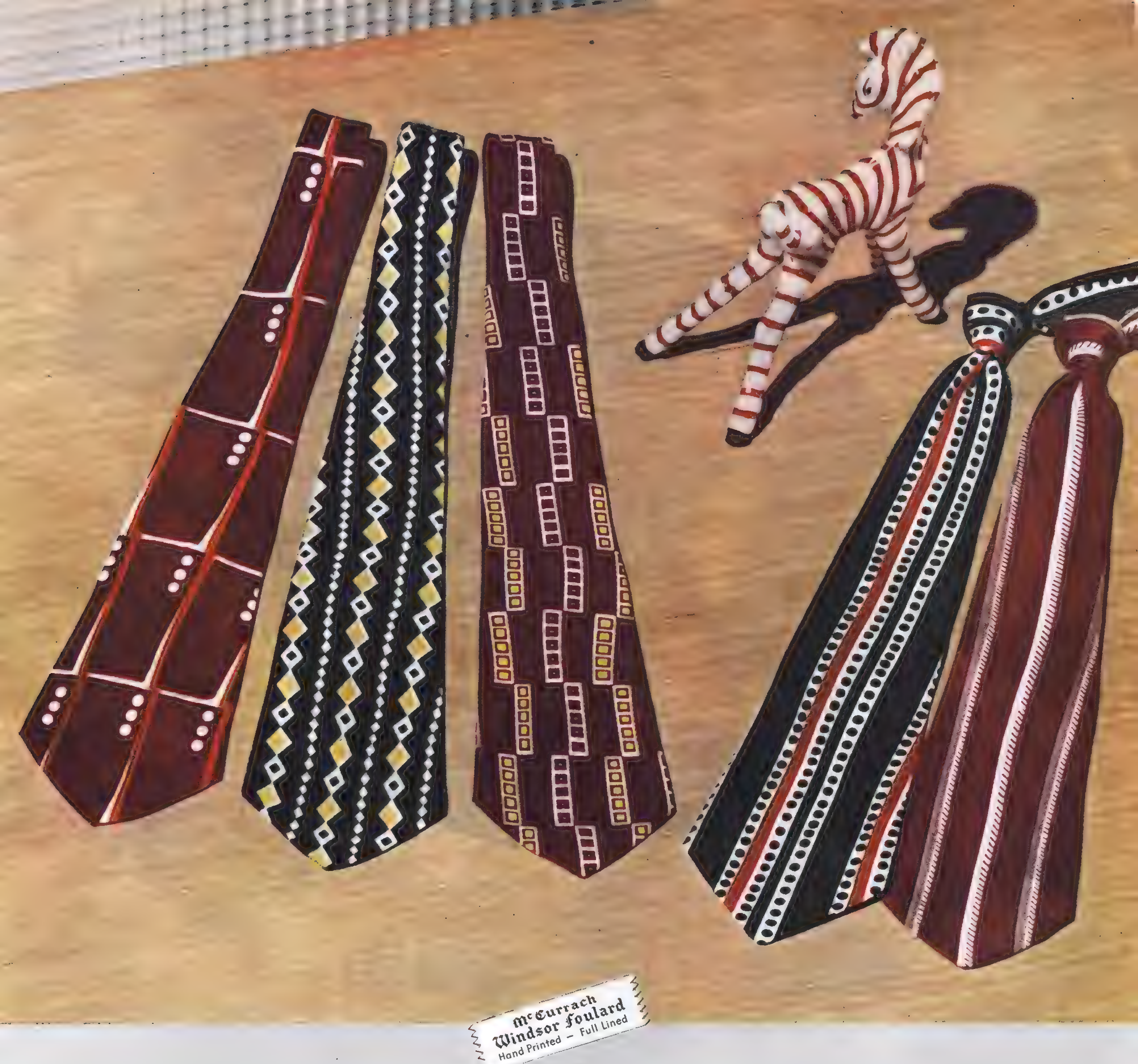
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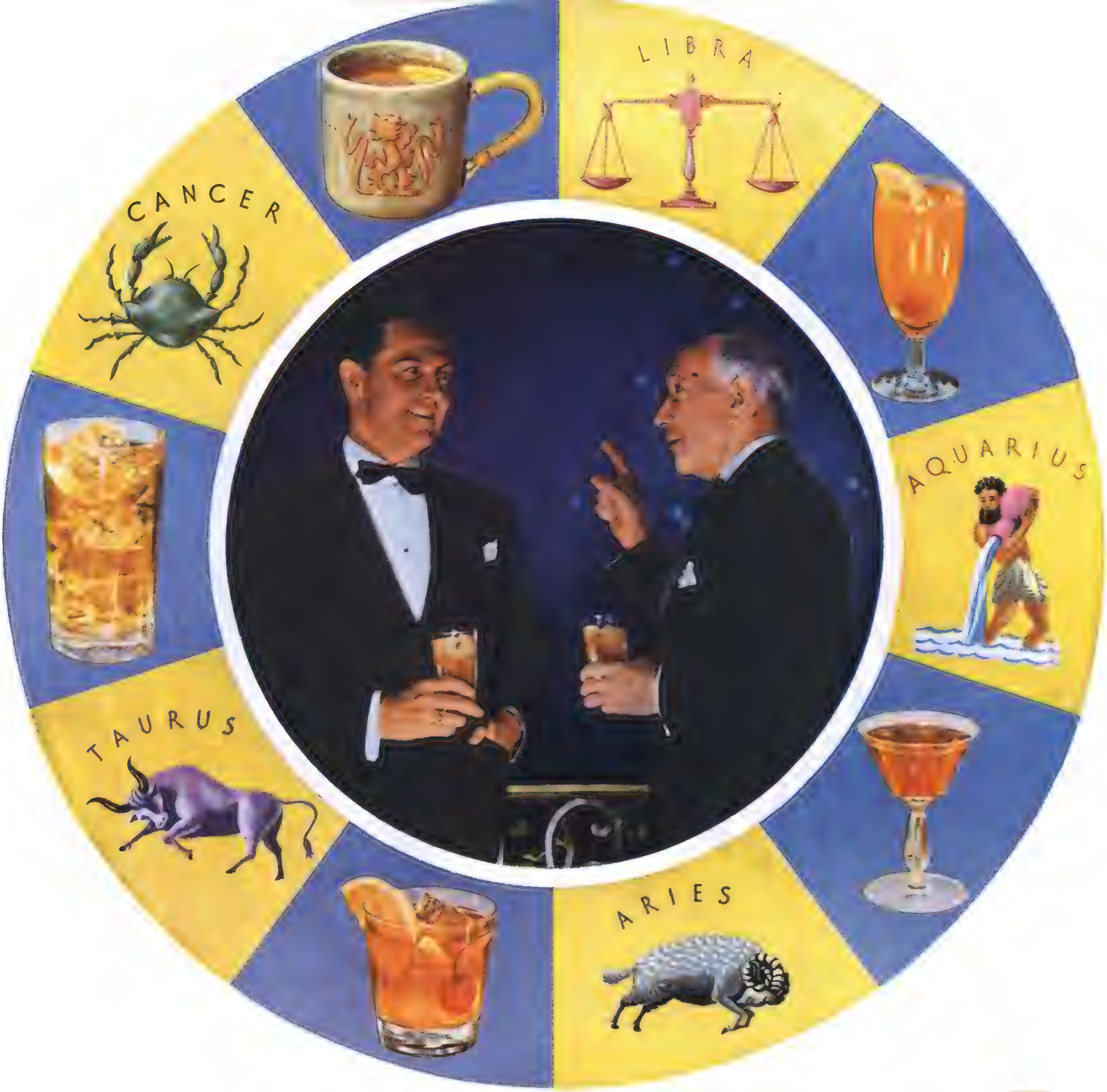

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If your sign is Taurus (April 20 through May 20), you delight in pleasure and the good things of life. (For pleasure at its finest, you *can't beat* that matchless Kinsey quality.)

If your sign is Cancer (June 22 through July 22), you know how to cater to people. (In that case, you're probably an old hand at serving drinks made with delicious Kinsey.)

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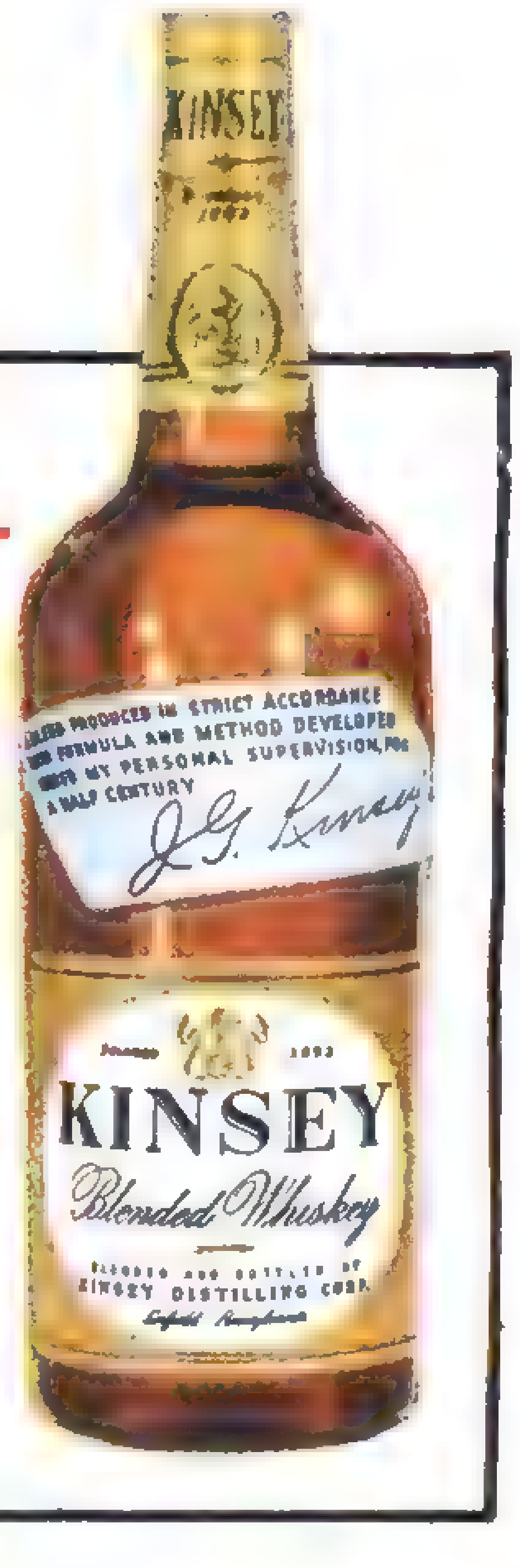


Postgraduate Stuff

Continued from page 129

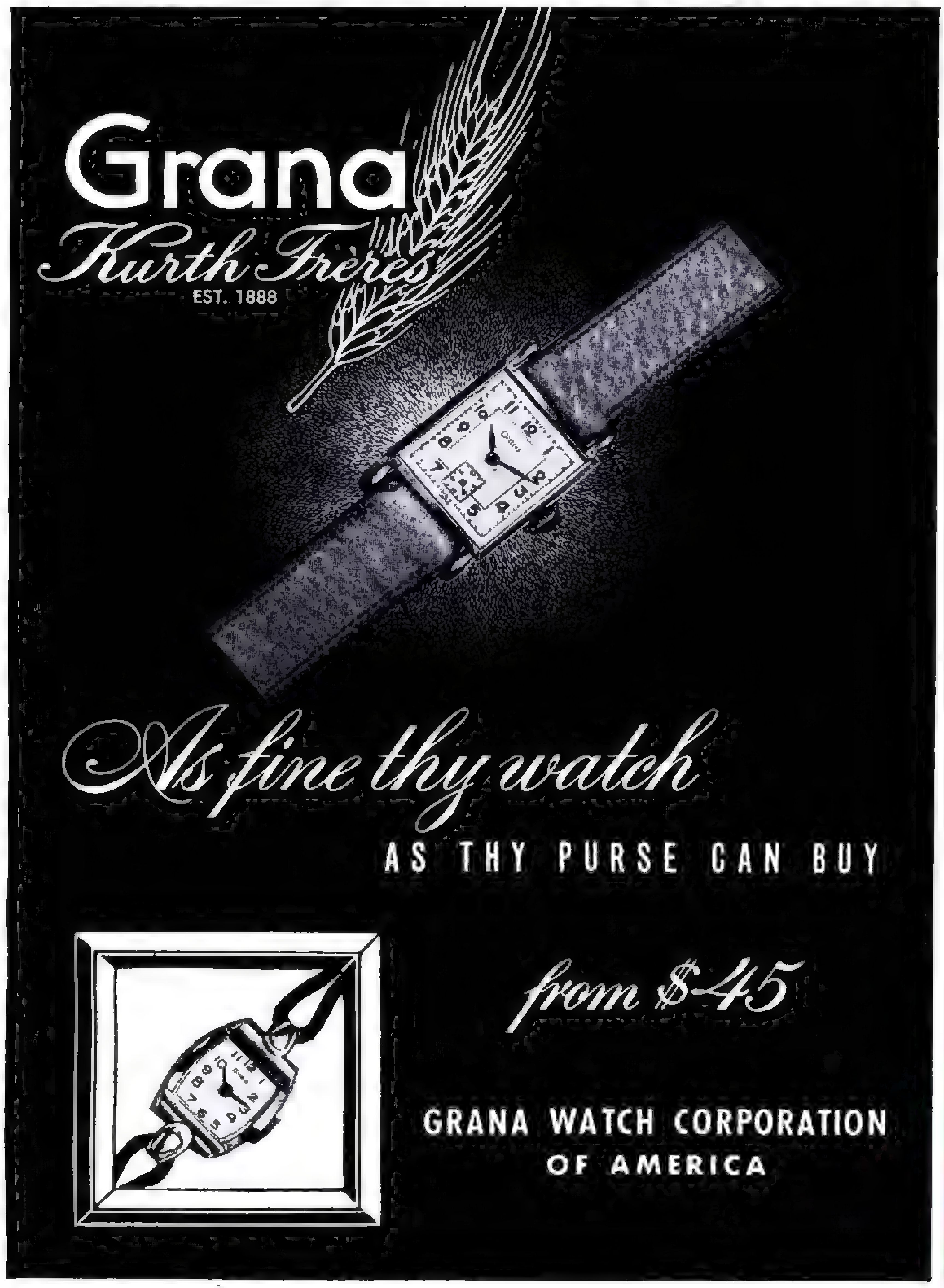
thirty dollars' worth of nickels, dimes, quarters, halves and a few singles. Unmitigated joy overwhelmed her until a ghastly thought crossed her mind and overwhelmed her even more: supposing the money hadn't come from singing. Propelled by a sort of terror she threw on her clothes and dashed over to the speakeasy. The bartender had just opened for the day's business and was polishing glasses. "Hello, Jenny Lind," he greeted her. "You wowed 'em last night. Why ain't you singing here all the time?"

Stella returned that night, the following night, and every other night that the speakeasy, which was known amongst its habitués as Paddy's Pig, was open. The owner refused to pay her a salary but he adopted a cool policy toward skinflints who didn't nurse the kitty, so she managed to live. She also found time to learn about jazz by listening to some of the best hot pianists of the times who dropped in to amuse themselves. She'd beg them to sit in and play for her, which they usually did, spurred on by the inducement of free potables on Paddy. Stella regarded them with awe and admiration and tried to sing so they would like her, all of which, she claims, helped to make her a "musician's musician."

It was at Paddy's that she developed the leitmotif of her career, the sulphuric insult. The little sodality at the Pig ran more to the hearts and flowers school of singing and when Stella and the pianists waxed low-down and bluish the clientele would grow petulant, noisy and finally downright belligerent. Stella then would become provoked and answer them in waggish little phrases that made even Paddy's patrons blench. Paddy at last tired of the sportive bantering and invited Stella to go plague some other establishment.

Stella wandered from one speakeasy to another—they all were located conveniently and with the end of prohibition had metamorphosed to a hybrid called a "blind pig"—pausing to stay only when she found a brilliant pianist and moving on when she discovered a better one somewhere else. Her schedule was always the same. She'd sing most of the night, divide the kitty with her pianist—she consistently has practiced her belief that good musicians should be paid liberally—and then go home to sleep, arising in time for what she called her music lesson. This consisted of a daily visit to the record section of a department store where a friend let her play the latest tunes until she memor-

Continued on page 162



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Postgraduate Stuff

Continued from page 161

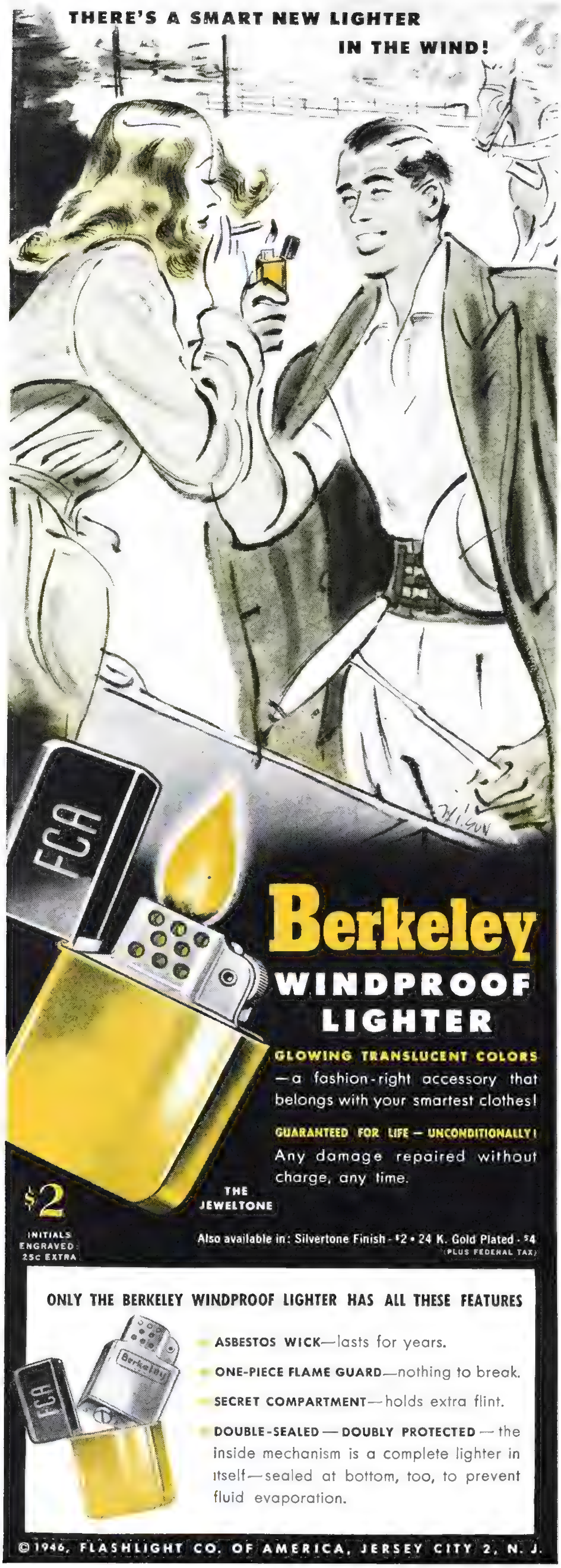
ized them. After a while Stella took to inviting her favorite pianists to join her. They used to listen to the tunes until *they* memorized them and then would wander over to the piano section and get busy on an arrangement for Stella. These sessions were conducted with frequent argument and demonstration and they attracted large crowds.

In 1937 Stella came to New York. She sang for tips in a Greenwich Village bar until Mark Hellinger and his wife heard her and liked her so well they persuaded the management to build a show around her. The management, in a burst of surprise and enthusiasm, not only hired Stella but employed four more girls to sing. Stella heard just one of them, a cutie who sang through her nose, and quietly left, taking the pianist with her.

Her next stop was a spot called "George's." It featured the then unknown Clarence Profit Trio which so excited Stella with its style she walked up and started singing with them. The manager, an Italian who disliked jazz, asked her what in the hell she thought she was doing. "I am going to work for you so I can sing with this wonderful trio," Stella announced briskly. The manager patiently explained that not only was Stella not going to work, but that the wonderful trio was on its way out. At that point another Italian, who was a pianist and liked jazz, joined the argument and by three hours past closing time the manager had agreed to hire Stella but remained adamant on the trio. "But I can't sing without Clarence," wailed Stella. The argument exploded afresh and by sunrise the manager gave in, firmly convinced he'd sealed his doom.

Stella stayed at George's several months and might have remained longer but the trio was "discovered" by a millionaire jazz promoter who moved them on to greener fields, while Stella, undiscovered, just moved on. She wandered in and out of bars and small night clubs, finding good pianists who consistently seemed to be "discovered" just about the time they got used to her style and she to theirs. Finally she grew tired of being ill-housed, ill-fed, and ill-clothed. "New York has beat the bejeesis out of me," she told a friend the day she left for San Francisco.

By 1945, three years later, she was encouraged to try Manhattan again and arrived back on the island just in time to be greeted by the worst housing shortage in the city's history. Mildred Bai-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ONLY THE BERKELEY WINDPROOF LIGHTER HAS ALL THESE FEATURES

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- DOUBLE-SEALED — DOUBLY PROTECTED — the inside mechanism is a complete lighter in itself—sealed at bottom, too, to prevent fluid evaporation.
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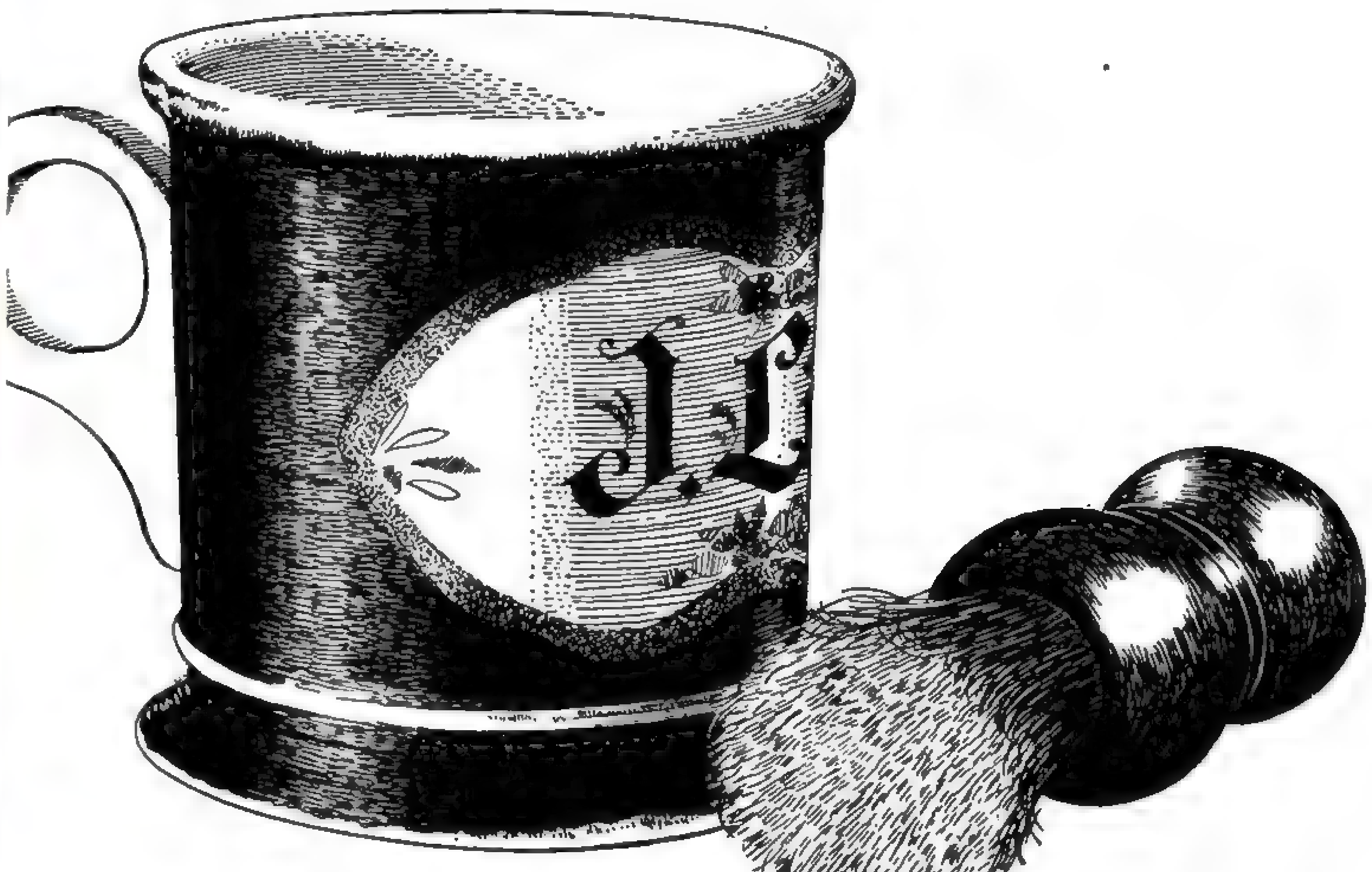
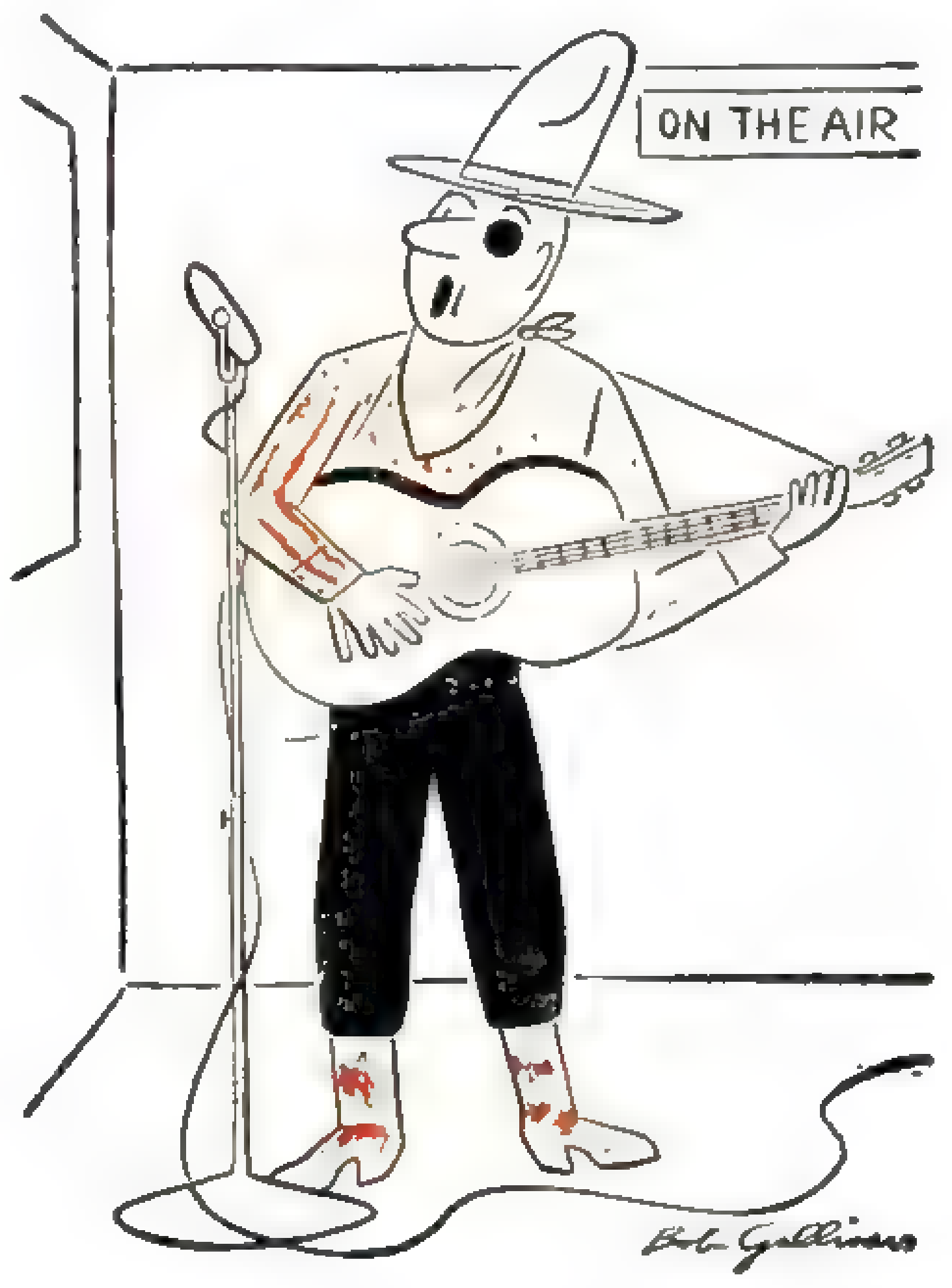

GOOD for conversation
There's no place like the barber shop to talk things over.
And there's nothing like a mellow Dutch Masters to call up memories of the good old days when a man had his own initialed mug, and this great cigar was the same fine smoke.
DUTCH MASTERS CIGARS

ley, who admired Stella's persistence as well as her singing, invited her in, but that didn't work out because Miss Bailey owned four dachshunds and Stella had a canine phobia. The dogs used to wake Stella up at the crack of dawn by licking her face. She was just starting to train them to sleep in the morning when she thought she felt a nervous collapse coming on. One night a friend, roused out of bed at four in the morning, opened the door and found Stella weeping. "Mildred booted me out," she wailed.



"Oh, I was wrong when I left you . . ."

The night-club situation didn't seem to want to resolve itself any more than the apartment situation did and Stella was ready to throw in the sponge a second time when she happened on an old friend she'd known during her first days in New York. "How're you feeling?" asked the friend. "Oh fine," said Stella who was verging on tears. "Don't suppose you'd be interested in having a little spot built around your singing, would you?" the friend asked casually. Stella, whose pocketbook was almost empty, asked if the friend expected her to be commercial and cater to the patrons. "No," he said. "Just be yourself."

The spot opened in due time, although Miss Brook's purism almost caused it to die aborning. She dropped in one afternoon shortly before it was scheduled to open and found the decor to be predominantly pink, with gold radiator paint spattered all over everything including several cherubs who were wandering around the ceiling amidst rosebuds. "I can't sing in this oriental butcher shop," she screamed. A close friend who was an architect and had once designed a chateau for Picasso volunteered his services and brought along with him one of the best lighting experts in New York. It is reported that when they first saw the interior of the club, the architect shouted: "Black, black, I want it all painted black." A diminutive Italian artist who had spent a month on the pink-and-gold-cherub motif was up on a

Continued on page 164

CASUAL COMFORT

Bass Weejuns

Bass Weejuns give you real foot comfort such as the Indians knew. Sturdy moccasin construction, hand sewn seams and hand craftsmanship distinguish Bass Weejuns from other footwear of this type, make them ideal for outdoor wear or for lounging. Smart looking and light as a feather on your feet.

We're making every effort to keep your dealer stocked, so if you don't find Bass Weejuns at once, keep trying!

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PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC., NEW YORK, N.Y. • A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES • 86 PROOF

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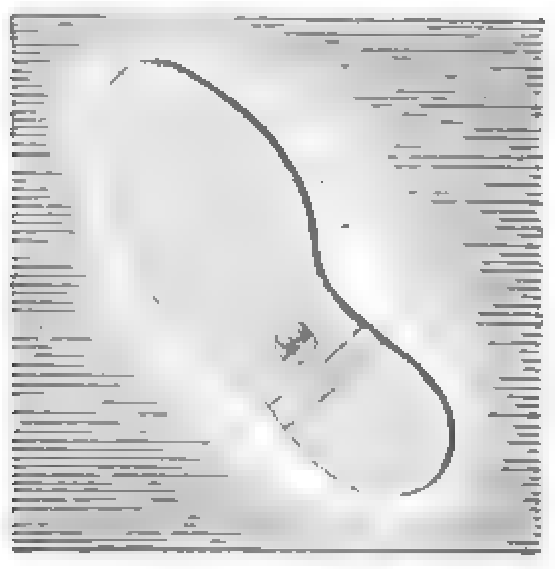
GOOD RECEPTION

There's always a joyous welcome for shoes with Rajah Soles. The bouyant, floating comfort of these better soles is a new experience in foot-pleasure! Moisture-resistant, flexible, with wear that outlasts leather, Rajah Soles are found on the finest leisure shoes. Light as a feather, foot-friendly . . . no wonder your feet give thanks when you cradle them in shoes with *Soles by Rajah!*



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Fine Soles for Fine Shoes

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Postgraduate Stuff

Continued from page 163

scaffold at the time and fainted when he heard the resounding "Black, black."

Finally, with environmental difficulties resolved, Miss Brooks opened. It was a gala affair, as New Yorkers say, with a number of Manhattan's very important people present. One of them, who hadn't known Miss Brooks before, decided he was participating in a sort of historical event in music and carefully took notes. "I saw her when I came in," he wrote in part. "She attracted me before I knew she was the star. She wore a tight-fitting yellow and black Paisley evening gown with a bare midriff, a neat package. She was dynamic in her every movement. When her moment came the lights were extinguished except for a baby spot that bathed her in a pink glow. Talking ceased and everybody listened. She sang without a microphone. The piano, bass and trumpet accompanying her were barely distinguishable, sitting in the half-glow of her limelight. She sang a ballad called *I'll Be Tired of You.* She sang it so that every word lived and breathed, accentuating each phrase with a swanlike motion of her neck. When she finished the room was silent. Then it exploded into applause and shouting. For a brief moment she had made me think back to the days of prohibition when I sat in a smoke-filled speak and first heard Helen Morgan."

For almost three weeks Stella was in her glory, behaving herself and responding to the customers' remarks with a haunting belly laugh that sounds several octaves lower than a foghorn and is in strange contrast to her angelic singing voice. Then one night a difference of opinion arose over lighting and additional talent, and Stella, smelling commercialism, walked out of the most lucrative job she's had to date. Even some of her closest friends and sincerest admirers were peeved and had to admit that she frequently becomes a problem not only to those who work with her but to herself.

It is true that Miss Brooks is mercurial. Her most exciting and ingratiating performance can be thrown off by a chance crack overheard from a near-by table. Where most professional singers would pass the remark off with a laugh and brood over it later, Stella rises to the immediate occasion and blows up. A Princeton graduate who once brought a party to hear her and then spent the evening explaining to them in a strident voice why she was the greatest popular singer alive, received a peroration containing

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several phrases that would have been of interest to H. L. Mencken; and a well-known Manhattan wit who foolishly chose to swap badinage with Stella in a night club retired limp and quivering. Often, audiences who could not refrain from small talk during Stella's singing have been startled into upsetting their drinks by little Anglo-Saxon vagaries they swore had crept into the lyrics. They could never be sure. By the time they were shocked into silence the lyrics were being sung as written.

Several hardy intimates have theorized that religion might be the salvation of Stella Brooks and they have tried to "save" her, one of them tugging at her soul for the Catholics, one for the Protestants, and one for an aged little colored man who runs a mission up in Harlem. The Harlem representative used to take long walks with Stella in Central Park and explain the advantages of peace of mind that comes with religion, but to date Miss Brooks has remained unsaved. One of her answers to the Harlem proselyter is typical of her attitude, which is not exactly irreligious. "See that little boy," she said. "He's got on a play suit the color of my curtains. I don't know what color you'd call that. It's a mysterious color. That's why it's beautiful. You can't name it. Mystery and beauty. That's my religion." Stella has a pleasantly sincere and naïve attitude toward beauty and once after reading Saint-Exupéry's *Little Prince*, a children's book, had her hair cut to a feather trim and dyed blonde. "I thought if I looked and acted the Little Prince it might have a good effect on the world," she says wistfully. The world wasn't interested however, being busy at the time getting ready for war, and Stella returned to her brunette page boy. She still feels strongly about the Prince and his peaceful asteroids, and she refuses to have her room decorated—at least five prominent artists have volunteered to cover the walls with murals—because the patches of discolored

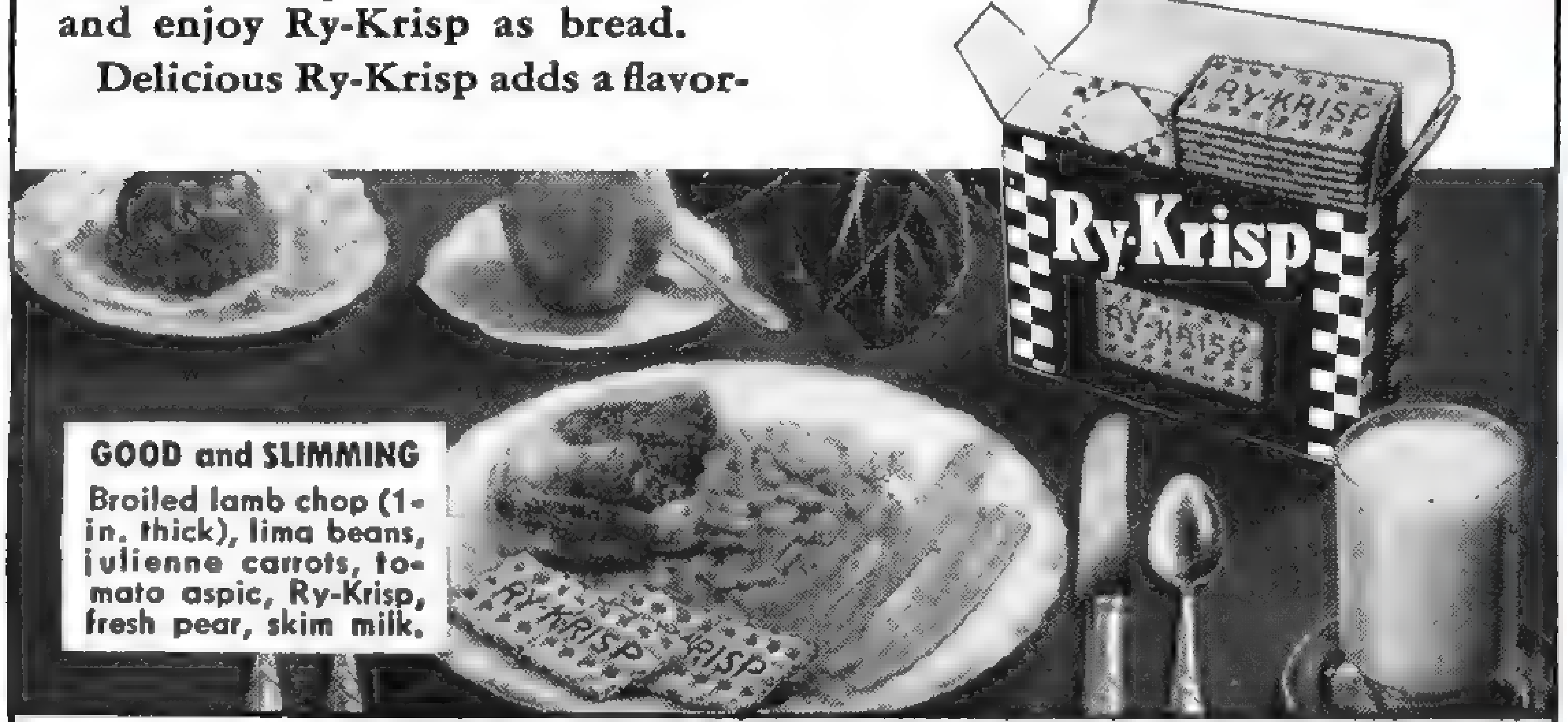
EASY BAGPIPE METHOD

Continued on page 166

You can't cover it up! Better reduce the Ry-Krisp way!

Open season on figures? Start slimming... get the Ry-Krisp plan that makes reducing a pleasure for any normal overweight! Just choose meals you *like* from long lists of foods (in quantities given)... and enjoy Ry-Krisp as bread.

Delicious Ry-Krisp adds a flavor-thrill to any meal, morning, noon or night. Has all the minerals and vitamin B_1 of whole-grain rye to help tone you up. Only 23 calories per double-square wafer.



GOOD and SLIMMING
Broiled lamb chop (1-in. thick), lima beans, julienne carrots, tomato aspic, Ry-Krisp, fresh pear, skim milk.

FREE! **"DESIGN FOR REDUCING," gives simple reducing plans for men and women. WRITE RY-KRISP, 10 CHECKERBOARD SQUARE, ST. LOUIS 2, MISSOURI**

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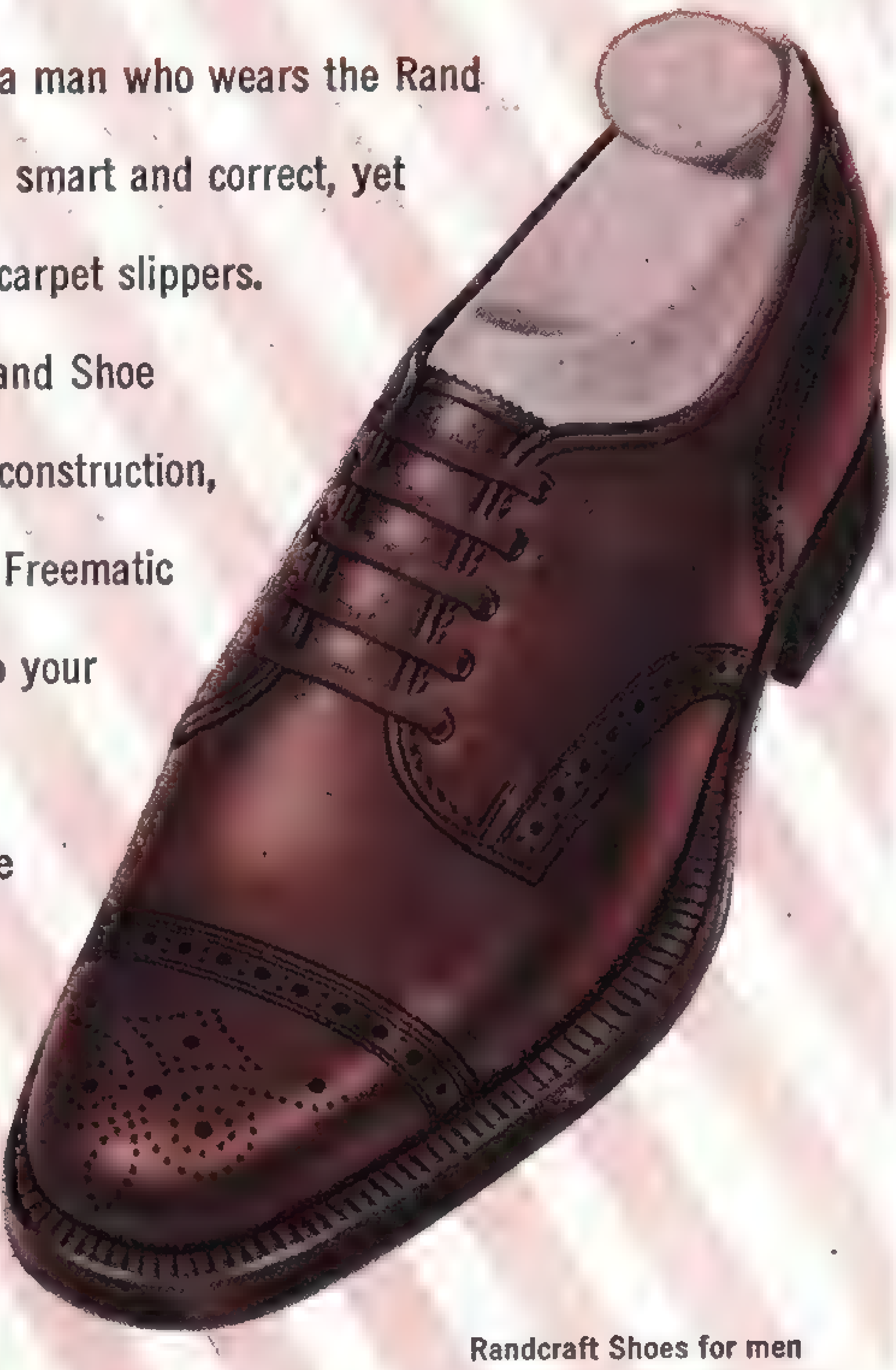
"Here's what a man's shoes tell a woman"

"His shoes tell whether a man has good taste, pride in his appearance, and good judgment. That's why a woman notices a man's shoes. That's why I know that a man who wears the Rand shoe is smartly shod!"

You'll like to be a man who wears the Rand Shoe, because they're so smart and correct, yet comfortable as old carpet slippers. You may favor the Rand Shoe with patented Freemold construction, or the wonderful Freematic insole that molds to your foot. Try on a pair of Rand Shoes today. Notice the difference.



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Look for this label
on sheets, printed tablecloths, cotton fabrics by-the-yard and in sportswear, work clothing, shirts, pajamas, dresses, children's wear, rainwear.

Postgraduate Stuff

Continued from page 165

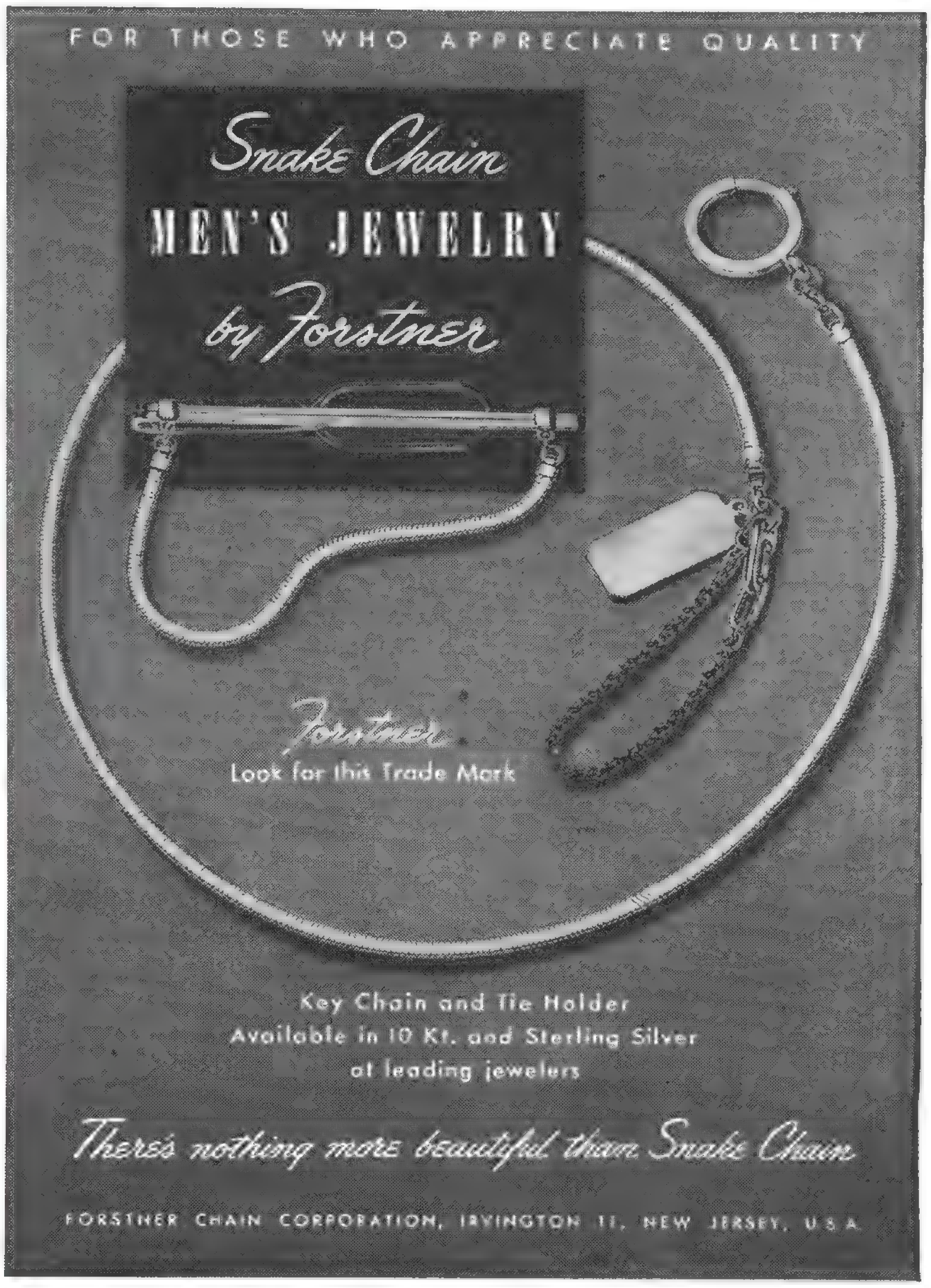
plaster resolve themselves into visions and shapes of asteroids and planets and lull her to sleep. Stella possesses few of the foibles usually associated with career people. She enjoys an occasional blowout in a good restaurant, or a shopping trip to buy shoes, of which she is passionately fond. But most of her time she spends singing or thinking about singing.

At the precise moment, since even a minimum of time must elapse between the writing and the printing of any article, and since Stella can change faster than a weather vane in a tornado, it is impossible to say precisely what she is doing or just what her measure of success may be. She has had two Town Hall concerts, both of them successful, has made two albums of records which are selling fairly well, and the public is coming to know more about her fight to sing the way she wants to. So it may be that she's starring in one of the swank night clubs or she may be in a Broadway musical—she has had one offer to date—or she may be in the Village knocking herself out for less than even a mediocre singer receives. The only positive statement one can make is that she's still singing, even if it's only for nickels and dimes.

USO
Keep it up...
Don't let them down!

When he was in the Army a friend who has appointed himself a sort of guardian angel over Stella once stated the case for her in reply to a buddy who wanted to know where he could hear Miss Brooks sing: "How the hell should I know? She never stays put. Find her yourself. Sit down and keep your mouth shut and listen. It's worth it. She'll make you hate her insolence and she'll charm you with her simplicity; she's a past master of both. Don't miss her though. She's like seeing the world's biggest circus or a thirty-foot lizard or a pink elephant. You ought to have the experience once in a lifetime." #

Continued from page 129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Lives of Quiet Desperation

Continued from page 123

am Ulysses S. Grant, home from the wars. Her first name is Penelope."

He lay quietly then, his massive bare feet hanging over the edge of the single bed, the linen twisted about his blue and white vertically striped and torn pajamas. With his mouth he wetted a hem of the sheet.

When the doctor re-entered the room with the woman he said, "I want you to call the police to be present when we search this place. I think we have to commit him to an institution."

"I already called them," the woman said as she glanced at the figure on the bed. "The poor man! He's always been so nice."

"Is that you, Penelope?" the proofreader said. "How is Vergil doing with the pi?"

"The poor man!" she uttered.

Outside a siren died away. "Put out that fire!" the proofreader exclaimed. "I'm burning up! I'm roasting!" He began to thrash about on the bed like a land-born fish, but he did not attempt to rise. His screams continued until he heard the new voice in the room asking:

"Is there a crazy man here?"

"I don't think so, policeman," the doctor said in a deliberate tone. "He evidently went blind during the night and the shock of it has naturally upset him."

"I'm perfectly sane," he said, peering sightlessly at the ceiling, trying to remember what dirty color it was. "I simply cannot see."

"Then what is your name?" the doctor asked.

"Helen Keller," he said, as he turned his head toward the wall.

As they gasped he said, "No, it isn't. It's Homer Troy."

"That's better," the policeman said. The doctor explained the name to the policeman.

"His name is Arthur Smirgens," the landlady said. "He has lived here eight years and he is a proofreader for the Tirane *Star*."

As she spoke the truth the doctor saw him visibly compose himself, at first lying tensely and then relaxing.

"Do you work on a newspaper?" the doctor said.

"Maybe we should call the newspaper," the policeman said before he could answer.

Smirgens sat up in bed, and waved an accusing arm in command about the room. "No! I shall never work there again!"

"Because you're blind?" the doctor said.

"Because," Arthur Smirgens pronounced oracularly, "a newspaper leads a life of quiet desperation."

"What was that?" the doctor

Continued on page 168

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- Slips over head
- Covers your knees
- Light-weight
- Comfortable over bulky clothing
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- Folds compactly
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All seams VULCANIZED—can't leak. 100% waterproof

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Are you expecting ***guests?***

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THE FIVE FAVORITES
Manhattan, *65 proof*
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Lives of Quiet Desperation

Continued from page 167

asked; the sentence was familiar.

"By Thoreau," the man said.

"Oh!" the doctor exclaimed. "And when did you see it?"

"Last night. That's all a newspaper is," he said. "What is a newspaper? Nothing. It is print. What is there in it? Ink. There is nothing in a newspaper. It is a daily dope. It is for people who lead lives of—quiet desperation."

"And you are against that?" the doctor said sympathetically.

"Yes!" the man asserted. "I don't want to read another newspaper as long as I live! I don't want to check another line of proof! I would rather be—" He clapped a hand to his mouth, gasped and rolled over face down on the bed, groaning.

The doctor nodded. "You would rather be blind?"

Smirgens did not answer. The doctor motioned the big policeman over to the other side of the bed and said, "All right, Smirgens. You're going to be all right. You're not blind."

"I'm blind! Yes I am, I'm blind!" the man groaned.

"No, you just think you're blind," the doctor said. "We're taking a little trip now, you and I. We're going down to the office of the Tirane *Star* and you're going to correct proof, just as you have for the past years and years."

"No! No!" The man screamed and began to resist the doctor and the policeman until the policeman hit him lightly over the head with his leather-covered blackjack. With the help of the amazed landlady they slipped a pair of pants on him, and still in his pajama top they dragged him down the stairs. He was beginning to protest volubly again as they came outside, and the doctor paused.

"All right," he said, shaking Smirgens, "which is the car you've taken to work every day?"

He tried to sag out of their grasp, but the two clutched him tighter and pulled him erect.

"It won't do you any good, Smirgens," the doctor said. "If you don't behave now you'll be reading proof seven days a week from now until you die. You have a car—where is it?"

"In the garage across the street," Smirgens said.

"Which garage?"

"That one." Smirgens opened his eyes and pointed across the street, and he saw he was looking into the face of the doctor.

"I still don't want to go back," he said.

"You don't have to," the doctor said.

"What can I do?"

"It doesn't make any difference. I'll help you get something else." ⵌ

Continued from page 123

THEY'RE *Aces!*

Now Glover brings you two grand new jackets, magnificently tailored, designed to satisfy a man's every need. "Flying High," pictured here, is a luxurious counterpart of the aviation jacket. The shell is a water and air repellent fabric—full mohair pile lined, even the sleeves. Ingenious rayon inserts eliminate bulkiness. Collar and throat latch are Mouton fur. "Anti-Freeze," the companion garment, is similarly styled but with shell of heavy Jungle Cloth and wool cloth lining. Jungle Cloth, developed for our armed forces, is tougher than most leather. It won't scuff, tear or punch through; it's water and air proof. Ask for these outstanding jackets at your favorite store. H. B. GLOVER CO., DUBUQUE, IOWA.

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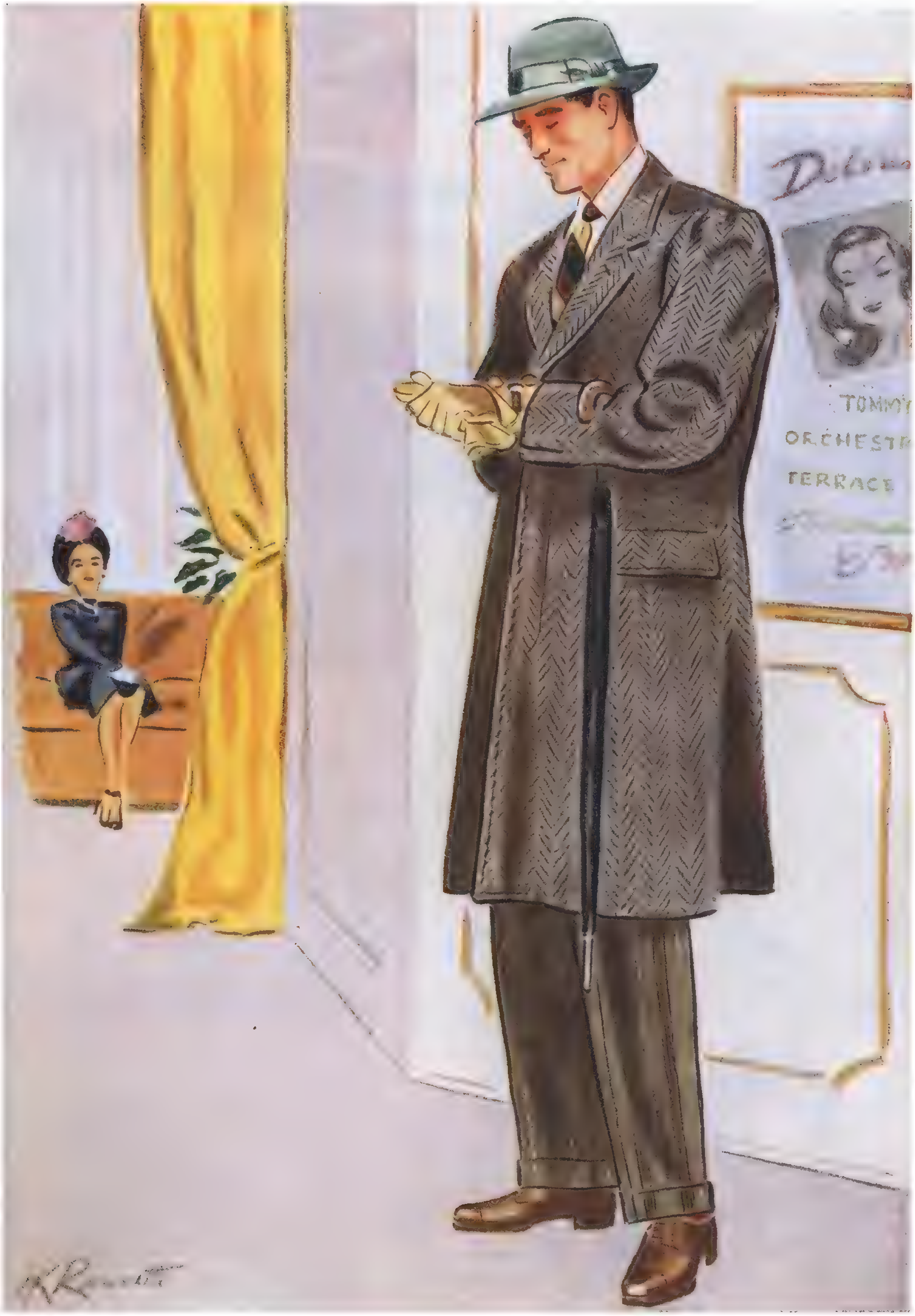

LATE DATE

Drawing by H. K. Runnette

Naturally, she wouldn't be on time—even if they had synchronized their watches. The man, however, has clocked in with up-to-the-minute fall styles, with his choice of Loam Brown combined with green. Loam is a new shade—a dark brown with grey overtones. His tweed topcoat has a slightly formal flavor for town wear, cut drape style with fullness at the chest and across the shoulder blades, and with fly front. His worsted suit, in a variation of Loam Brown, has a pattern of group stripes. An off-white shirt is a good background for his striped brown and green rep tie. He adds more green to the combination with his greenish felt hat. His chamois gloves and malacca handled umbrella are other good notes for town wear. The shoes are brown bluchers.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)

PHOTOGRAPH BY RAWLINGS

What does a $175 jacket have?

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$175 jacket or $2.95 jacket, the Talon slide fastener adds extra value to each

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The Ghost of Impeti

Continued from page 69

and ten. The elder one was blonde. M. Repplier continually referred to her as his angel, and when in her absence he spoke of "My daughter," he always added the two words "beautiful . . . beautiful!" She was not truly a beautiful child, not by the classical standard of the American one, but Repplier told me that when she was born the natives came from all over the island for a glimpse of that blonde hair.

In the back of his house, M. Repplier had a small workshop. In this workshop, on its shelves and its benches, were the instruments of his trade. A judge has no instruments, but a detective has. M. Repplier had a fine German microscope, a quantity of glass slides, a card box full of fingerprints, a shelf full of chemicals in large druggist's cannisters. M. Repplier did not seem to "dabble" at anything. He gave every phase of life his undivided attention. When he took me into the workshop, for example, he acted not like a man with a hobby but like a surgeon among his scalpels, and he proceeded to display a knowledge of criminology that was, to my mind at least, astonishing. He spoke of Edgar Allan Poe and Vidocq and J. Edgar Hoover.

I asked him, "What sort of crimes do you have in the islands?"

"Two," he replied. "Theft and murder."

"You don't have many murders, do you?"

"Very few. When we have one it is very hard for me to be a judge over these people. We have different codes you know. It is hard to sentence a man to death for committing a crime which was honorable by his code but repugnant to ours. I have to explain our code to him, and he does not understand me because I am not an eloquent man. It is always extremely difficult to sentence any of the people of these islands to death."

"What about theft? Is there a great deal of thievery going on here?"

"Oh yes—a great deal of that." M. Repplier smiled. "But sentencing a man to prison for theft is an easy job. It has no explaining to do. If he is proved guilty that is enough. For there—thank God—the two codes meet. The French Civil code and the unwritten black laws of the island are both—ah—*sympathique*—on that principle. When a man takes what belongs to another man, that is theft in both our language and theirs. It is a funny thing . . ." M. Repplier ran his

Continued on page 174

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The Ghost of Impeti

Continued from page 173

hand through his hair and was silent.

"What is?"

"We agree on theft—we don't agree on murder. It is one of the things which clutters the white man's burden. Well . . ." Repplier smiled, and took off his spectacles and put them on again and shrugged.

"Now this microscope here . . ." he said, and he was off on one of his discourses on the science of detection. It was, he contended, an exact science, like mathematics, fishing, or lovemaking.

M. Repplier was also a doctor of sorts, the only thing approximating a real doctor in the eight islands of his group. His microscope and his medicine, you see, went hand in hand, and while he was fooling around with fingerprints it was natural for him to attempt to delve into the mysteries of germs. It doesn't take long to size up the sanitary aspect of an island and we had all seen at a glance that Rapua was cleaner than most. The children did not have those open-sore face infections which are called "yaws" and which mar the beauty of some of the most beautiful children in the world—the Pembotan adolescents.

There was also, noticeably, not a single trace of elephantiasis among the people of Rapua, and that too was extraordinary for a Pembotan island. Repplier had forced his people to dig cesspool ditches, and to stop relying upon the tides for garbage disposal. Though no man knows in what murky tropical jell the seed of elephantiasis lurks, M. Repplier had possibly destroyed that source and that jell by persuading the people of Rapua to dispose of their offal in a civilized way.

Jurist—Detective—Microbe Hunter: if I tell you more about Repplier, you might shake your head, cluck your tongue, and quote something about the unseen blushing roses of the earth. And I'd be inclined to disagree. I'd argue the point because Repplier was a satisfied man. If the rose in the desert blushes merely to be seen, and is not seen—then that is surely a waste and a pity. But it seems to me that a rose can sometimes relish the desert air above any other, and blush there with an intensity and a sweetness it can attain no other place. In such a case—the case of a Repplier on the tiny island of Rapua—the rose is in its proper place and the only waste is the wit you poets use in explaining it, and the tears you pretend to shed because of it. Repplier was a satisfied man. Why

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do you insist that God wasted him on Rapua?

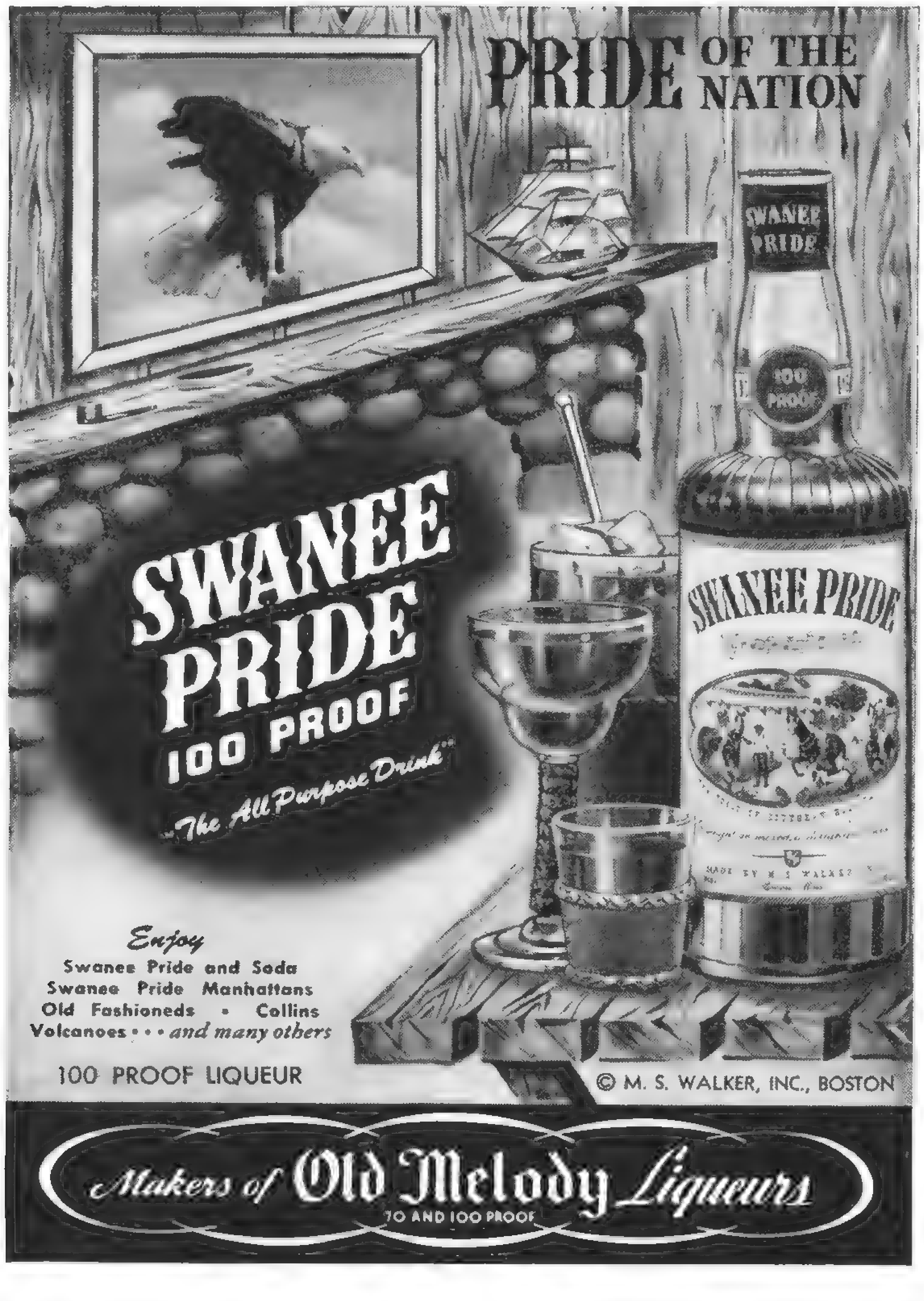
There was a Capuchin monk I met in a village in New Caledonia. He made religious figures of red clay and painted them in pastels he dug from the earth and he baked them in a tiny kiln he had built from dung bricks. They were the most exquisite altar pieces I have ever seen, and I remember Rome—and Milan—and the pageants of Venice. All right, then—you poets: That monk was a rose! His altar pieces were blushes of his genius! But would you say his sweetness was wasted on the desert air simply because his art was on display in a village of some 35 inhabitants, a village so small it was not even on the maps of the Dutch Geodetic Survey? I would not. Neither would he. The only way he wanted to worship his God was to continue to make those red clay figures, and the monk was positive that He—the only audience whose approbation he cared for—was applauding. That monk was, in his way, like a black surgeon I heard about in Africa. He performed miracles of amputation on the warriors of a bellicose chieftain of the region. In London or New York he would have been one of the famous surgeons of the world, but he never left the regions of the headwaters of the Nile and he died one day of sleeping sickness in his native village. You might say he wasted his talents and his life, not even in the rarified atmosphere of some desert outpost, but in the most God-forsaken, plague-infested jungles of the world. I say he could not have saved more lives if he had left Africa and practiced in Harley Street. He saved lives all his life, and he was a satisfied man.

"Oh, that's my branch office"

But more than enough of roses, and sweetness on the desert air, and the distances and differences between greatness and fame. I am trying to tell you about M. Repplier.

I had started this tale mainly to tell you a story M. Repplier told me, but I have become entangled in the memories of Repplier, the

Continued on page 176



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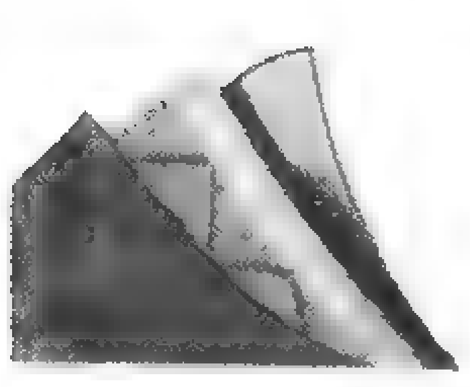

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The Ghost of Impeti

Continued from page 175

man. The tale has a good deal to do with the half-caste M. Repplier, his personality, his yen for the white man's cleanliness, his lust for an ultimate form of justice in the islands which would embrace—just as his own half-caste body and soul embraced—the better qualities of two races.

This is the tale the remarkable Repplier told me:

Once upon a time, when he was making his monthly tour of the islands, he came to a place called Impeti.

Now Impeti was not one of Repplier's own islands, not one of the eight he regularly visited. The judge assigned to that island had recently and suddenly died, and the Governor General of the Archipelago, a man named Langlof, a man straight from France, had ordered Repplier to take the islands over until a replacement could be found. So Repplier was obliged to call at this island, Impeti, to dispense justice and punishment in the name of the French Colonial Government. When he arrived, he was greeted by the resident agent, a man of many mixtures, a man with Chinese, French, and Pembotan blood. This man, inexplicably named Saunders, was a fat mountain of a man whom Repplier had often heard about but had never met. Saunders could have posed for an advertisement for the island of Impeti, for he was filthy, hot, and full of flies and odors. Impeti was one of the bad islands of the group, one of the worst, and Repplier tried to get his business over as soon as it was possible for him to do so.

"How do you do," he said to Saunders. "Any crimes?"

"How do you do. The usual, Monsieur Repplier. Several fights. We have the culprits. A native beat his wife. I have beat him in turn. You will not have to deal further with him. A few thefts . . . I have the culprits. And then, of course, our usual Ghost."

"Your usual what?"

"Of course," Saunders smiled. "You wouldn't know about that M. Repplier. We have a Ghost on this island who commits crimes."

"That is very interesting. Have you ever seen this ghost?" I asked him.

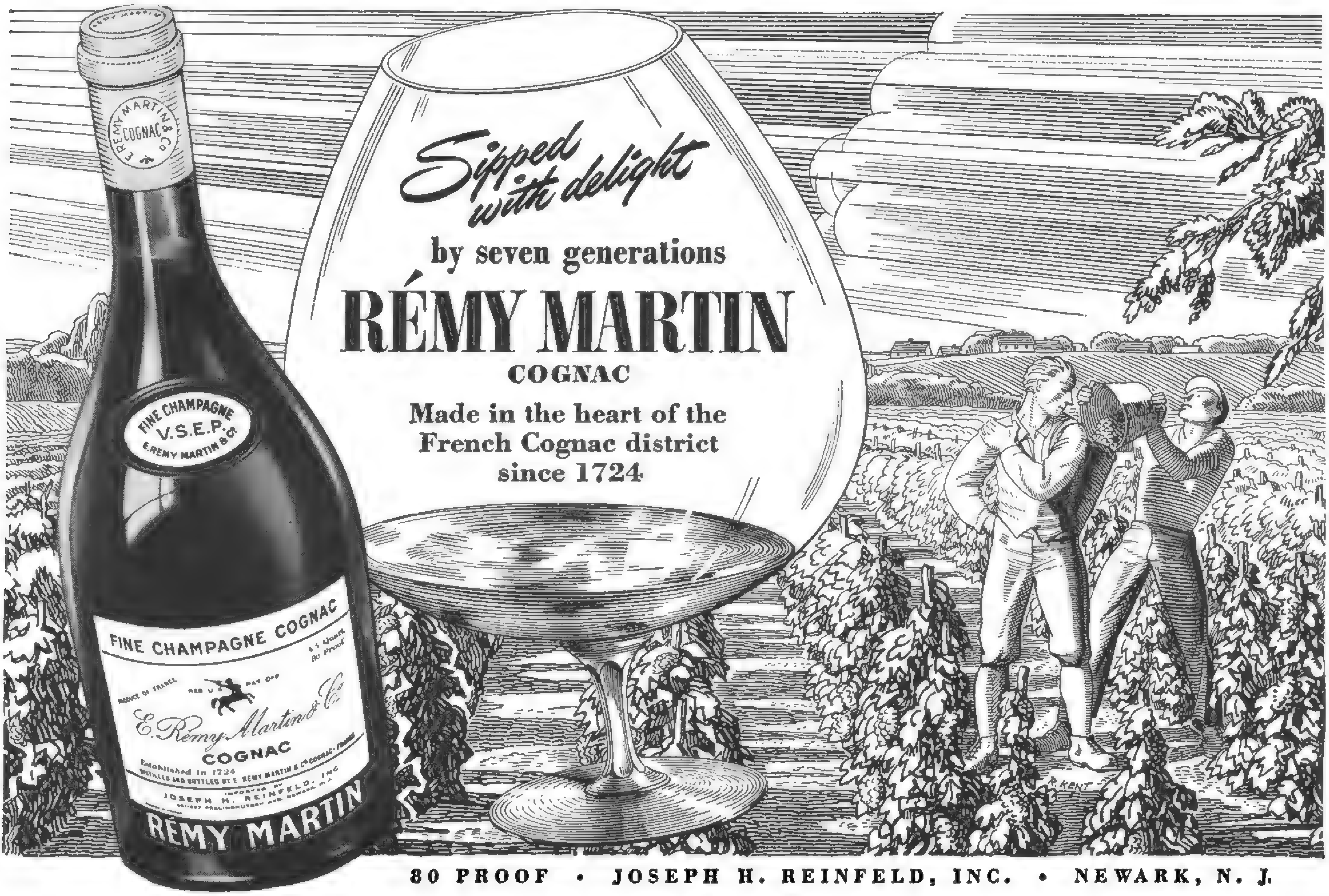
"I suppose I have seen him—yes. He must be one of the natives. But he is so damned clever we call him the Ghost."

"I see. What sort of thing does he do?"

"He steals."

"What does he steal?"

"Anything. We've never been able to lay a finger on him. We haven't the slightest clue as to



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who or what he is. He's a damned clever thief. Come in and have a drink."

M. Repplier went into M. Saunders' house—a garbage-littered native hut down on the beach. Repplier drank, against his will, two cups of a sticky yellow punch which Saunders made from gin and fermented mangoes. While they drank, Saunders told him more about the Ghost of Impeti.

"—Well . . . it's been going on a long time. We know damn well it's the same fellow . . . can't mistake him. Comes in the night, quick as a cat. Fast? He can steal the hinges off a door, steal what's behind the door, steal the door and be off into the bush before a man can sneeze. We always know when it's the Ghost because he is the only clever thief on the island. These others," Mr. Saunders waved a fat hand, "they're sloppy. They smash and grab and run. We can always catch them. But the Ghost—! that's a type would do all right in Paris, right under the nose of the *Sûreté*. He is a very capable fellow indeed."

Repplier said, "What is his latest crime?"

"Well, last night he broke into the government warehouse on the dock—we always keep a sentinel posted there. He heard nothing and he knows nothing. I will discharge him. The Ghost stole six blankets."

"Let's look at the warehouse," I suggested.

Saunders finished his punch and led Repplier to the preposterous warehouse that stood down by the one dock on Impeti. It was a thing tied together by bamboo strands and coconut studs, and they used it for copra and for any government property that might pop up under the eccentric beneficences of the French Colonial Government—stuff like blankets. A child with a hammer could have wrecked that warehouse in an hour.

Repplier said nothing when he saw it. Repplier on a case was a man playing poker for high stakes. He walked up to a door which had been smashed in, stuck his nose

Continued on page 178

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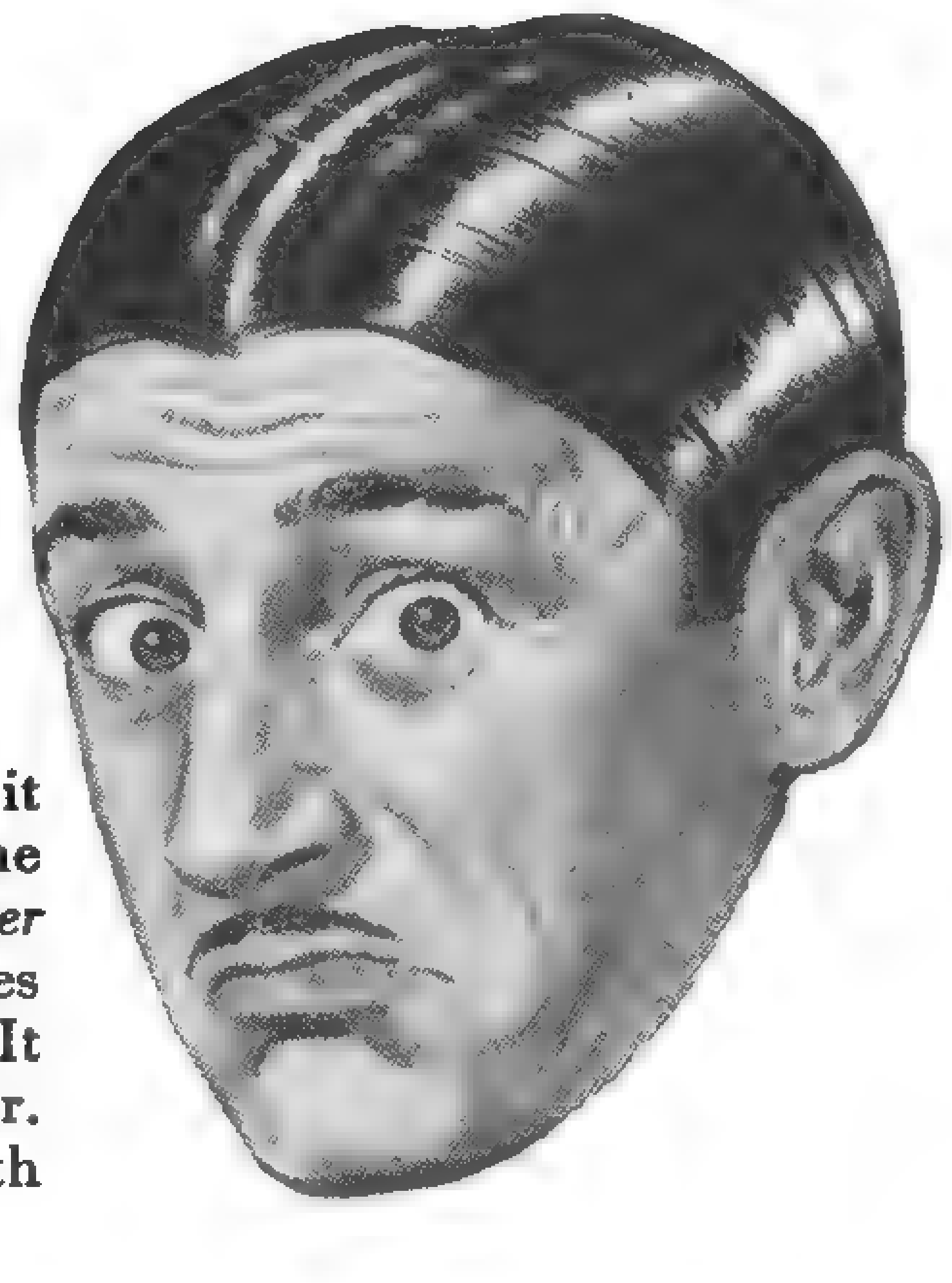

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The Ghost of Impeti

Continued from page 177

right up close to the jamb, squinted, and then proceeded to do something which astonished Saunders. He took a tiny magnifing glass and a small packet of powder out of his porte-monnaie.

"What is that?" Saunders asked.

"This requires a little detective work," Repplier said, and he proceeded to spray some of the powder on a section of the door jamb. Then he squinted through the magnifying glass and he finally said, "Your Ghost is not as clever as you think. He leaves fingerprints."

"Ah," said M. Saunders.

"What other thefts has he committed lately?"

"For one thing he robbed my house!"

"Let us look at your house."

Saunders and Repplier walked back to the grime-smeared Saunders household and there Saunders pointed out where his food bin had been jimmied and the door splintered open and seven cans of American soup had been stolen. "When did this happen?" asked Repplier. "A month ago." "And you have not fixed the door yet?" "I have been waiting for the authorities to arrive to examine the evidence," answered Saunders. "A wise move," Repplier said, "Rest easy. The authorities have arrived."

He pulled out the magnifying glass and the little packet of powder, and performed his little ritual on the spot where the closet door had been jimmied. He blew on the powder, and he squinted, and he squinted again.

He said, "Either the Ghost is not what you think he is, or he is two people."

"What?"

"These are not the same fingerprints as we found on the warehouse."

"What?"

"Here is the right thumb again. It is not the same right thumb as the one that we found on the warehouse."

"Impossible!"

"Not impossible. Fact." And Repplier put his glass into his pocket. "Now," he said, "let us look at the scenes of more crimes committed by your Ghost—or Ghosts."

Saunders showed Repplier where the ghost—or ghosts—had stolen a *pirogue*, a native canoe, from under one of the native huts along the shore. He showed him the trading post where the Ghost had broken in, not two months before, and had stolen a great many cans of asparagus and anchovies. All in all, the Ghost had

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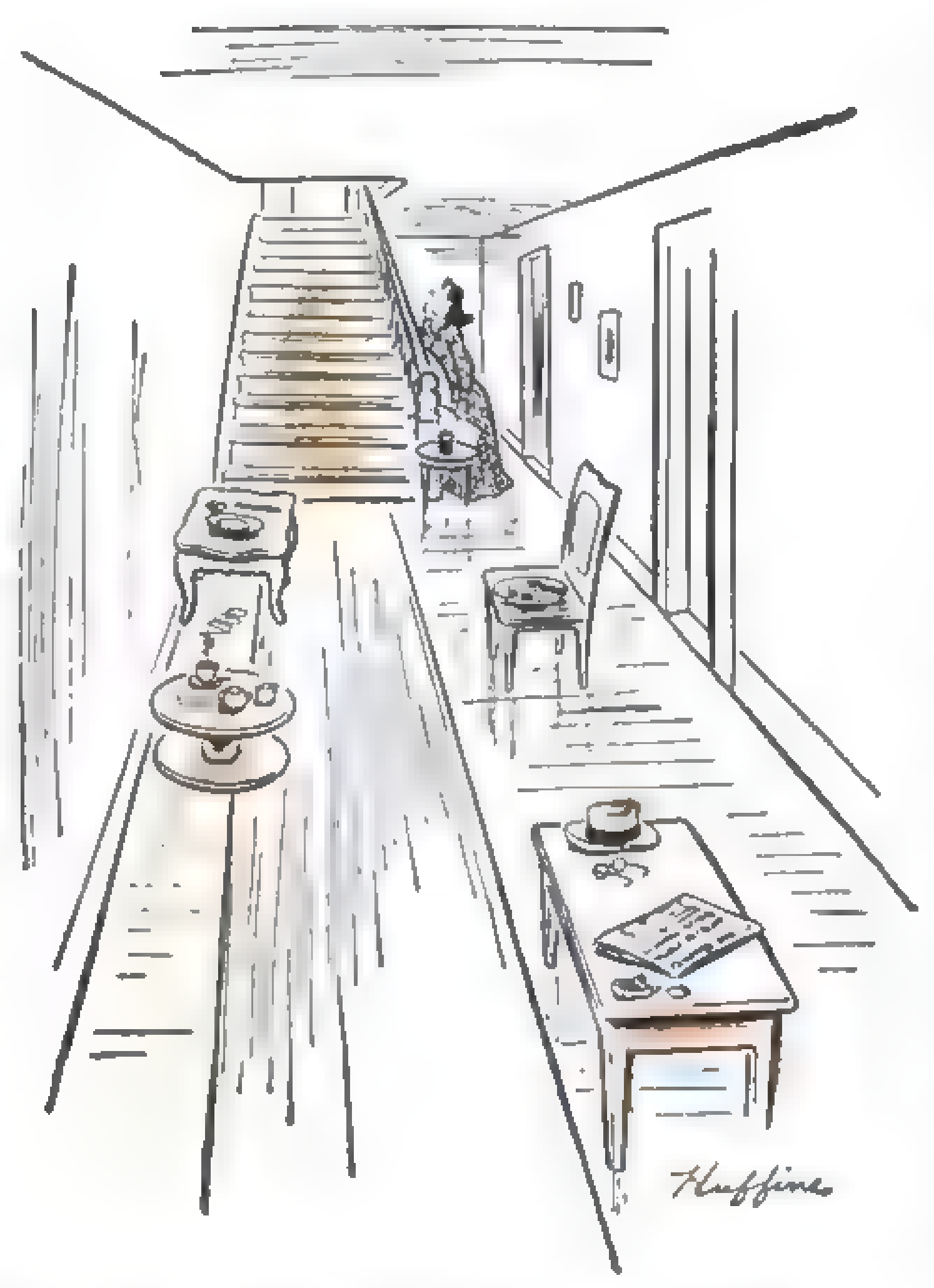
committed six or seven crimes in the past six months, and they had never come near him. The law-abiding people of Impeti had no idea or suspicion of what or who he could be, and the habitual law-breakers of Impeti wouldn't talk—or couldn't.

Now Repplier told all this to me with many shakings of his shaggy head, and many elegant French gestures with arms, hands, and fingers. He did not give me any personal opinions of the man Saunders, but his impersonal opinions betrayed very little respect for the fat agent of Impeti.



"Your breakfast is ready, dear"

"I could see right away," Repplier told me, "that I would have to go off into the bush myself to look for the fellow—I mean fellows. I was sure it was more than one man. The fingerprints proved that. And they were clever men, for they had never been seen—and that is an accomplishment on such a small place as Impeti. I knew those who committed thefts had to be hiding in the bush, whoever they were. So off I went."

"Into the bush?" I asked him.

"Into the bush. Now understand, my friend, that I have a reputation for quickly capturing a criminal. I rarely spend more than a full day on such a job. But the time I went after the Ghosts of Impeti I spent three days in the bush—looking, just looking. And after I had found what I wanted to find, I found it hard to make up my mind."

"About what?"

"Ah! . . . about a peculiar thing. Let me recapitulate. You see, I knew one thing. I knew there was more than one fellow doing these things. A gang, probably. Three or four. None of the fingerprints on any of the jobs they had committed were the same. There may have been five of them, working together, one of them coming down from the hills at a time, and then sneaking off again. All the jobs had the same earmarks. They were all done the same way—the doors jimmied the same way, the windows opened, the tracks always covered precisely the same way. There were

Continued on page 180

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The Ghost of Impeti

Continued from page 179

four or five of them—the fingerprints proved that. But there was one guiding intelligence. One—how do *you* say it?—Master Mind. And then I went into the bush to look for them, and I discovered an amazing thing."

"What?"

"It wasn't four or five of them. It was one man."

"*One* man?"

"One. I found him. That was not easy. In his hut in the hills he had six new blankets and his yard was covered with open cans of American soup. He was an old man, not much larger than a boy."

"The fingerprints?"

"Ah—your question, of course. You think that a simple native, an old black man, had discovered what the most sophisticated criminals of the metropolitan centers of the world have never discovered—how to modify his fingerprints. You think that with such a trick up his sleeve it was *not* stupid to have left his fingerprints at the scenes of his many crimes, but infernally clever instead. You're wondering that?"

"Of course."

"I shot him," said M. Repplier. "I forgot to tell you—I always carry a gun. I shot him without benefit of trial. In cold blood. I buried him in the yard in front of his hut. It was the first time I ever took the law into my own hands."

"Self-defense?"

"He did not even know I was near him."

"He'd killed somebody?"

"No. As far as I knew he had done nothing but steal."

"And for that you killed him? Capital punishment without a trial? I don't understand, M. Repplier."

"Only because you haven't guessed. Let me put it this way ... you see, in the islands life is cheap, but we do our best to protect it. That is our job. That is why I play with microscopes. When I saw the Ghost of Impeti, when I laid eyes on him, I knew I would have to destroy him."

"Why... why...?" All this talk of M. Repplier's sounded like excess melodrama. Why didn't he get to the point?

"Because! Because there is a type of man in the world whose fingerprints are not always the same. Haven't you heard of him?"

"Never."

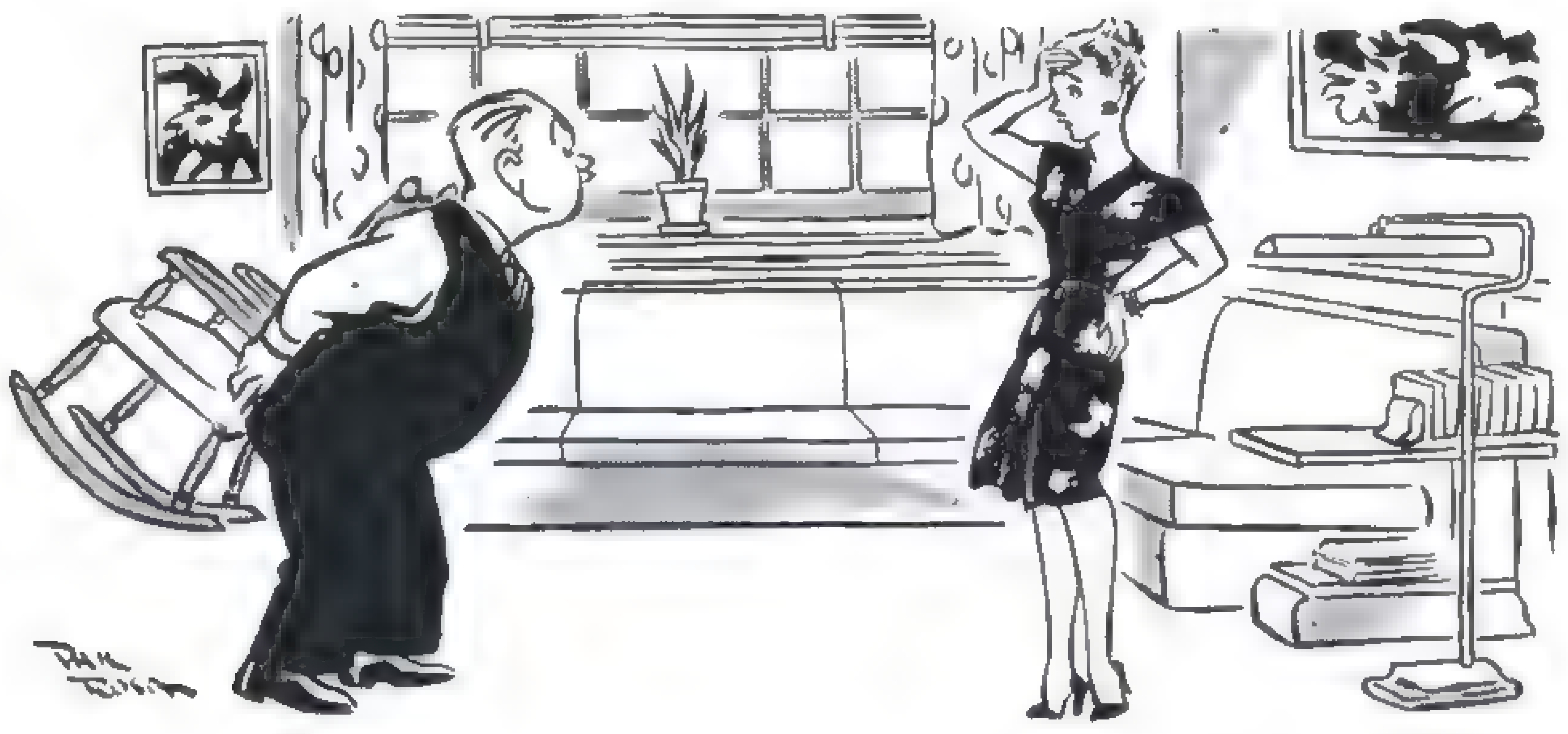
"Nature does it for him. Nature modifies his fingerprints by lesion deformity. Don't you know what kind of a man the Ghost of Impeti was? Can't you guess why I shot him?"

"No."

"He was a leper." ⵌ

Continued from page 69

No. 5 in a series of cartoons by Phil Rosa depicting incidents in the life of that great sentimentalist, Mr. I. M. Setinways and his wife, Perky.



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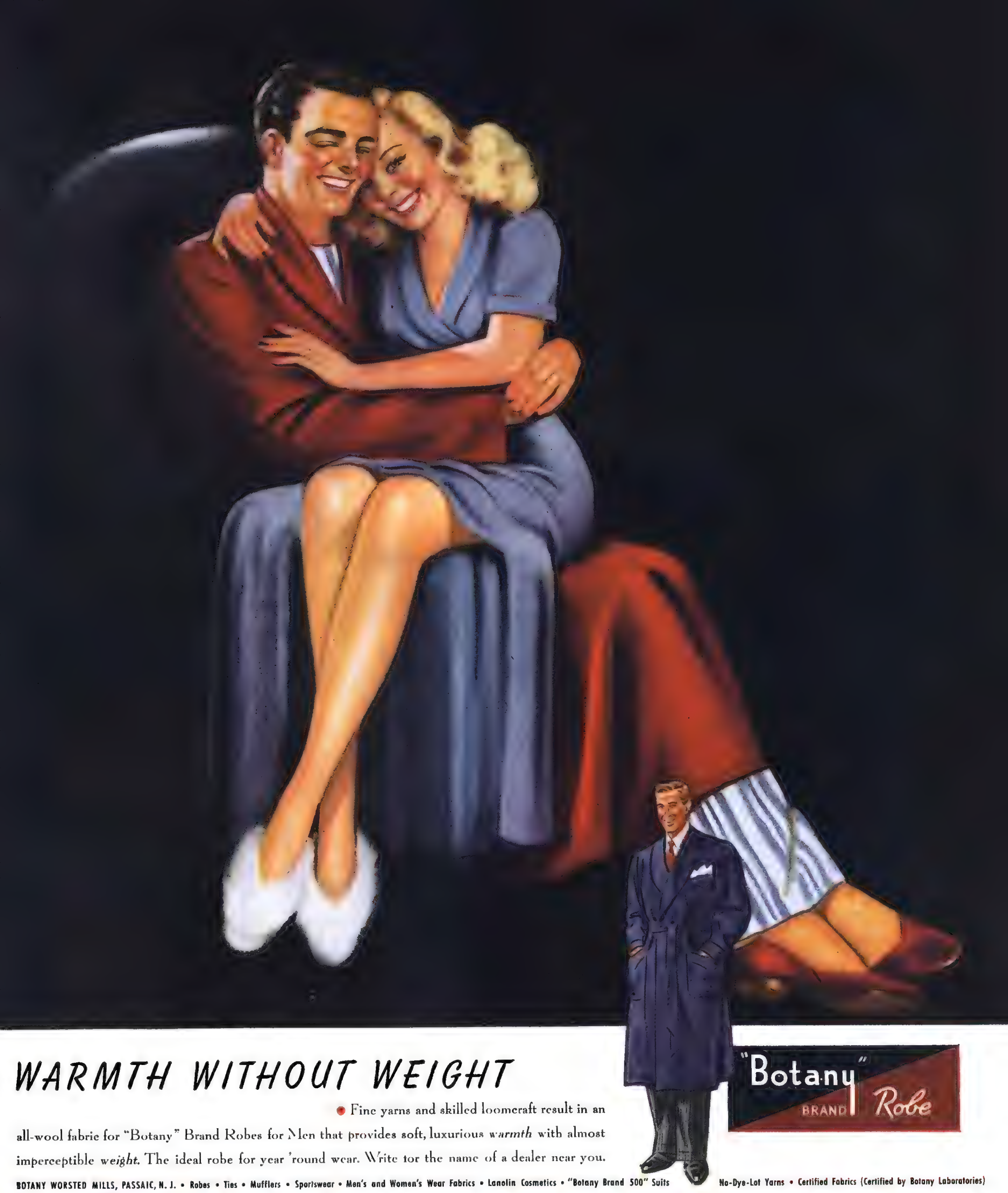

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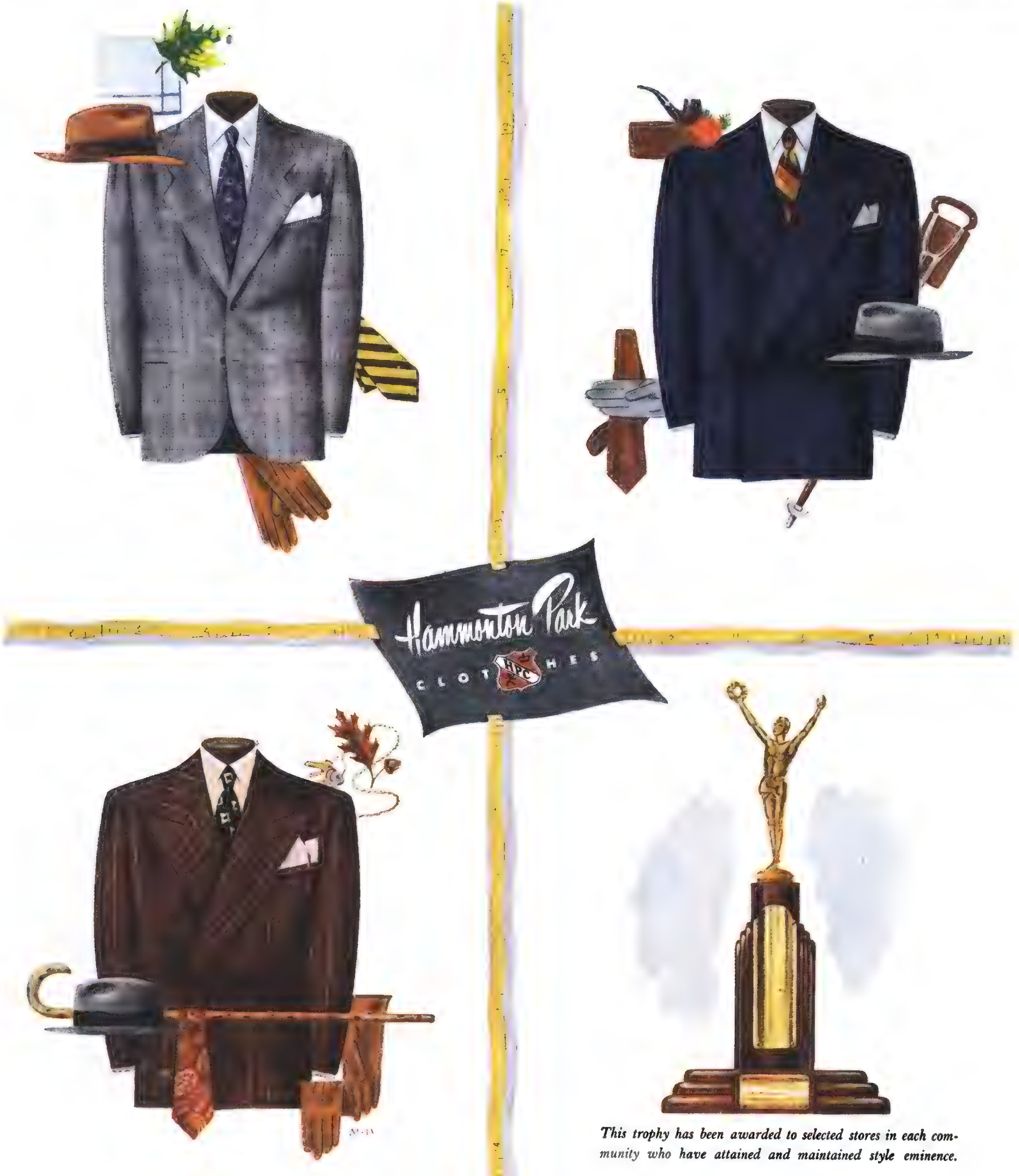

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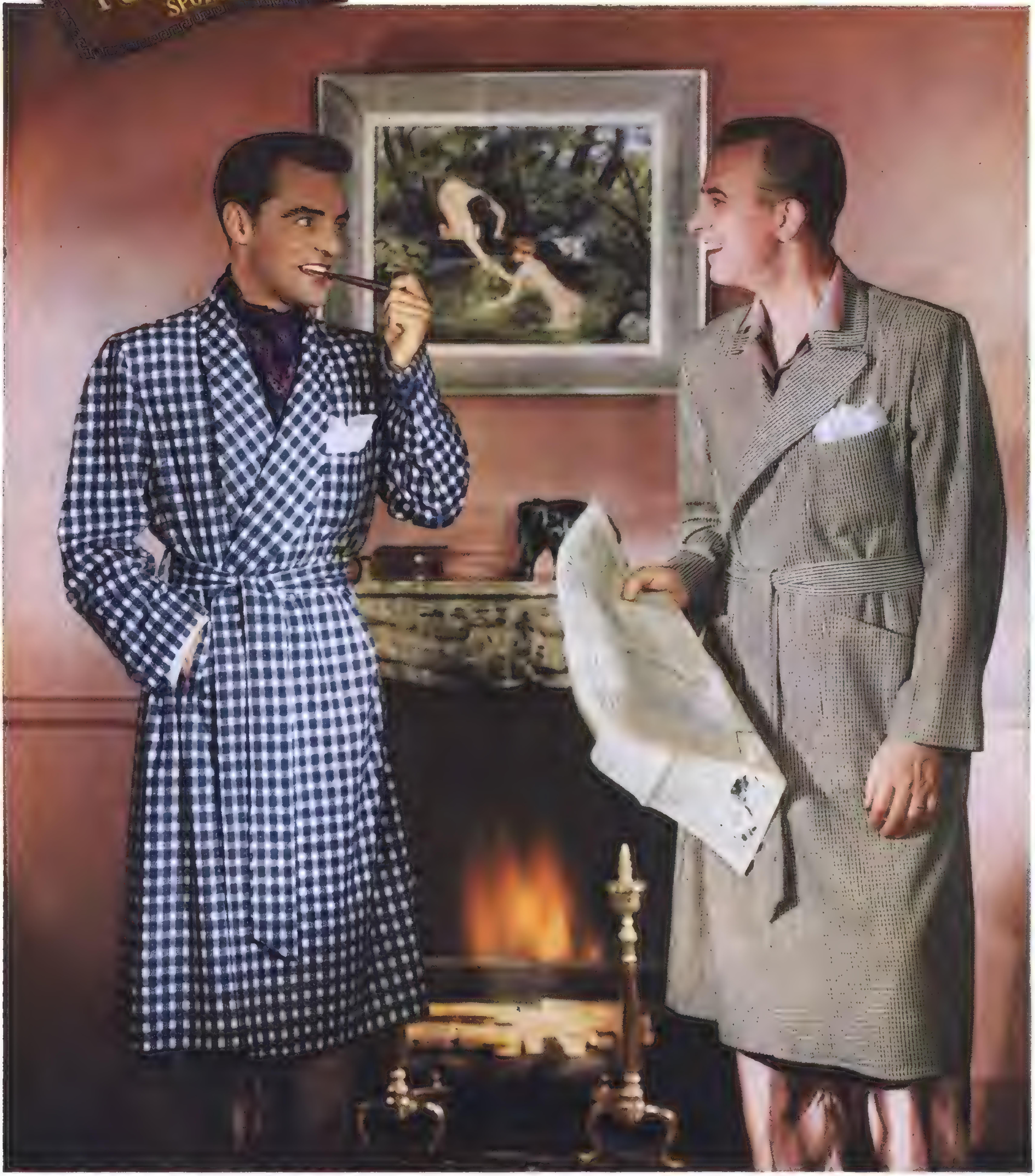

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Boswell of Baseball

Continued from page 93

fables. The Carmichael classic involves the theft of John's wallet, containing forty-one dollars, in front of Grand Central Station. Carmichael was out-fumbling someone for the payment of a fifty-cent cab fare when a sneak thief grabbed the wallet and disappeared into the sidewalk crowd.

Burns and his imagination immediately went to work. Carmichael was placed in front of the New York post office, where he had just paid ten cents to peer at the stars through a large sidewalk telescope. The concessionaire of the heavens was working diligently, moving Carmichael into various positions to give John a better view of the stars and, at the same time, to lift his wallet.

"And Carmichael to this day believes that sidewalk astronomer lifted his pokey," Burns declares.

Paradoxically, the most amazing and outlandish story in the Burns repertoire is wholly true, untouched by human imagination. It involved the irrepressible Art Shires, White Sox first baseman in the late 1920's; Lou Barber, then traveling secretary for the Chicago club; and a house detective of a Philadelphia hotel.

Bent on breaking up a noisy party, Barber and the detective forced their way into Shires' hotel room. One word led to another and the total led to a wrestling match, catch-as-catch-can and to hell with the furniture.

In the midst of the melee, Barber suddenly saw an unidentified hand in front of his face. Instinctively, he lunged for the wrist, grasped it with his teeth, and bit . . . hard. Immediately he was on his feet, howling at a crescendo which even Shires' parties had never before reached. He had bitten his own wrist.

Burns is constantly marketing his minor gags among fellow authors. They are of the progressive, long-haul variety and never, never take the form of a practical joke. He is wholly disdainful of the practical joke and gleefully recalls having once stepped, full-weight, upon a player's hand during the application of a "hot-foot." "Unfortunately," Ed adds ruefully, "it didn't put him out for the entire season."

Burns' approach is best described as the hyperbolic rib. For years he has accused one of his more frugal coauthors of making the eastern trips, usually of three-week duration, on no greater financial outlay for food than the cost of a sack of bananas and a box of candy bars. Another traveling companion is heralded by Burns as "America's Guest," based on the fellow's uncanny ability to

Continued on page 186

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Boswell of Baseball

Continued from page 185

arrive at any given spot the exact moment a bottle of whiskey is being uncorked.

A Falstaff in size, Burns is anything but boisterous and raucous in his humor. He gives it the subtle treatment—a soft, low voice, an elaborate build-up, and the pay-off punch merged with a low rumbling chuckle. Finally, he is able to take the better counter-retorts with larger laughs than he delivered with his own.

Part of Burns' joviality is based on his aversion toward any open controversy, particularly with people in baseball. It isn't that he follows the isolationist lines of his employer, Col. Robert R. McCormick; it's just that verbal bickering becomes a waste of motion when it involves E. H. Burns.

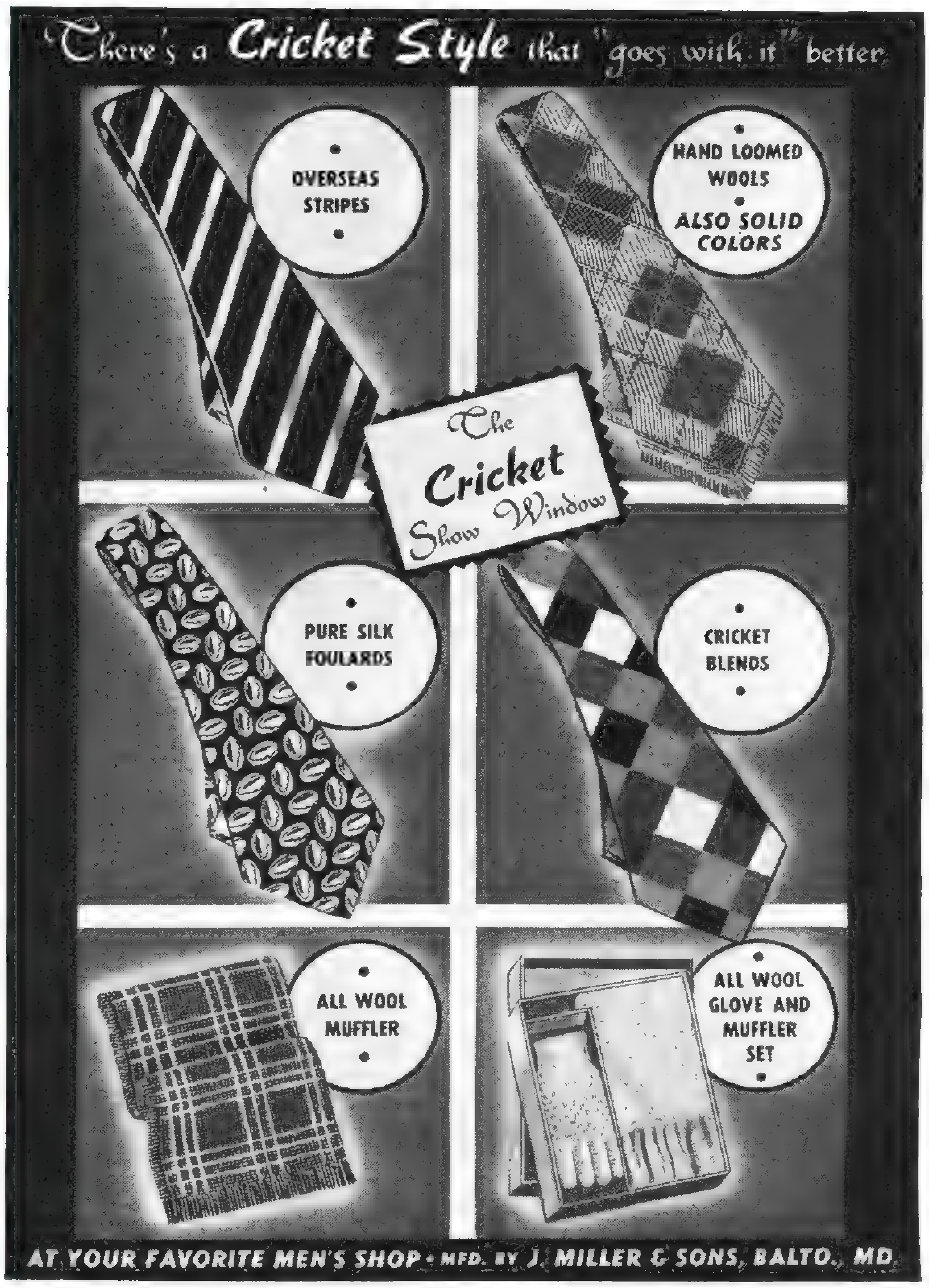
"To me, the most stupid man in the world is the prize fighter who gets in a barroom brawl," he declares, "and thus gives away for free what he's paid to do in the ring. On the same theory, why should I have any oral quarrels with baseball managers or players? I'm paid to write comments about them. Why should I waste my means of livelihood in face-to-face arguments?"

As more than one player and manager has discovered, Burns' theory is infallible. In twenty years of writing baseball, he has carried on intensive arguments with only two players in the arena of his sports section—in 1939 against Dick Bartell and in 1945 against Paul Derringer. Perhaps it is mere coincidence that neither was with the Cubs the following year. In any instance, Burns prides himself in the fact that each sought him out to shake hands at the close of the season.

"A ballplayer is foolish to pick a quarrel with a writer," Burns states candidly. "At best a player carries on his campaign before an audience of perhaps 100—fellow players, his family and barroom associates. He cannot expect to compete against a baseball writer who has a potential audience of his paper's readers, usually more than half a million."

Generally, players and writers live in careful harmony during the seven months they are in daily contact with one another. Mutually, each wants to cultivate the other as a part of his job and well-being. To Burns the players' attitudes toward the authors fall into three categories: (1) the friendly type; (2) the aloof type; (3) the "Billy Herman" type.

Herman, capable infielder of the Boston Braves, feels toward baseball writers much as a zoo attendant feels toward a cageful of wolves. He wants no quarrels nor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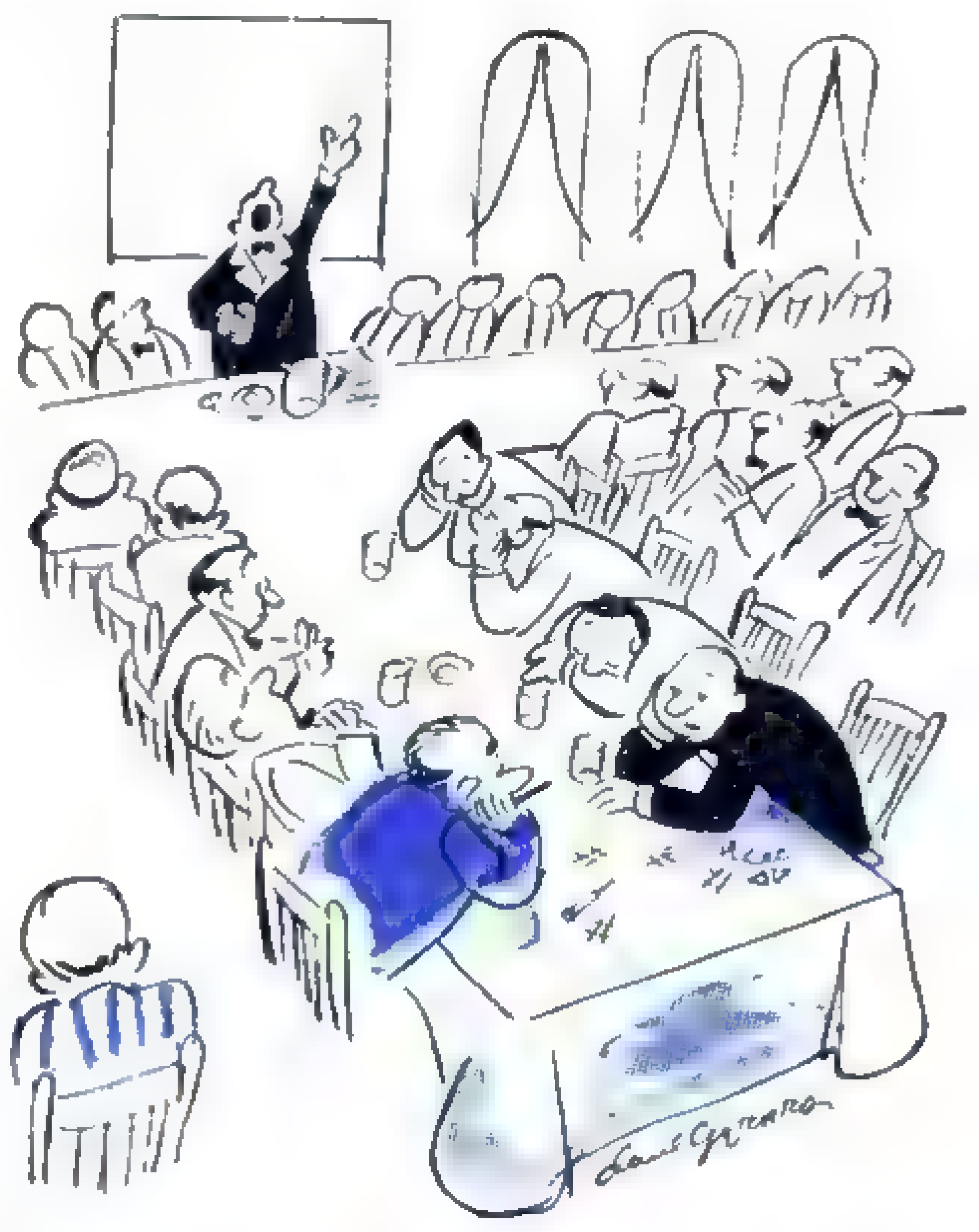
social contact with them. He regards them as necessary evils, like tax charges at the pass gate or pebbles on the infield.

Most baseball players are reluctant to accept criticism from "grandstand athletes," a title befitting most baseball writers. With but few exceptions, notably Warren Brown, sports editor of the Chicago *Sun*, and Stan Baumgartner, Philadelphia *Inquirer*, baseball critics have had no playing experience in professional baseball. Hence reporting of baseball, to Burns, involves a toughening-up process designed to eliminate the self-consciousness of telling a player to do something the writer cannot do himself.



"I'd yell 'Sit down!' but I'm afraid it would remind him of a funny story!"

All storm signals along the baseball front are strictly bush league when compared to the ignited dynamite of baseball wives. A bachelor, Burns has made a long-distance study of the little women and would gladly trade them for a handful of canceled rain checks.

"The average baseball wife looks upon writers as so many loan sharks with typewriters," Burns contends. "They seem to regard an author as one whose main ambition is to take away their very livelihood—such livelihood being a new mink coat or a diamond-studded brooch.

"Place a few baseball wives in the same box during a game and anything can happen. Just let the shortstop boot an easy roller, and the pitcher's wife is liable to accuse the shortstop's wife of a family conspiracy. All major league teams should seat each wife in a different box."

Although twenty years a baseball reporter, Burns is still a "junior" to his *Tribune* contemporary, Irving Vaughan. Between them they divide the Chicago White Sox and Cub assignments, starting in February with spring training and ending in October with the World Series.

During the fall Burns devotes his reportorial life to college football and during the winter to the mysteries of professional hockey. Although considered the *Tribune's* hockey expert, he has never wit-

Continued on page 188

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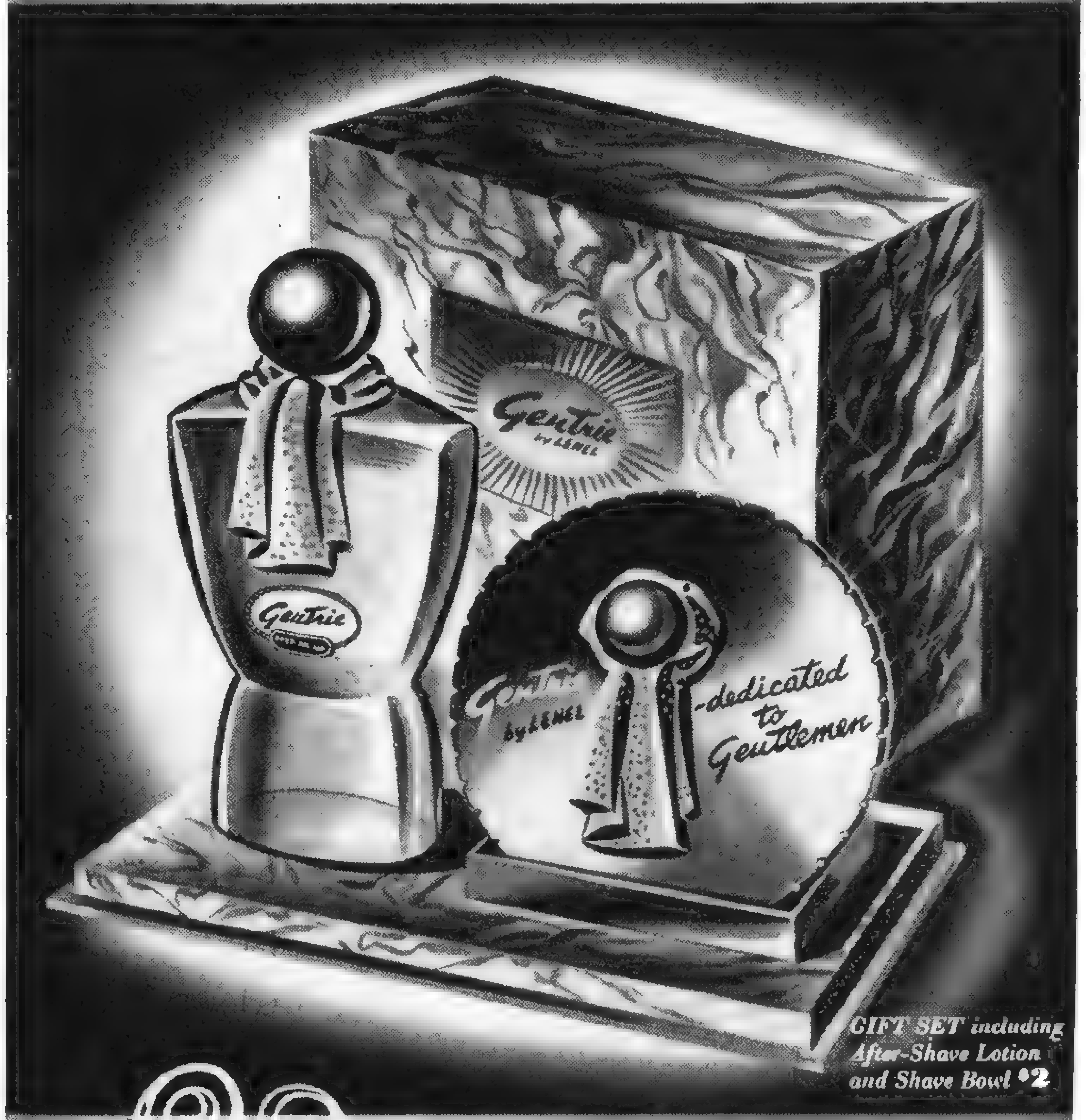

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Boswell of Baseball

Continued from page 187

nessed a Stanley Cup play-off and is content to let it go at that as long as baseball's spring training transports him to California each February.

When six-day bike racing was in flower, Burns was its foremost fan and most learned author. He contends he is the only person who knows which team is in front during a jam session, and is willing to dazzle anyone with his encyclopedic knowledge of the sport.

During the baseball season alone, Burns travels 26,000 miles, witnesses approximately 200 games, and pounds out enough words to fill four average novels—240,000 to the Chicago *Tribune* and another 60,000 to *The Sporting News.* He travels with the baseball squad at all times, occupying Pullman lowers even when $15,000-salaried players are assigned to uppers.

Usually the entire expenses of the ball writers are assumed by the club. In Chicago and Cleveland, however, the newspapers pay the freight of their writers, contending the authors should be under no obligation to the clubs. Either by coincidence or as a result of this policy, the Cubs, White Sox and Indians have received almost as much home-grown criticism as the remaining thirteen major league teams combined.

In addition to augmenting his income with outside writing, principally with contributions to J. G. Taylor Spink's *Sporting News,* Burns also usually receives some $300 annually as official scorer for approximately twenty-five games, during which he calls hits and errors and compiles the game's statistics for the official batting and fielding averages. Like most veteran baseball writers, Burns has had his high and low moments as an official scorer. He scored the no-hitter with which Cleveland's Bob Feller opened the 1940 season at Comiskey Park. Last fall he was one of three official scorers who called the error on Hank Greenberg in the World Series between the Tigers and Cubs, only to change their minds six hours later and credit Stan Hack with a two-base hit.

As a well-heeled bachelor, Burns long has been the "banker" among Chicago writers. Years ago he obliged with numerous long-term loans until he suddenly realized his debtors lived higher on the Burns bankroll than he did himself. Today he has a twenty-four-hour limit on all loans.

Since the *Tribune* is a morning newspaper, Burns is a member of a very select group—headed by actors and crooners—who are able to wear out dressing gowns. Like

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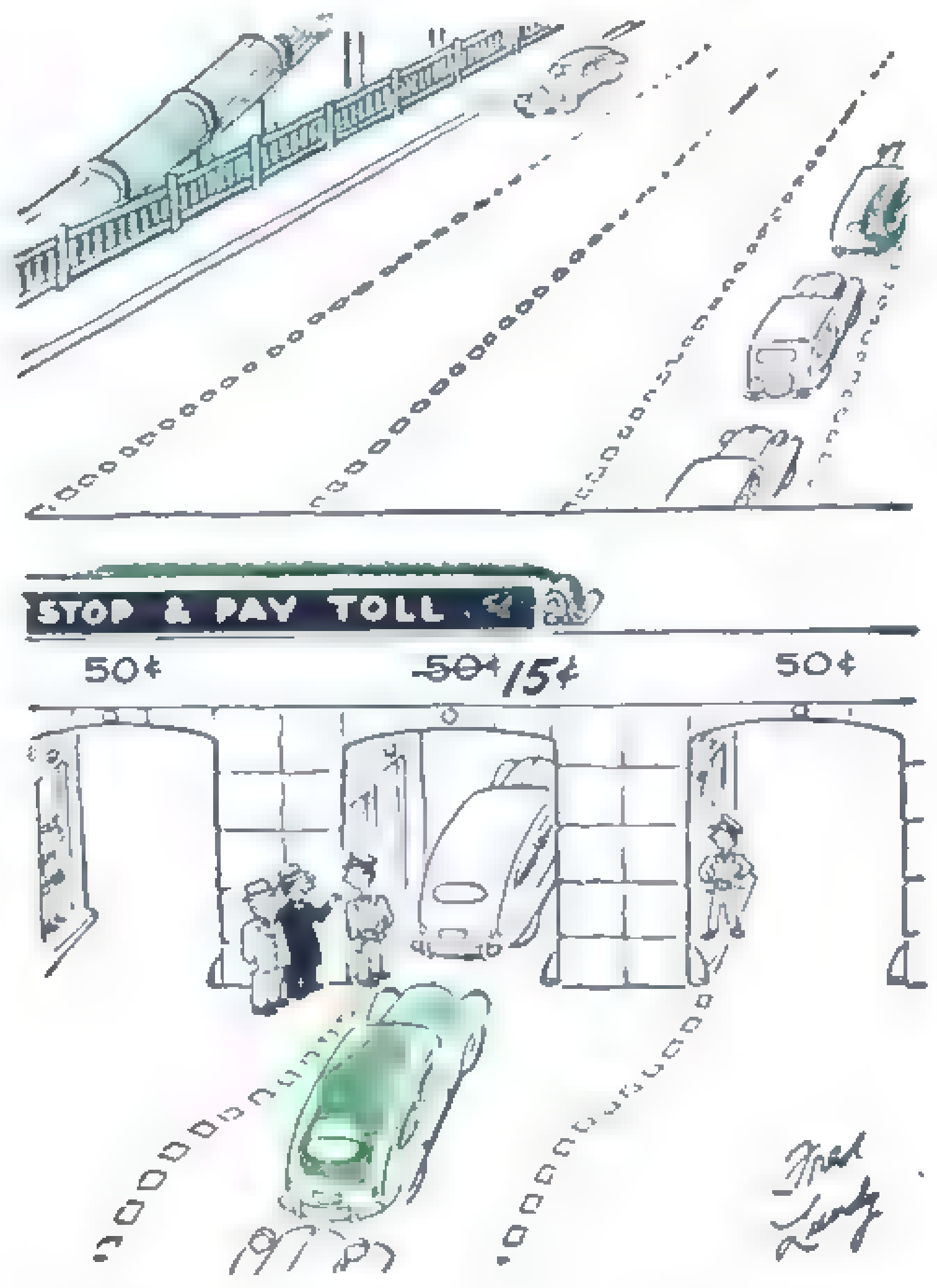
most a.m. newspapermen, he rises at noon, breakfasts on the businessmen's special luncheon, prowls the town for a midnight hamburger, and retires around three a.m.

Burns' most constant companion is his typewriter, of which he has three. Like ninety per cent of all sports writers, he uses the hunt-and-peck system. On hot days and in parks where the climb to the press box is long and arduous, he abandons his typewriter in favor of a pen. As a result of his weight and aversion toward physical exertion, Burns is the top trumpeter in a campaign to install elevators in major league parks.



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He learned the wonders of the pen quite by accident. During the 1929 World Series between the Cubs and Athletics, Chicago went into the ninth inning of the fifth game with a 2-0 edge and Burns was busy typing a lead based on a shut-out victory for the Cubs. Then, in the last of the ninth and with Max Bishop aboard, Mule Haas lined a home run over the right field wall and everyone, including Burns, rose to watch the score-tieing blast go over the barrier.

Quickly and disgustedly Burns sat down to write a new lead. His hands stopped in mid-air. The typewriter had disappeared. Ten feet below, splattered against the hard concrete, it lay in a half dozen pieces. The Burns bay window, already grasping for fame, had bounced it off the press table in the excitement of Haas' homer. He finished out the afternoon with pen and ink.

Seated next to Burns at each game is a Western Union telegrapher, whose "bug" is connected directly to the *Tribune* sports department. The telegraphers, usually veterans of twenty and thirty years of baseball, are of tremendous aid to every writer, editing, censoring and correcting his story and play-by-play as they are relayed to the home office.

There are times when a baseball writer files for two papers—his own and that of a fellow writer who perhaps had taken too many

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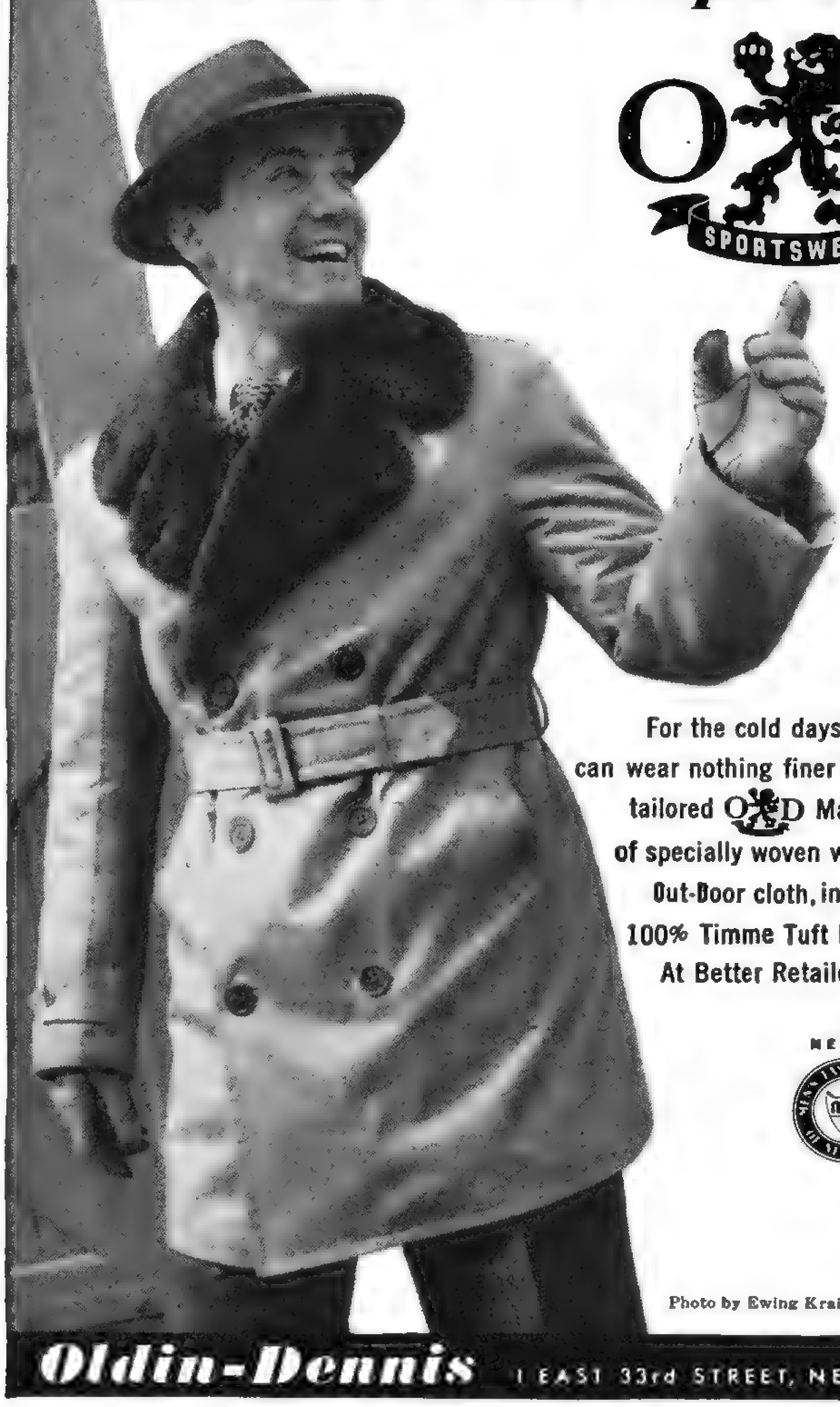

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Boswell of Baseball

Continued from page 189

bitters for the sake of his stomach. Ethics among baseball writers provide for protection of those companions who miss trains or otherwise make themselves unavailable for the day's work. Burns boasts of never having missed a train in two decades of baseball coverage, but still regards with reverence the maximum record of the Chicago writer who missed a rattler going both in and out of Boston.

Years ago, a baseball writer began and ended his day in the press box. What happened on the field was the news, all the news. The adenoid troubles of the manager and the backaches of the bull-pen catcher were of no concern to the writer. Consequently, he seldom paid a pre- or post-game visit to the clubhouse.

Eventually there developed a new trend of reporting, as sponsored by such capable journeymen as Charles Van Lone and Frank Graham. They introduced the dugout chit-chat type of story, and soon the average writer's itinerary included a daily visit to the bench.

Then, from out of thin air, came the radio announcers, many of whom all but took the temperature and felt the pulse of every player. In self-defense, the newspapermen flocked to the clubhouse, haunted the rubbing table, took showers with the athletes, and discussed Freud's theory on adolescent behavior—all in the interest of furnishing an exclusive tidbit to their readers.

Burns, however, still is disdainful of the "bathhouse" invasion, as he terms it, and seldom visits the bench. Instead he cultivates his own sources of news, chiefly among the trainers. Since the rubbing table is the clearing house for all injuries and gossip, there's little Ed misses as long as he retains his grapevine to the linament dispensary.

Another gentleman worth cultivating, Burns has discovered, is the traveling secretary, whose multiple duties include the assigning of hotel rooms and Pullman space to the players and writers. His favorite, as with a large portion of baseball people, is Robert C. Lewis of the Cubs. Burns insists one of the greatest contributions to baseball and medicine was made by Lewis the day a Cub bus hit a cow on the road from Los Angeles to Wilmington, California. While everyone else, including such bovine experts as Manager Charlie Grimm, insisted the cow was quite dead, Lewis approached the beast thoughtfully. Noting a slight body quiver, he hastily stuffed a handful of

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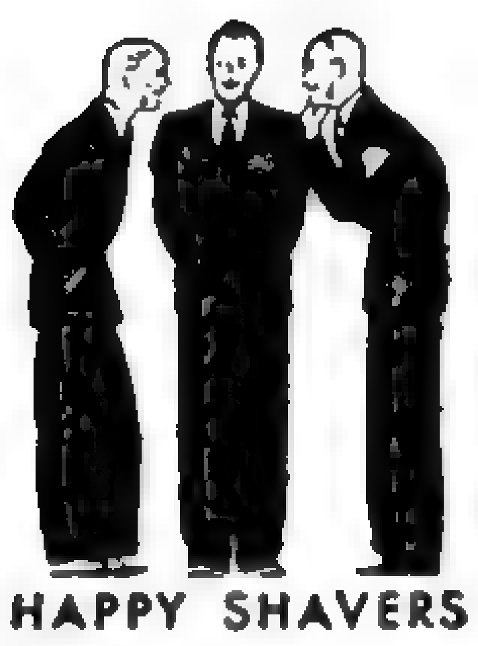
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aspirins into the cow's mouth. Immediately the animal hopped to its hoofs, gamboled off the highway, and the Cubs arrived at Wilmington in time to catch the evening boat for Catalina Island.

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Whereas Burns has a friendly but slightly aloof attitude toward the player, he is completely tolerant toward the fan. He contends it is the fans' privilege to second guess, to disagree, to offer any amount of constructive criticism—in fact, to get all the enjoyment possible out of baseball.

"There is only one group which irritates me," he explained. "They are the persons—relatives of lesser ballplayers, no doubt—who start their letters with 'I dare you to print this' and 'You alleged sports writer.' They all use the same phrases, apparently taken from a mysterious manual entitled 'How To Insult Ball Writers.' They leave me cold."

Like most writers, Burns seldom is upset by fan mail—especially when they come paired as they did one day last season. The first of two letters in the same mail asked what he had against the Cubs . . . "Didn't you receive a season pass for your friends?" The other accused Burns of scoring Phil Cavarreta, Cub first baseman, into the National League batting title.

All of Burns' interest in gags, players and fans is secondary to his job of writing. Even baseball runs a poor second. He realizes the tremendous pleasure from his job comes not from seeing the game, but from writing about it.

A good story, Burns has discovered, writes itself. His most famous—one which appears in two college textbooks as a classic example of fine sports literature—reported "Gabby" Hartnett's home run in the gloaming which defeated Pittsburgh and led the Cubs to the 1938 National League pennant. When it was finished, Burns could not recall a phrase he had used nor even having written the story. He only remembered the strange sight of thirty or forty fanatic fans escorting Hartnett

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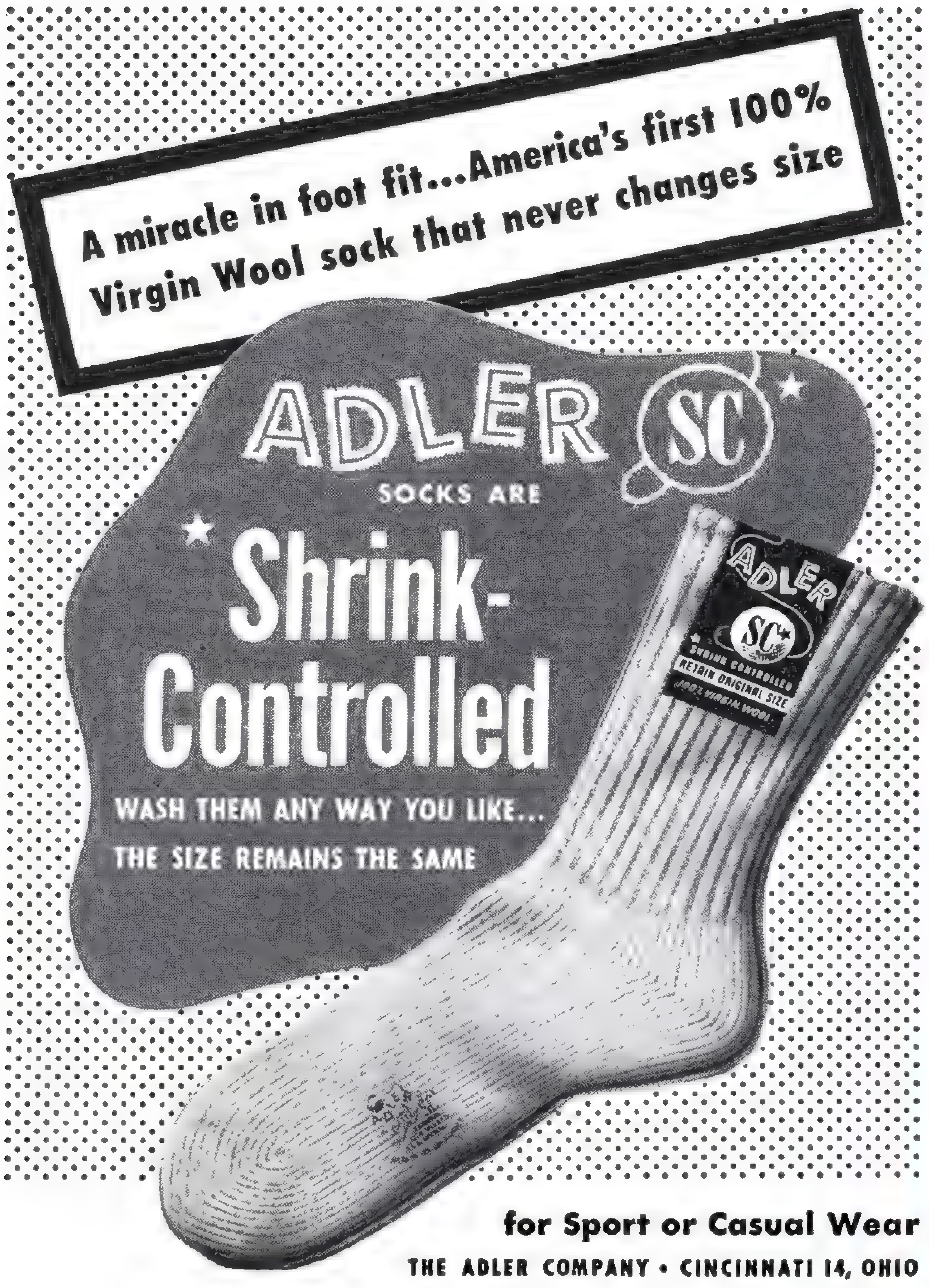
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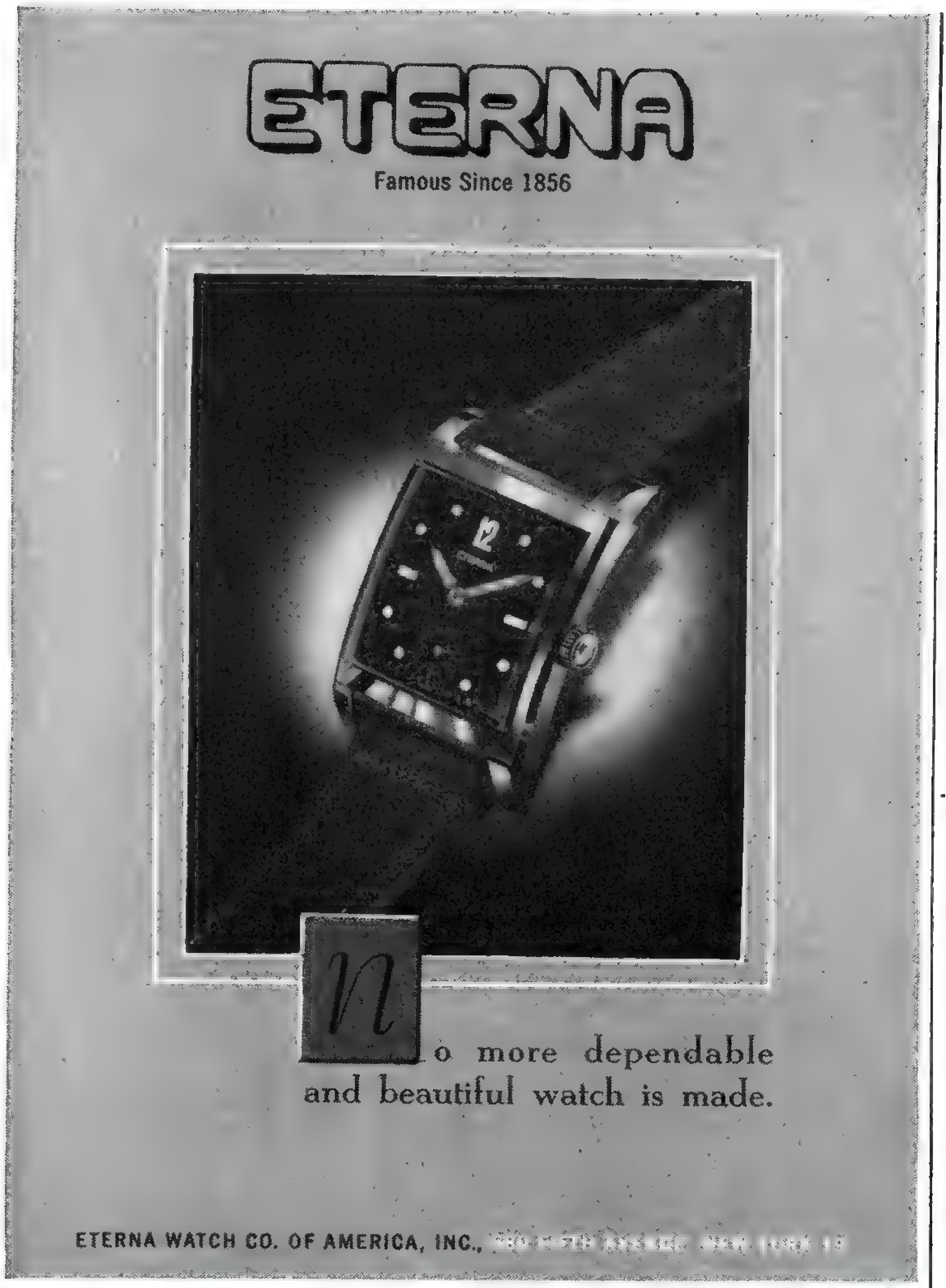

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Boswell of Baseball

Continued from page 191

in his jaunt around the bases.

Burns has always bemoaned the fact that fans and players believe headlines of sports stories are composed by the writer. In truth, the author has little or nothing to do with his story once it leaves his typewriter.

Ted Lyons, manager of the White Sox, one of the most intelligent and amiable of characters in baseball, once refused to speak to Burns for two years because of a misleading head he believed had been written by Ed. Relieving for the White Sox in the tenth, Lyons had been touched for two fluke hits and had lost the game to New York. Although Burns called the hits "bleeders," the copyreader, limited as he was in words, headlined the story: "Yankees Pound Lyons to Win in 10th, 3 to 2."

Before he discovered the lure of journalism, Burns was just a boy on muleback in the small town of Frankfort, Indiana. He remained astride the beast, a small Mexican burro named Bonita, until it walked out from under him. To this day he poses as an expert on the intelligence of the donkey.

During the White Sox siege of wartime training at French Lick, Indiana, Herold "Muddy" Ruel, then Sox coach and now baseball's assistant commissioner, was torn between purchasing a burro or a pony for his three youngsters. Kindled by Burns' devotion to the burro, the question split the White Sox camp into two factions—horse and mule men.

Hal Trosky, having learned the lesson of staying out of the middle during his year with the Cleveland "Cry-Babies," was the only Chicago player who would not take sides. Indeed, the big Iowa farmer threw both camps into complete consternation by proclaiming, "I'm a tractor man myself."

Posing as the best authority on mules east of Missouri and fortified with a B.A. degree from Wabash College, Burns invaded Chicago in 1914 as an aspiring cartoonist. Immediately, however, he was guided into a reportorial job on the old Chicago *Herald* by George Ade, a fellow Hoosier, and fluctuated between cartooning and police reporting until he landed permanently on the *Tribune* in 1924.

But wherever he lands—Chicago or Philadelphia or Pasadena—Burns is first a Hoosier, and most proud of it. Next, he is a baseball writer's writer—one who is too solid a workman to attract any sensational attention but who, in the end, is as much a part of baseball as the heroes he creates. ⧺

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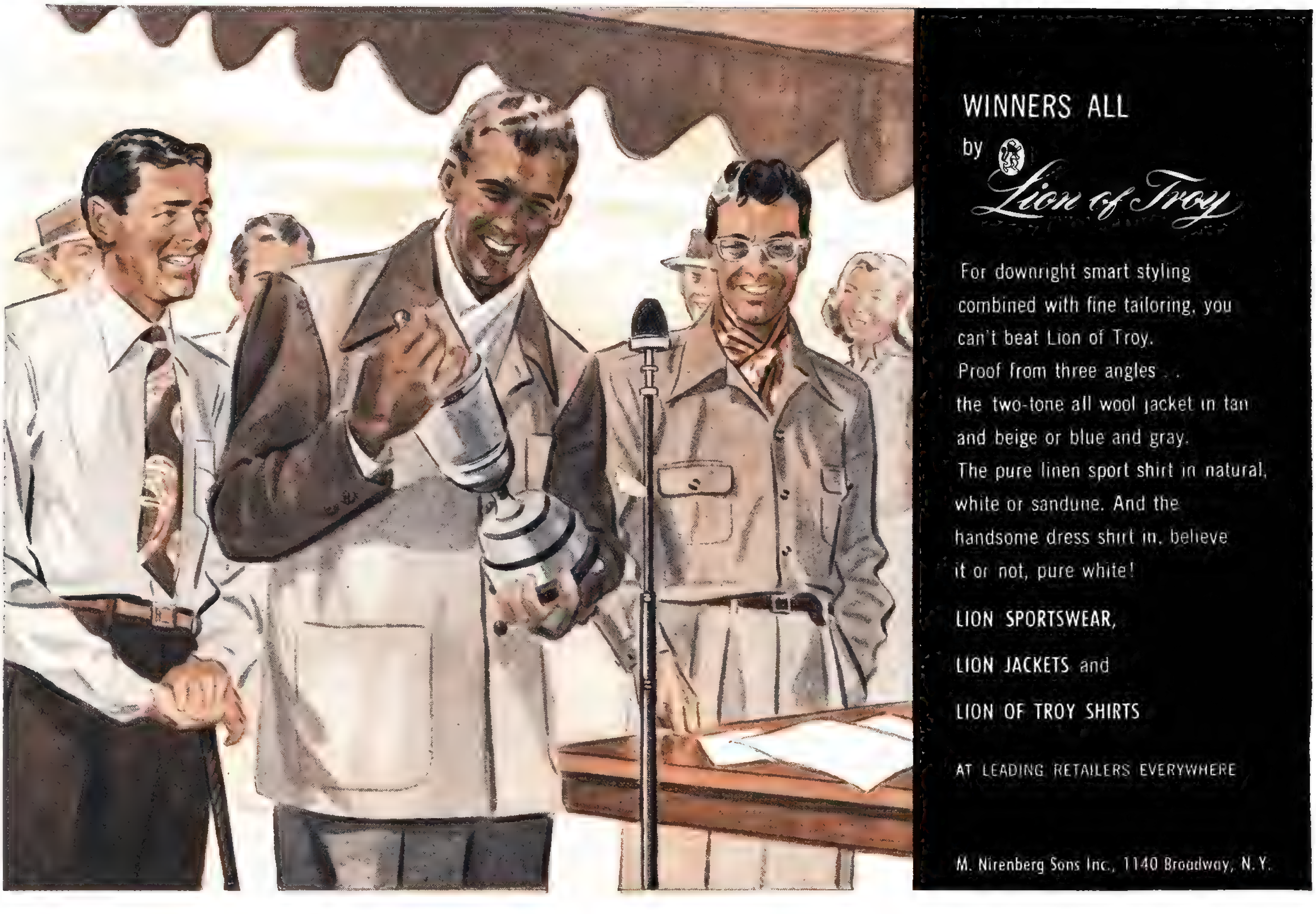

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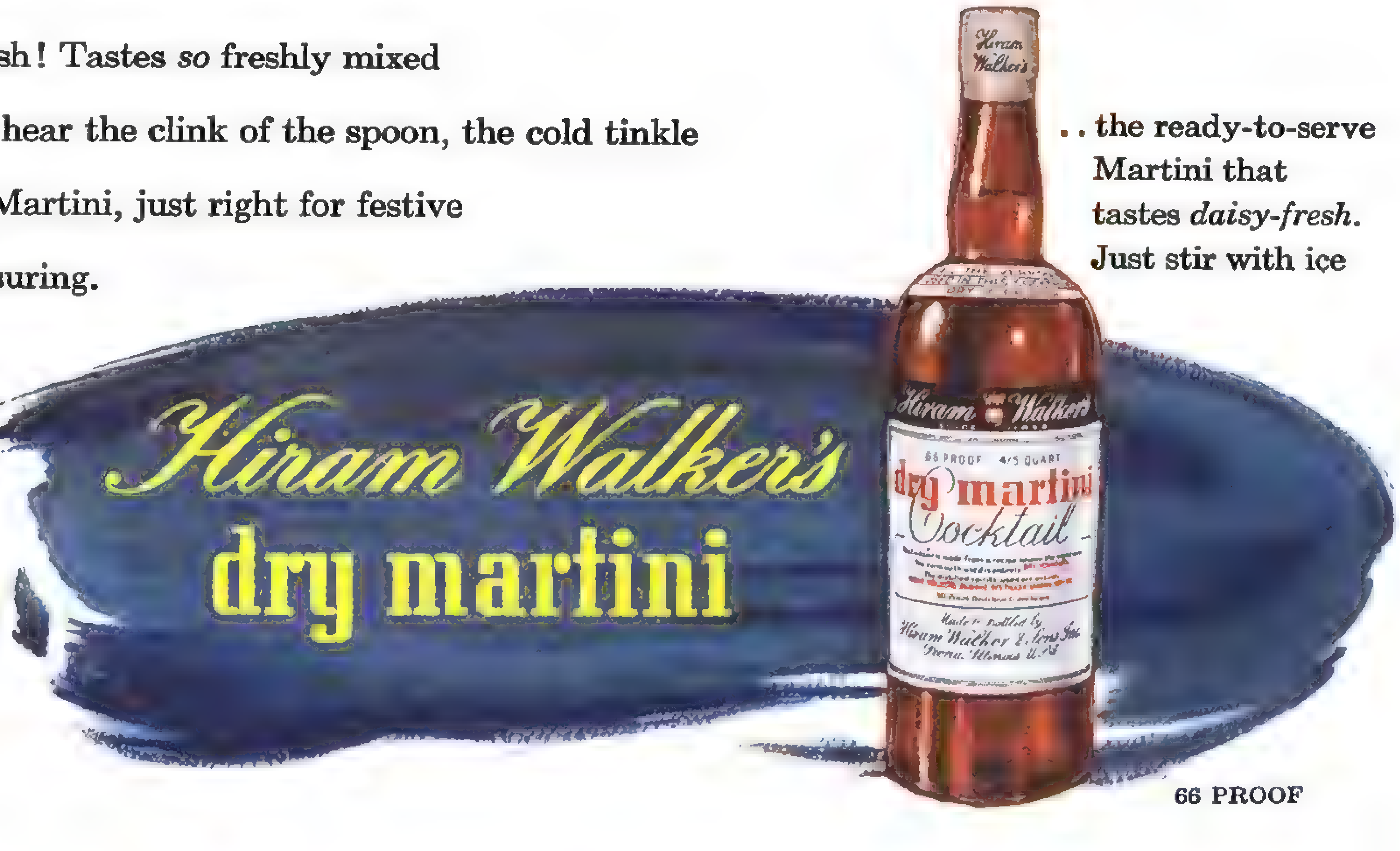
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Cocktail
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. . the ready-to-serve Martini that tastes *daisy-fresh.* Just stir with ice

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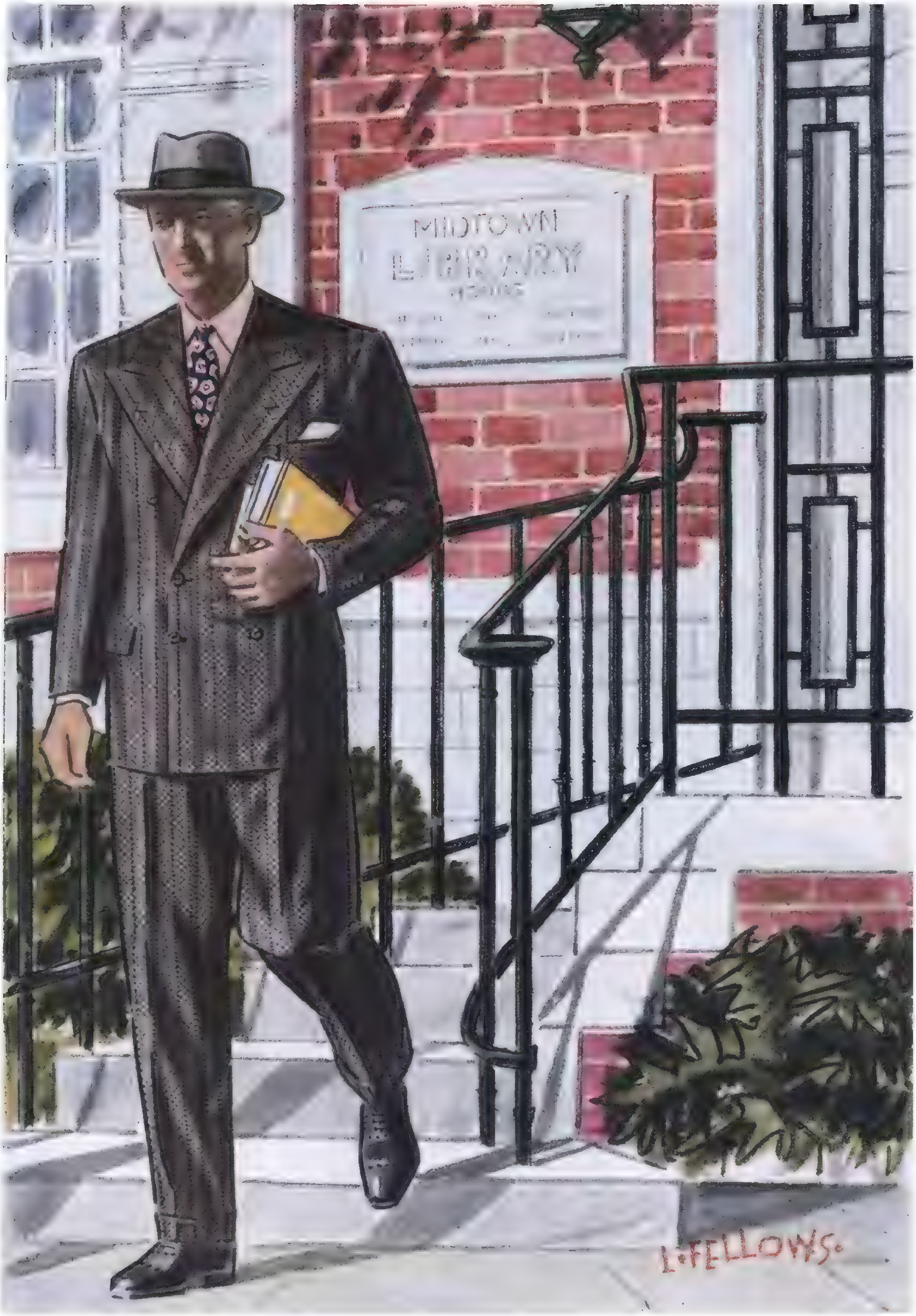

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FASHIONS

BOOKING CRANE GREY

Drawing by L. Fellows

It's been remarked that a man can best snooze by his fireside when he has a good book handy not to read. This foresighted citizen has stopped by the village library to pick up some literature to supplement his pipe and slippers now that the evening chill calls for a fire in the fireplace. He also shows foresight in his choice of Crane Grey, a new fall shade, shown here in a sharkskin weave worsted double-breasted suit turned out with blue tick-weave stripes. With it he wears a space figured foulard tie, broadcloth shirt in mixture tones, grey off-the-face hat with welt edge brim, and black straight tip shoes. Incidentally, those vertical stripes and long lapels minimize an expanding girth, which may be the result of too much fireside sitting.

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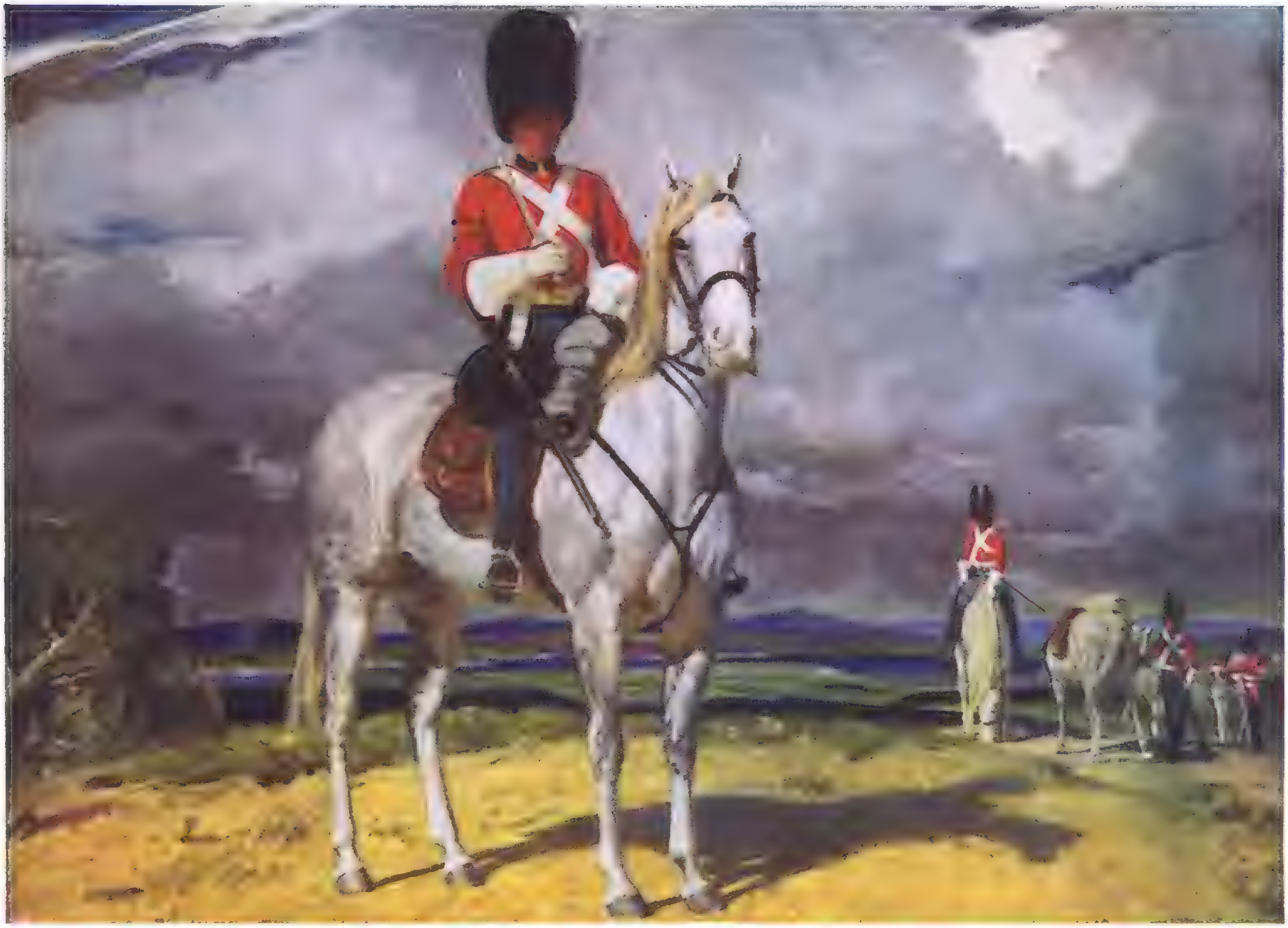
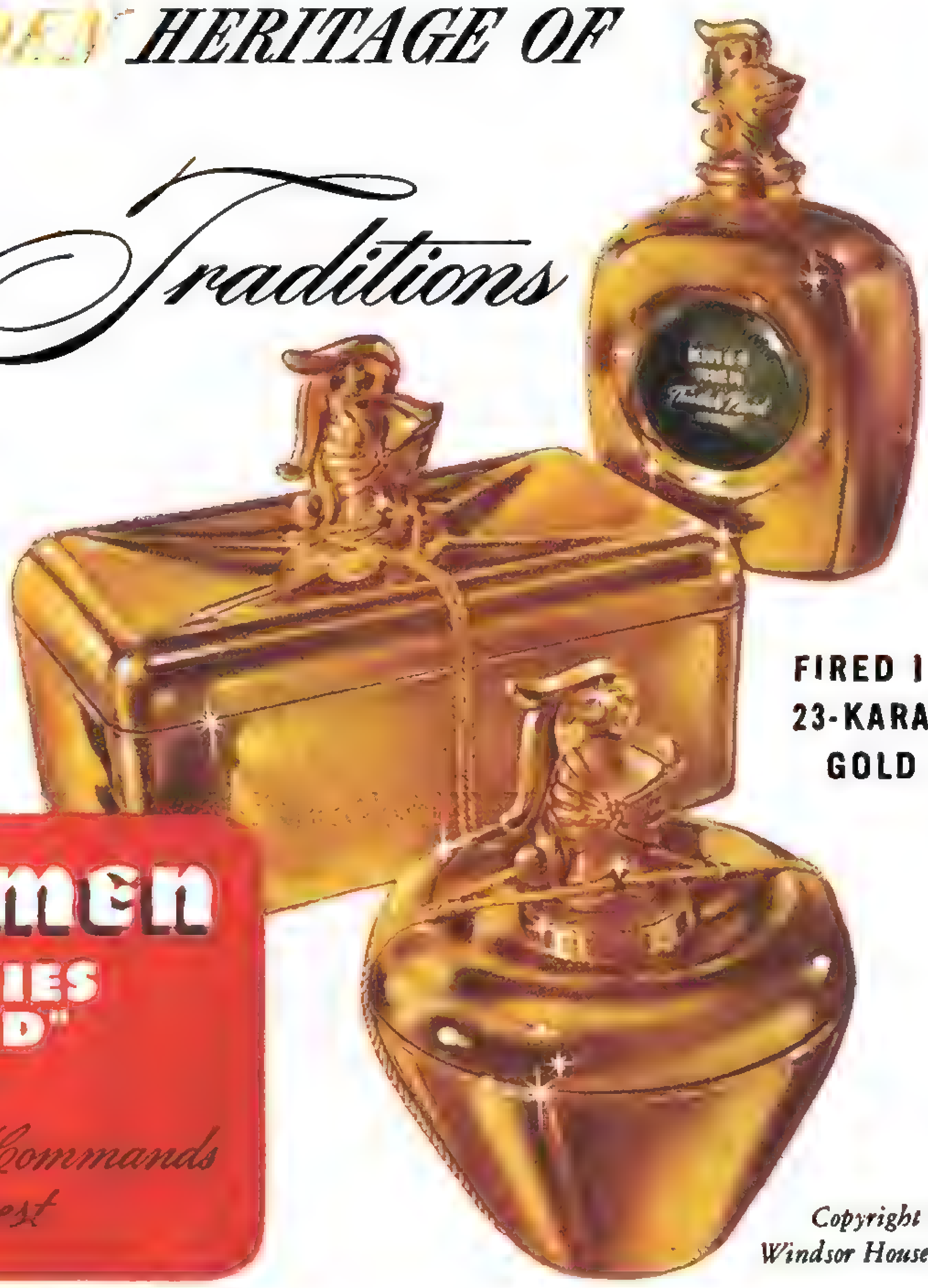


Trooper of Second Dragoons (Scots Greys—established 1678). One of a series of paintings in the Kings Men Collection by Donald Teague.*

Toiletries WITH A GOLDEN HERITAGE OF Britain's Great Traditions



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GOLD

*Beautiful color reproduction of the Donald Teague painting, illustrated above, without advertising and ready to frame, will be mailed upon receipt of 25c.

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Lo, the Sorry Scout!

Continued from page 84

had been drilling to smother the Illinois quick-kick play on the basis of a scout's report which not only told them when to expect it, but called attention to a shaky spot in the line through which it could be smeared.

The big-time scout starts work early in September by subscribing to the hometown paper of the team he has been assigned to cover. By the time he sees them in action for the first time he is acquainted with the general strength and strategy of the team, its potential stars, and all the trick knees, glass wrists and china chins that have achieved the infirmary during pre-season practice. Injuries are occasionally the only weak links in otherwise unbreakable chains and, since football is a big business, without malice scouts will report a wobbly ankle as quickly as a wobbly line. The home-paper technique also gives the scout a fairly close thermometer reading on the morale of the foe throughout the season.

Morale, incidentally, is a vague and vital burden of the scout. Impressions passed on to the coach and players frequently decide the outcome of a game. If the scout oversells the fearsomeness of the opponent, he is likely to dull the fine edge of aggressiveness that would put his team across. If he describes the enemy as an aggregation of thick-witted daisy cutters, his team is in danger of being plowed under.

Northwestern's 26-14 game over Purdue last year was a case in point. Purdue's scout, having seen NU cuffed around by a weak Minnesota outfit, evidently reported that the Wildcats were not too strong.

Seven minutes after the kickoff Purdue scored and passed into complacency. Northwestern, on the other hand, was tense. Waldo Fisher, the end coach who had scouted Purdue's preceding games and seen them dust off the redoubtable Ohio State among others, was obstinate in his belief that the Boilermakers could be beaten. He and the head coach ground this optimism into the Northwestern players with such success that all through the game, with the exception of the first seven minutes, they were alert, fast, hard-charging and completely superior.

Fisher of course had to have something to back up his psychological coup. He had seen Purdue three times and noticed on every occasion that the left end and left tackle charged high. He also observed that the end had a tendency to drive outward, while the tackle invariably slanted in-

Continued on page 198

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Lo, the Sorry Scout!

Continued from page 197

ward. All week the right side of the NU line was drilled in blocking low to spill the high-charging Purdue men. As it turned out, the low blocking was magnificently effective. The left side of the Purdue line split, according to tendency, like water under the prow of the Queen Mary. Northwestern scored three of her four touchdowns through this hole.

Things like that cause bookmakers to lose almost as much sleep as the scouts. "I could make a million dollars fooling the public," said one morosely, after figuring Purdue to win by at least two touchdowns, "but nobody can outsmart those damn scouts."

Scouts usually arrive in town on Friday night before the game they are working. More often than not they attend the smoker for the press and friends and enjoy the beer and cigars that big-time football universities have come to include in the cost of operating a team. Here they mill around, meeting old friends, often fellows they played with or against in college. Most scouts are former players and are members of the athletic department.

The smoker is the scout's weekly equivalent of the last supper. Late the next morning, like a man condemned, he will mount to the press box one or two hours before game time to await an afternoon of unrelieved concentration and hard work. He spends the last forty-five or sixty minutes before the kickoff in mental rehearsal, studying statistics of previous games, mulling over the general strategy and condition of the stars, and putting straight in his mind what he is going to look for.

As the teams take the field for warm-up, the scout pays scrupulous attention to practice punts and passes. Failure to do this cost Northwestern a heartbreaker in 1926. As Big Ten co-champions (with Michigan), they were playing an unbeaten Notre Dame team. For three quarters, neither team was able to score. Late in the last period the Irish put in a substitute quarterback, a player who hadn't been in action all season. On the Northwestern bench, coaches looked at each other questioningly. In a spot like this, why ring in a fourth stringer? On the last down, twelve yards away from Northwestern's goal, Notre Dame started a left end sweep with the new man carrying the ball. He suddenly uncorked a left-handed pass which caught Northwestern flatfooted. It was completed over the goal for the only score of the game.

It is generally agreed that good

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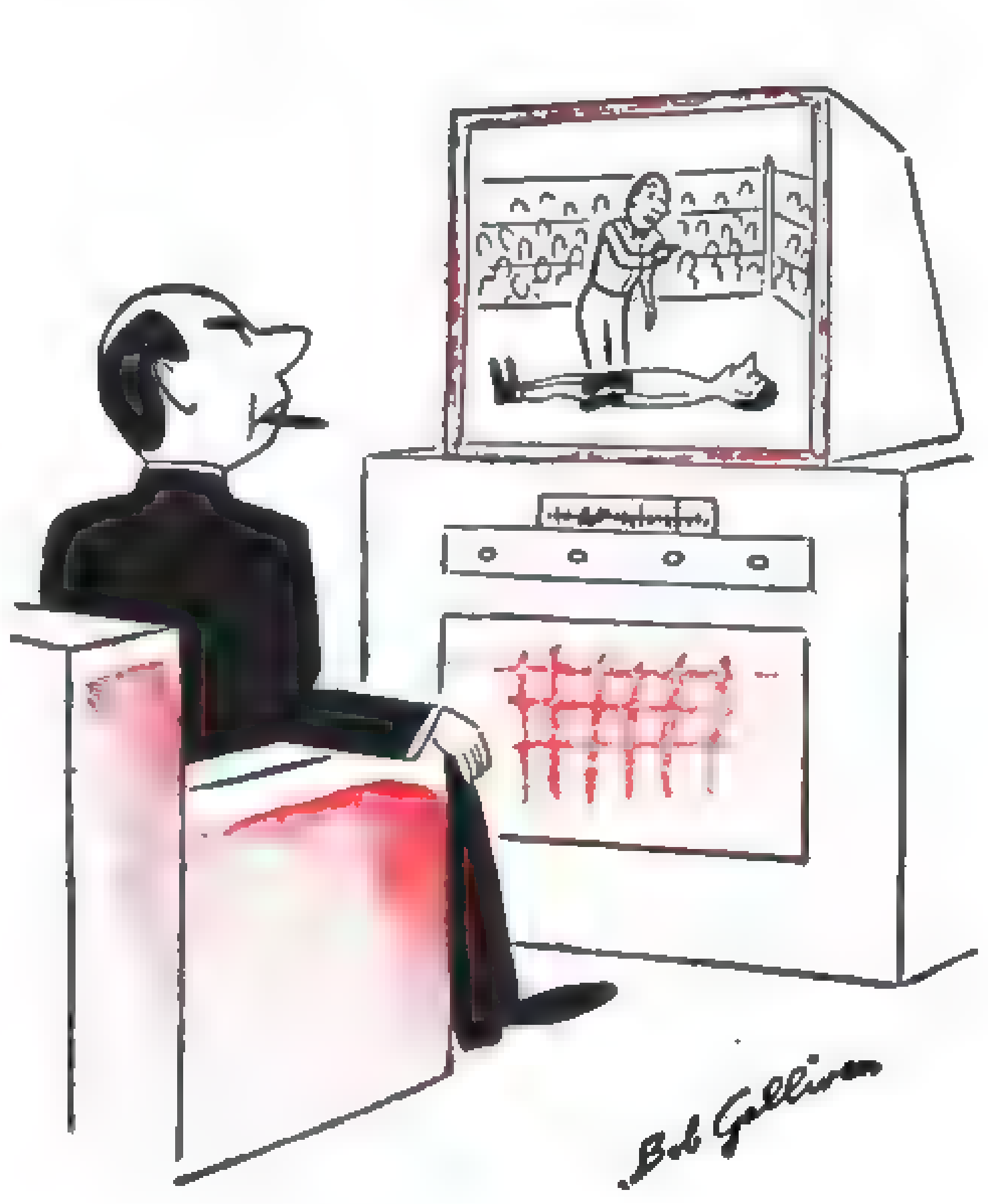
scouting would have prevented that score. During the pre-game warm-ups, the scout should have noticed the southpaw, taken his number, and passed the information on to the coach. Surprise is the only element in football against which scouting is helpless.



"As the count reaches nine, the champ opens one eye"

As the game progresses, the scout will endeavor to get down on paper the blocking assignments for each offensive play, at the same time analyzing the play for its direction, ball handling and the formation from which it gets under way. After a hard day of this, the scout will have covered twenty or thirty sheets of paper with hasty, complicated diagrams for the offense alone. All the while he keeps a shrewd eye peeled for little giveaways by which his team may be able to tell what's coming. On that end run, for example, didn't the backfield men line up a little wider—inches perhaps—than on the straight line plays? Does the quarterback look at the opening through which the play will pass? Does the ball carrier tighten his leg muscles to give himself a head start? Perhaps the passer wipes his fingers on his jersey. Or maybe those gestures are all fakes, calculated to throw you off. You'd better be sure. You're got to be right. A guess is dangerous; only a fact can help.

Fumblers are spotted and reported by scouts with pure critical delight. Halfbacks in the habit of carrying the ball as though it were a tea biscuit can count on being hit twice, for the scout advises that one tackler smear him and another grab for the ball.

All through the game, the scout uses spare time to compile a thumbnail sketch of every first stringer on the team. When the time comes for his team to play this opponent, the right guard, say, will know whether the man across the line from him charges fast, floats, or plays low. He will have a good picture of his enemy's size, looks, endurance and temperament, whether the blocking will be done with the right or left shoulder and anything else that

Continued on page 200

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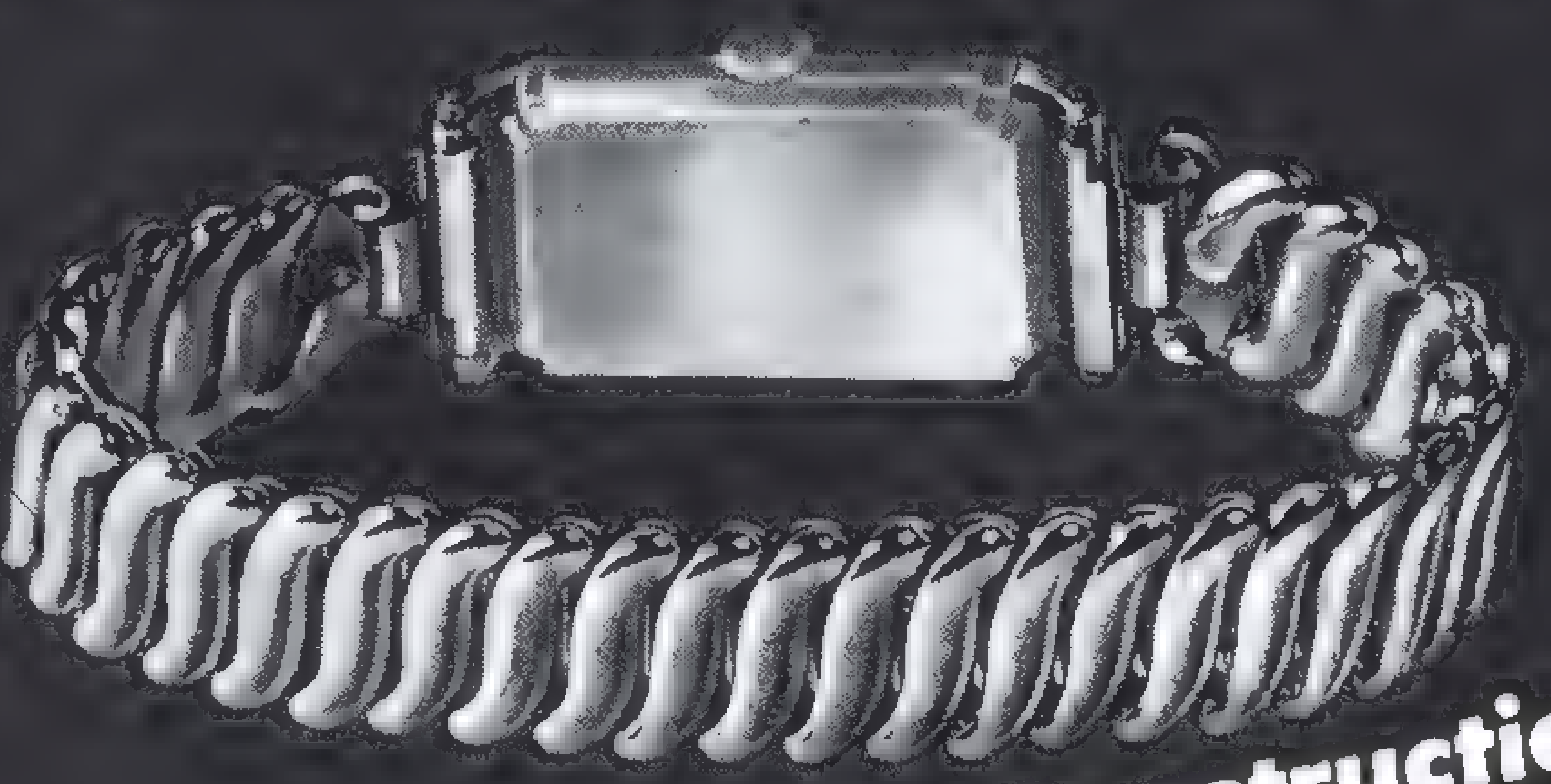

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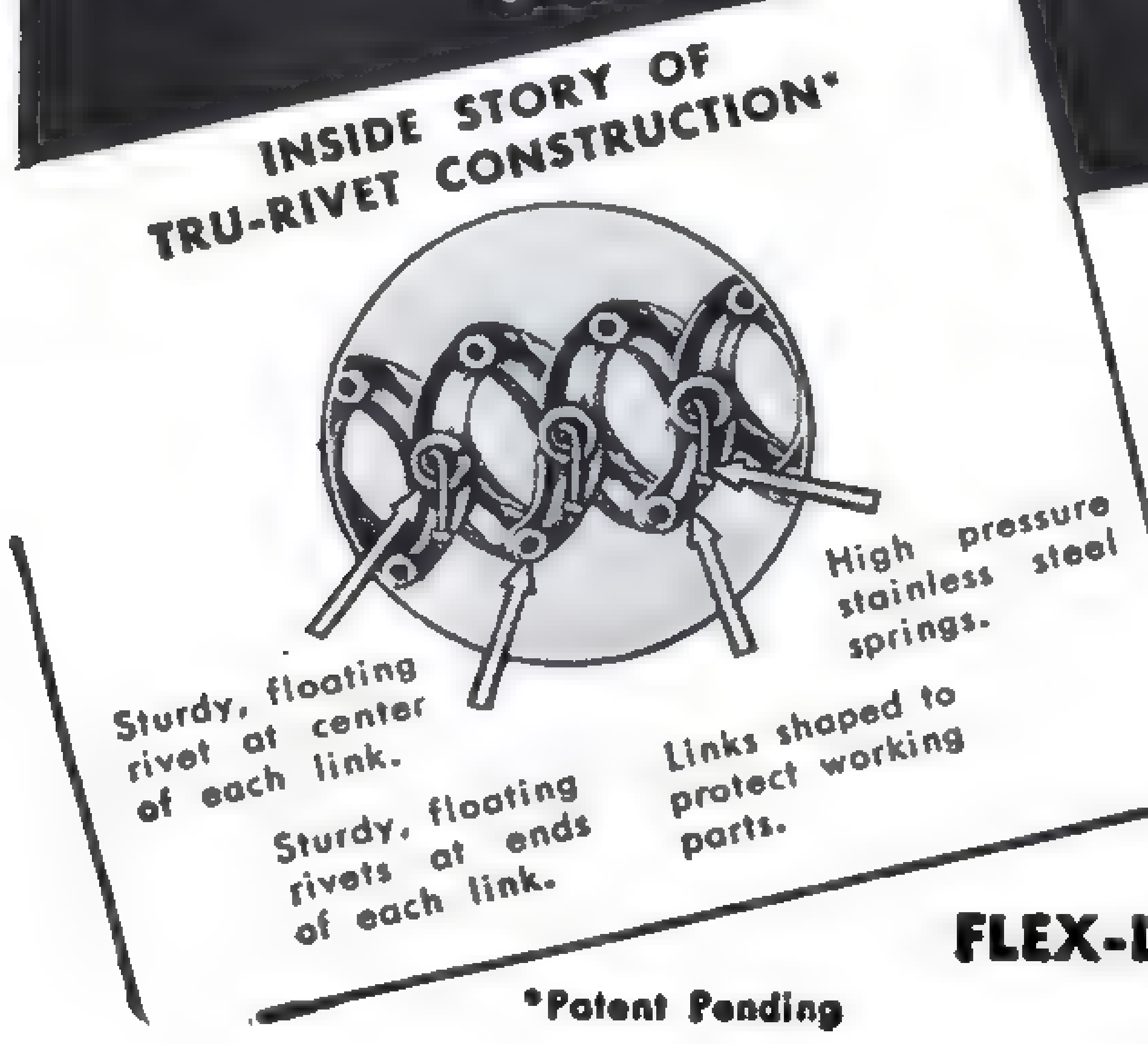
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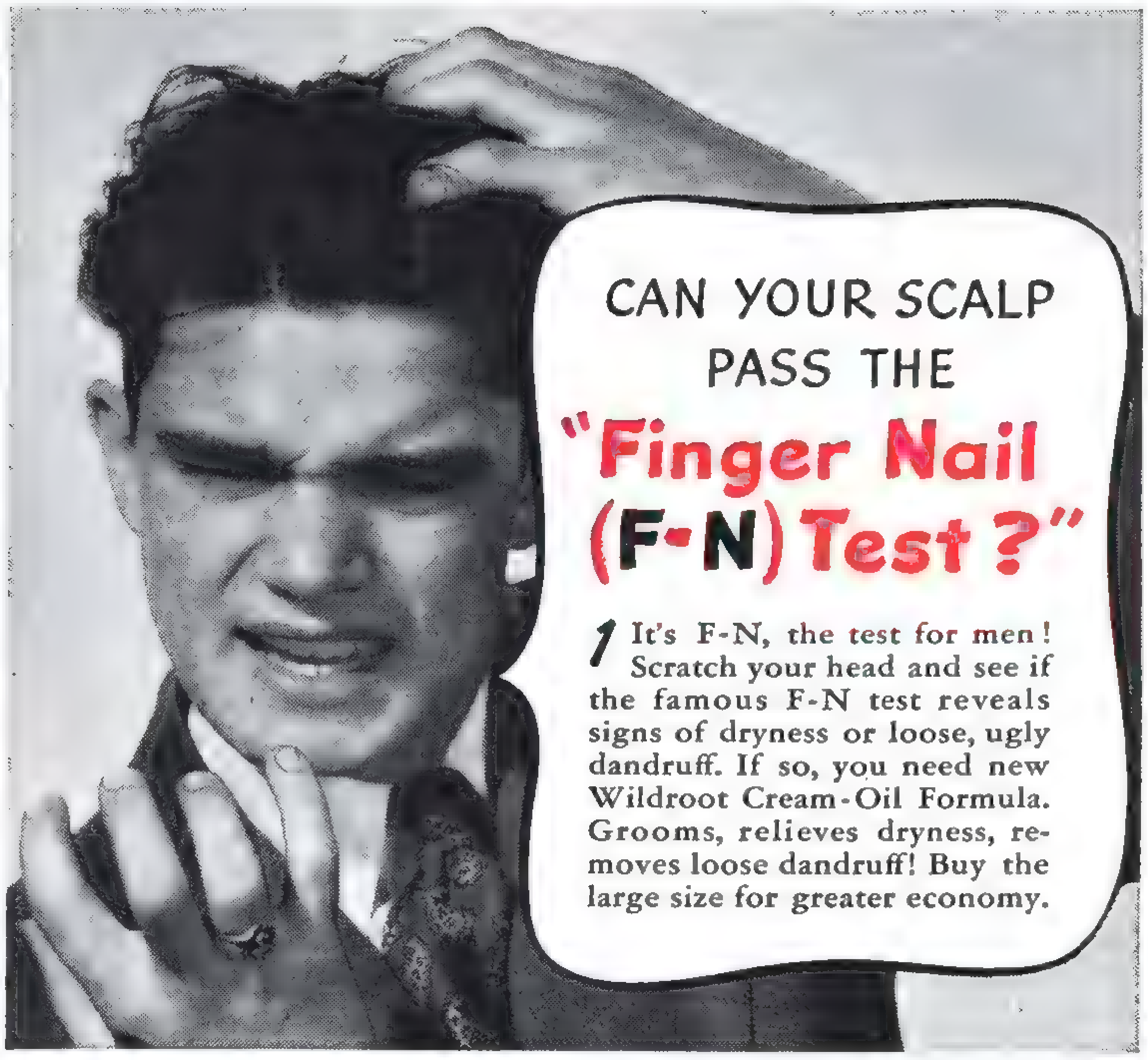

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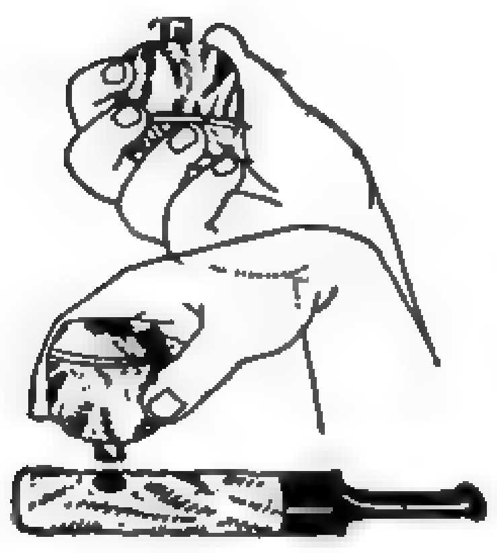

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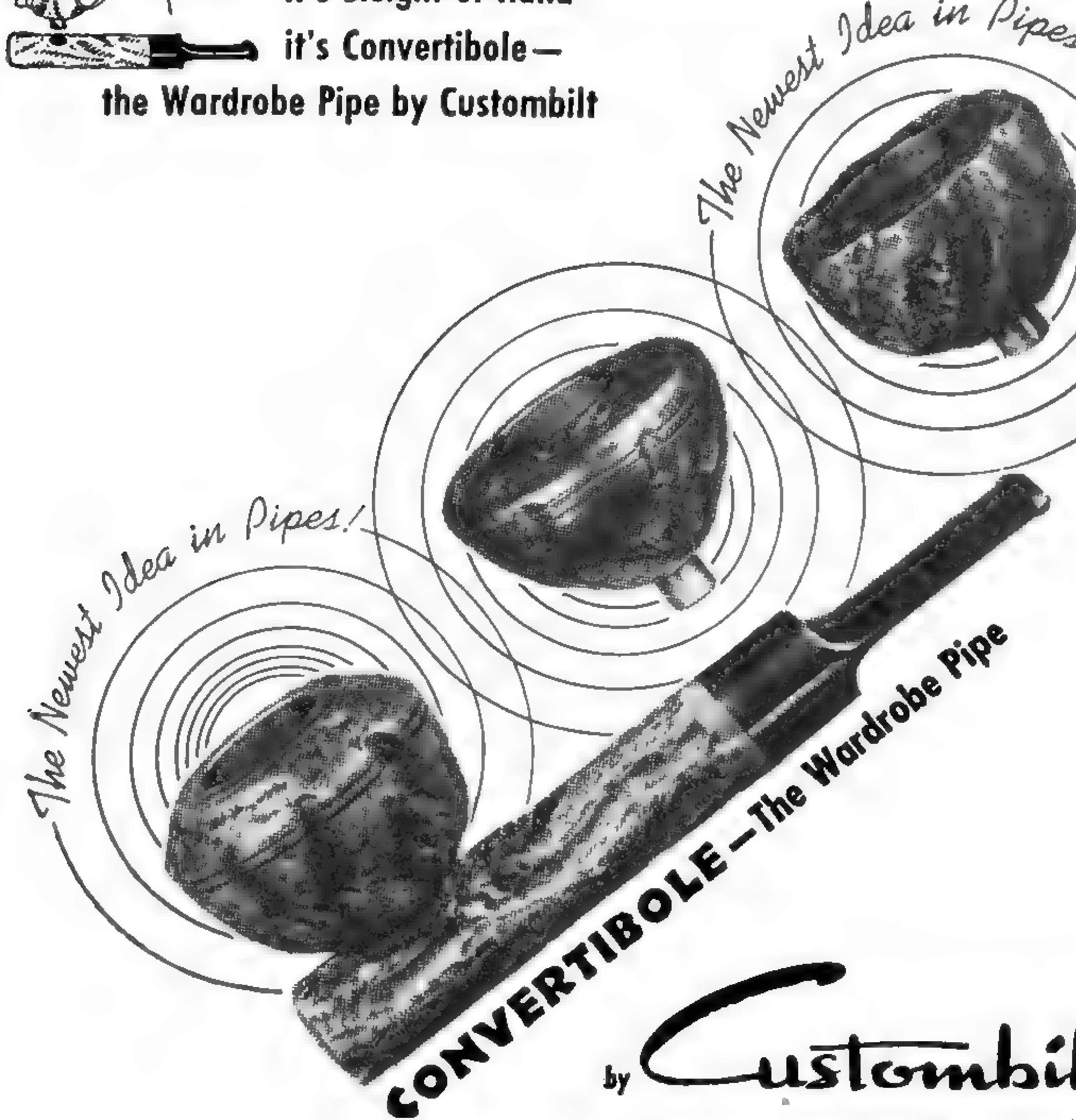
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Lo, the Sorry Scout!

Continued from page 199

may help him dump his adversary when the chips are down.

After the game, while the fans are moistening throats parched by an afternoon's shouting, and warming themselves over big steaks, the scout remains in the stands writing up his summary of the game while it is fresh in his mind. This is a two- or three-hour job and consists of filling in notes and diagrams necessarily left incomplete during the heat of the game, analyzing the offense and defense in search of a key to the over-all pattern of play, and developing in detail drawings and remarks on the strongest plays, the outstanding men, the type and cadence of the signals used, and a dozen details that would be forgotten if he went out and had dinner first. Next morning he will paste newspaper clippings and pictures in the back of his report book, send it to the head coach, and for the next five days resume a normal existence.

When the scout's own team finally comes to play the eleven he has been watching, our hero rolls up his sleeves for a week of advising, warning, cajoling, instructing and encouraging. It begins on Sunday, for football men, like newspapermen, feel that nothing is as old as what happened yesterday, and they begin preparing at once for next Saturday's game. Sunday morning the scout will meet with the head coach and go over the reports, each making specific suggestions and plotting the general attack to be used next Saturday. On Sunday afternoon the team will be called in to hear the scout. They will probably witness slow-motion movies of last year's game with this particular opponent, while the scout and coach point out important similarities and differences. All during the week the scout stands at the head coach's elbow helping him work out the details of offense and defense which they hope will bring them out on top. One meticulous scout calls in each varsity player separately to discuss the strengths and weaknesses of the man he will be facing soon.

Saturday is the payoff. The scout will sit on the bench or in the press box and watch, probably for the first time, his team in action. His job may depend upon their showing against the team he has been covering. A few hours later, win or lose, he will know whether he has done a better job than the guy across the way who has been watching *his* team ever since September.

Scouts have suffered, and survived, all sorts of accusations. Hasty cynics have sneered that

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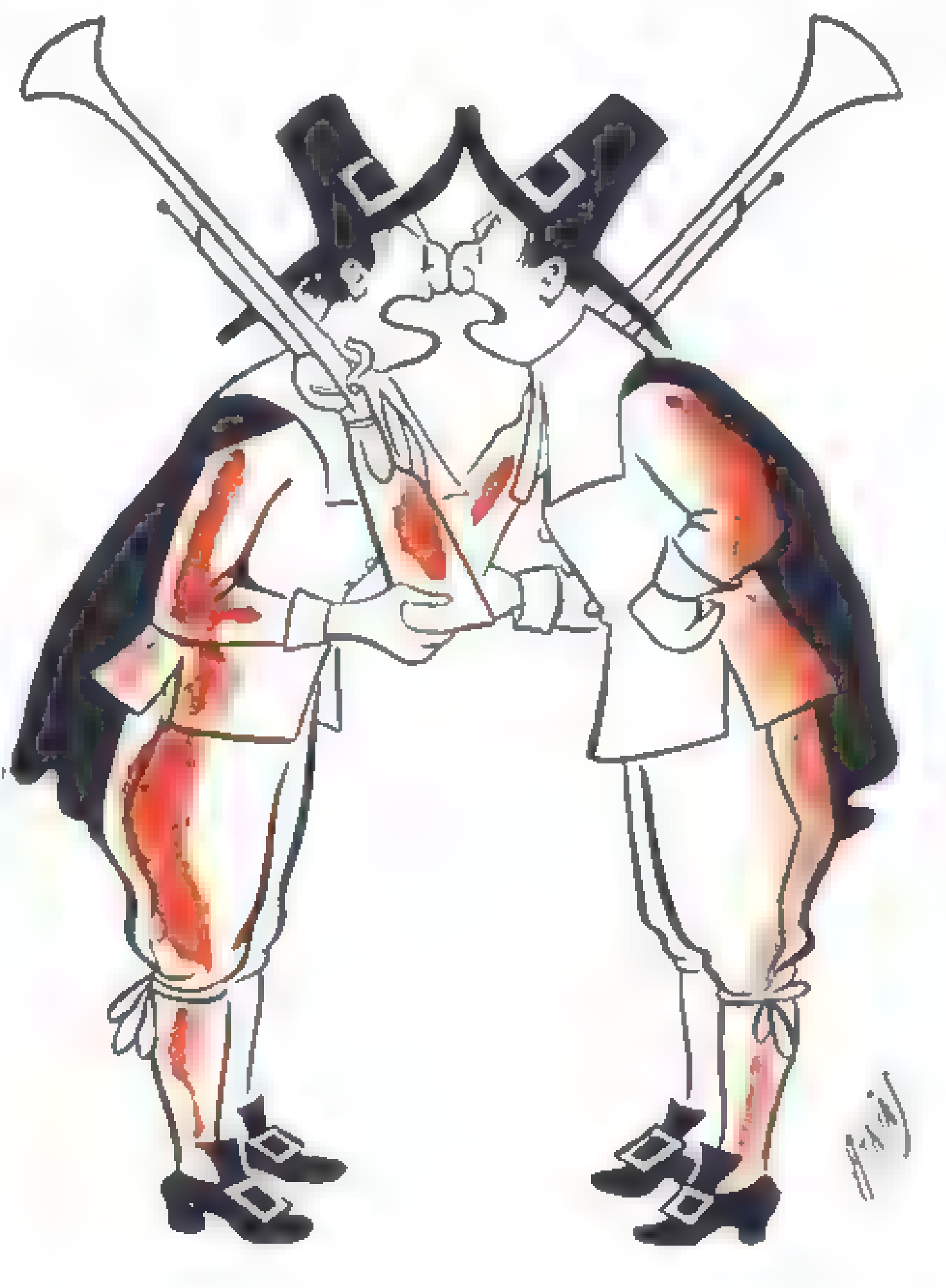
they take out the element of sport from big-time football and render it a mechanical contest with a predetermined outcome. This is belied every Saturday. A team might know what plays its enemies use, but it never knows when they will use them, nor can it guess how accurately the plays will be carried out. Also, every team will crawl into a shell whenever it gets a chance, saving special plays for special games. By covering the expected, scouting provokes the unexpected. Spectators get the resulting thrills.

A head coach, disgusted with his scouting reports, once took advantage of a layoff Saturday to scout a game himself. His report was incompetent. Under stress, he had set down a wild melange of inaccurate information he later admitted was worthless.



"Says thee"
"Says thou"

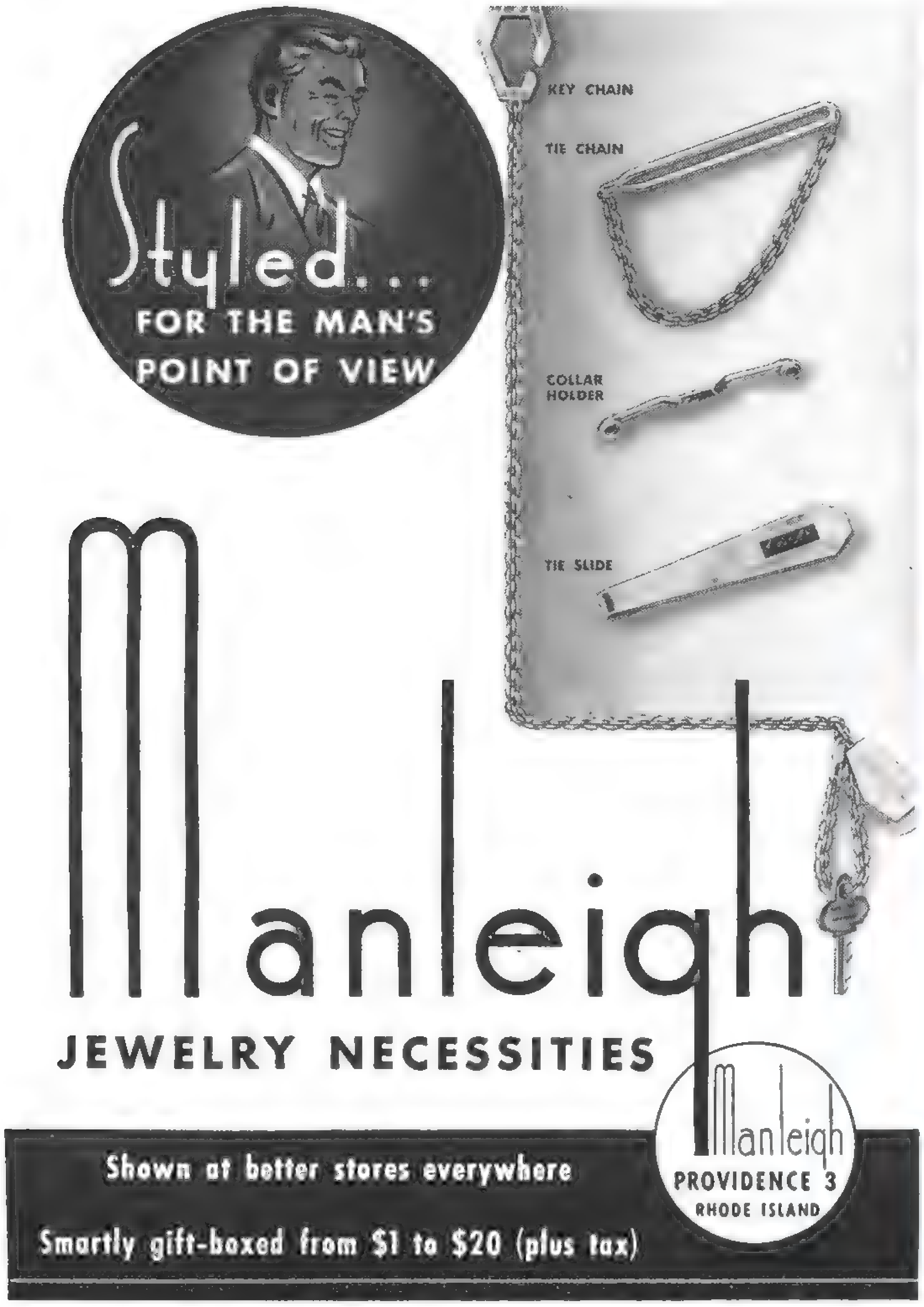
It is the constant demand for scientific objectivity in a field that is ninety-nine per cent emotion that depresses most scouts. After a time they become very canny and callous. They usually can tell what a play is going to be before it starts and they refuse to let themselves be surprised. Just the same, it's no fun to be taking notes while everyone else is screaming. Even the most hardened would like to forget his diagrams for a few seconds to watch a pass zipping through the air. But then it would be too late.

"Scouting's tough," says the athletic director of one of the biggest universities in the south whenever a would-be scout asks for a job. "There's no fun in it."

One of the best scouts in the Midwest agrees to this, in his own peculiar way. After a hard day every Saturday, this man frequently undertakes uncomfortably long trips at considerable personal expense to see professional games on Sundays. He was asked why he went to all the trouble to see the pros. Do you go to get new ideas, new plays? Do you go to keep your scouting eye in focus?

"Hell, no," he said. "I enjoy those games." ⋕

Continued from page 84



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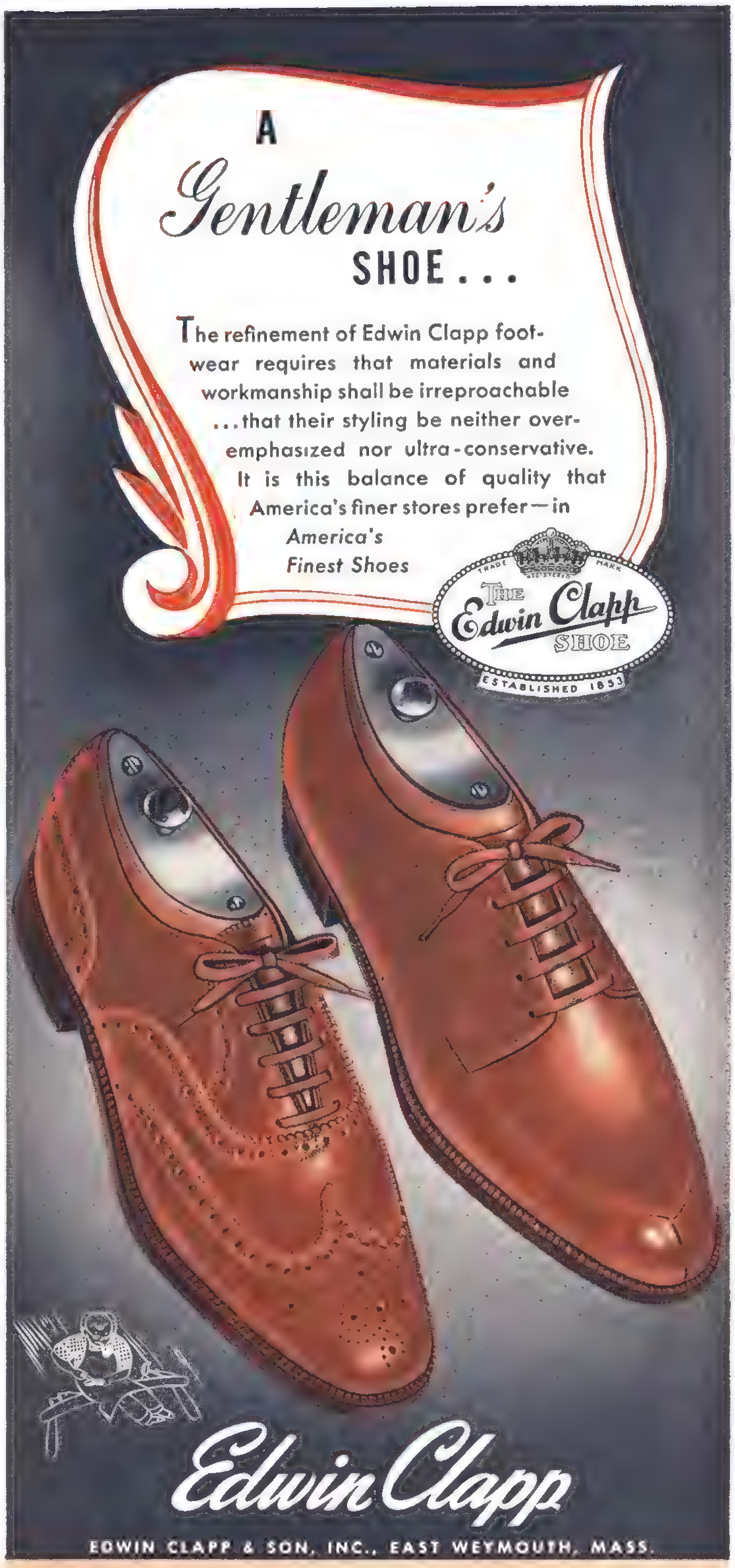

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The price of Royal Banquet is lower than imported brands, as approximately 82½% per cent of this quality whisky is free of import duty. Ask for Royal Banquet at leading bars and package stores.

35% Malt Whisky, 17½% Imported, 17½% Domestic, 65% Grain Neutral Spirits—86 Proof

Standard postwar bottle illustrated. Today Royal Banquet is being packaged in the round victory bottle.

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Gooderham & Worts
Limited

ROYAL BANQUET

Blended Scotch-Type Whisky

GOODERHAM & WORTS LIMITED, PEORIA, ILLINOIS

MC's with the DT's

Continued from page 66

over to me and whispered, and I said, 'the hell you are!' and we got married."

That, naturally, was the art work of the species wisenheimer, who are a curse occasionally to the MC's. One, a girl, sucked King in one time on the oldie about giraffe dates. King, who apparently hadn't been browsing through Joe Miller's gags from the purlieu, asked her what kind of a date that was. So you know the answer and you know how pretty he looked standing up there pop-eyed.

Wiseguys are usually few and far between, for even though they'd like to sneak in a foul touch, the law can nip them for their endeavors. Baker has noticed that many an extrovert leaves his seat in the studio and clambers up to the stage with a gleam in his eyes which says: "This is it!" By the time Jasper faces the audience, he begins to freeze. Mr. Mike Microphone glares steadily and helps freeze him some more. By the time questions pop at him, he's a nice docile boy . . . and if he isn't . . .

MC's use the Dempsey. If smarty-pants comes quipping punk gags to the mike, he'll be down for the count in a second. Although the man at the mike may wish to wrap the mike around the extrovert's noggin, he doesn't need to. Nor does he scold or hush the mug. That embarrasses the audience, it's been found. Bing, goes the first question . . . Bing, goes the second. Bing, goes the third. The guy doesn't get a chance to chin. If he has trouble with an answer, swoosh, back to his seat. The mug receives no help. He'll get such a neat brush-off he'll never have lint on his suit again in his life.

Art Linkletter, who is on a West Coast program, searched the audience for the oldest newlyweds and came across a couple who'd been married only seven years—and the husband was fifty-nine. Link laughed and asked: "Was there any reason you waited so long before getting married?" The husband, whose name was Mortimer, replied, "I made up my mind that I was going to have a good time first . . . and I *did*!" "Aren't you having a good time now?" Link prodded. Mortimer sighed. "Yeah," he said tamely, with a fearful look at his wife's face, "only it's . . . well, er . . . uh, more sedate."

Hawk, hoping to do a good turn for the doughnut industry by calling attention to National Doughnut Week, asked a girl if she liked doughnuts. "No, I don't," she replied. "Well, supposing you did like them . . ." "But I don't like

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them," she snapped. "Yes, you said that," Hawk interjected, "what I mean now is that we'll just pretend that you do like doughnuts and . . ." "Look," said the girl, "I don't like doughnuts and you nor anyone else will make me like them or pretend to like them. Just give me the questions, that's all!"

Fortunately, profanity stays away from the quiz mike. People all have the good taste to let it alone, but a girl who worked in a cosmetic factory answered a query so forthrightly once that the announcer concluded the last fifteen minutes of his show with fluff after fluff. "Strange," he had remarked, "you work in a cosmetic factory and you wear no cosmetics?" "I just don't like the junk," the girl said.

Sometimes the radio audience is left in the cold while the studio audience enjoys a howleroo, though the MC's want the radio audience in on everything. Insane signaling on a quiz show often sets off a laugh, like the time a woman was pondering whether a cormorant was bird, beast or fish. Her husband stood up in his seat, waving his arms in imitation of a large bird. Or again, a husband rose to simulate the pose of a bird hunter, imaginary rifle in hand. The woman had been asked to explain a mail chute and a quail shoot. "The mail chute is where you put down the mail," she said slowly, and, unmindful of the laughter in the studio and her husband's gyrations, "The quail shoot is probably where you put down the quail."

King's audience once broke into stitches. Puzzled, he looked at the control room, out over the audience and back again. He couldn't remember having said anything terrific, nor had his middle-aged lady contestant. Suddenly he looked down. The lady's drawers had dropped to her ankles. She and King went right on with the questions while aides came in, put a coat around the woman's feet and permitted her to step out of her predicament. She picked up the panties and stuffed them into her pocketbook and said, "Thank you." Maybe you heard the program and could never figure out why the lady said, "Thank you" in the middle of the quiz.

After a master of ceremonies gets through his program you'd think he would deserve a rest. It doesn't work that way. Hawk was wakened in the middle of the night to receive a six-page telegram from a woman who insisted a question had been answered wrong. Another time he had a call from Seattle. Someone is always failing to hear the question a'right. They bounce the quiz masters hard, but it's a rare day that a mistake is made by the MC because a whole staff checks and rechecks all possible answers

Continued on page 204

QUALITY IN LEATHER BY Skyway

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The utter simplicity of Casino designs have the stamp of style authority that belongs only to the finest neckwear . . . to "Originals by Manay" from $5 to $15, "Originals by Damon" from $2 to $5.

DAMON CREATIONS, INC., 160 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 16

MC's with the DT's

Continued from page 203

before the questions ever hit the ether.

The real howlers are yet to come. Television has sired a brawling kid brother to Mike Fright. It's called Ike Fright. MC's groan.

Putting the public at ease when the cameras swoop in on them like popeyed reincarnations of pre-Pleistocene birds won't be easy. King, experimenting, finds contestants stiffen before the cameras. The folks are shy. If they're not shy, they ham à la Hollywood, circa 1915.

Edward Stasheff, who MC's a televized program for CBS, called There Ought To Be a Law, may be the man to educate the future quiz masters.

Stasheff, employed by the New York City Board of Education, directs thirty picked students from fifteen high schools who debate questions put before them. The scene is an imitation of a legislative house. The youngsters already have aged Mr. Stasheff considerably, but he goes humbly on, hoping for better days.

When the program was first attempted, Mr. Stasheff would announce the question to be debated at the beginning of the show. That was quickly dropped. If the high-schoolers don't know the subject in advance they all look surprised, clam up and leave Mr. Stasheff to his own devices to cover the time.

Naturally, it is hoped that only fine representative remarks will be presented on the show. Nope. While debating that a year of work should be required before a high-school diploma is granted, one lad rose, cheated (acted toward) the "on" camera and declared:

"I desire to be a playboy. My career would be wrecked if I must work. I am against labor in any form. Once I complete college I am going to loaf on my old man's money."

On the air you could signal the youngster to close his trap. Not on television. The MC just sweats it out.

Stasheff's spade work, viewed only by a few today, is being watched closely by all radio shows with audience participation. The radio code as well as the motion picture code will be applicable to what's said and done. John Q. Public, often being informal and capable of a rare answer as herein described, will give the MC's more DT's than ever. The television bugs, skipping the dread of those who feel that quiz shows will be ghastly, simply figure that homo sapiens will adapt himself to the new gadget in time—and will be funnier and lovable for it. That, is the $64 question. ⌗

Continued from page 66

ADVENTURE...
in Luxury

CAST OFF the lines that moor you to the daily drag . . . cruise into the flashing blue seas of adventure at the helm of a new 32-foot EDDY Custom Cruiser, greatest thrill in boating. Proud and beautiful as a pirate queen, she rides the waves with a grace and ease that conceals the savage power beating in her heart. Your EDDY Custom Cruiser is a friend to share new freedom . . . to point at golden atolls of romance and bring you safely to new ports of comfort and luxury . . . and adventure.

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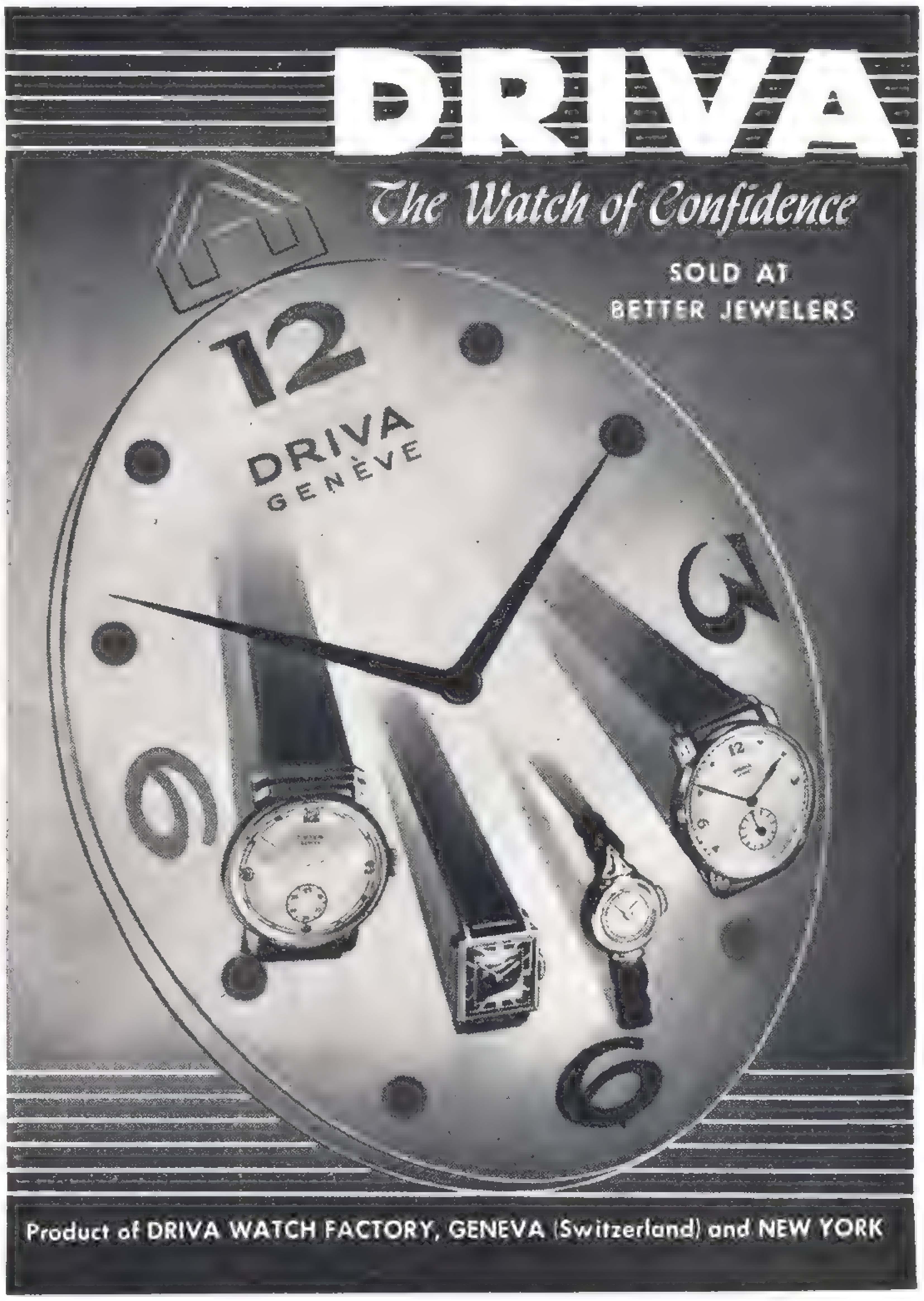
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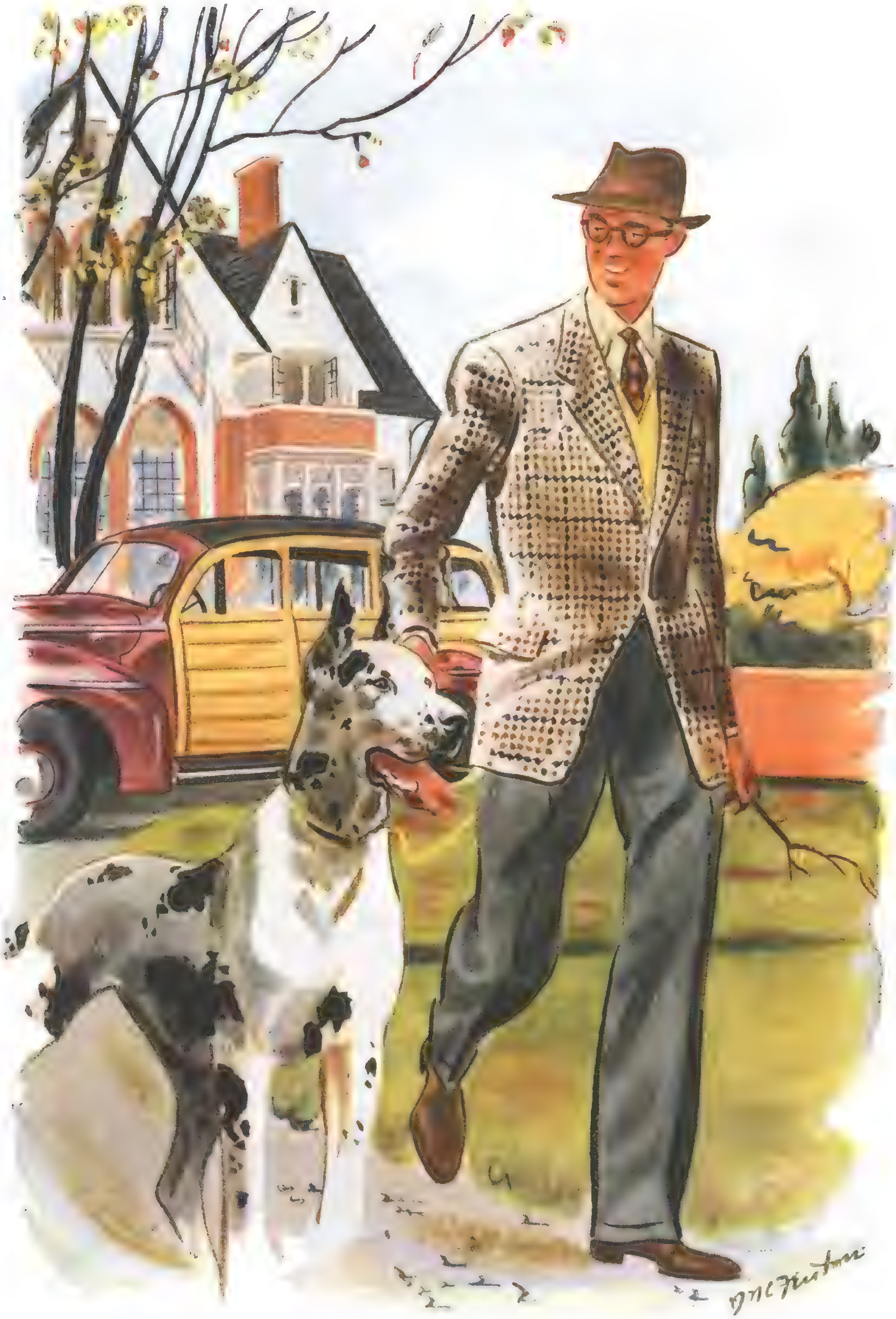

AUTHENTIC
Esquire
FASHIONS

FALL SNAP

Drawing by Jack Fenton

With the first flick of frost in the air, this suburbanite turns out for a brisk morning romp with his deep-chested friend, wearing the sport jacket and odd slacks combination that's as standard as a station wagon in the country. His jacket takes the middle-of-the-road between the large plaid and small pattern types by combining both—in a brown and cream checked tweed with blue overplaid. It's made in a conservative three-button model with regular pockets. Under it, a yellow pullover sweater, tan Oxford shirt, and printed wool tie of brown with red and yellow figures. His slacks are good old grey flannels, and he picks up some more brown in his snap brim felt hat and reverse calf shoes which are sturdy plain-toe bluchers.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)

careful, men . . . you're being watched!

Sure . . . there's more to you than meets the eye. But what meets the eye *counts* first—and it *counts* big! How do you meet the appraising eye of business associates, secretaries, clients, and the smart people in your community? Does your way of dressing—from your freshly-polished shoes to the smart tilt of your new hat—tell them a tale of good taste, good manners and a flair for gracious living? Does your hat complement your personality? Is it shaped right for your face—shaded right for your outfit? Your Recognized Hatter can give you the right answers—with the right hat for you!

wear a hat . . . and make the right impression

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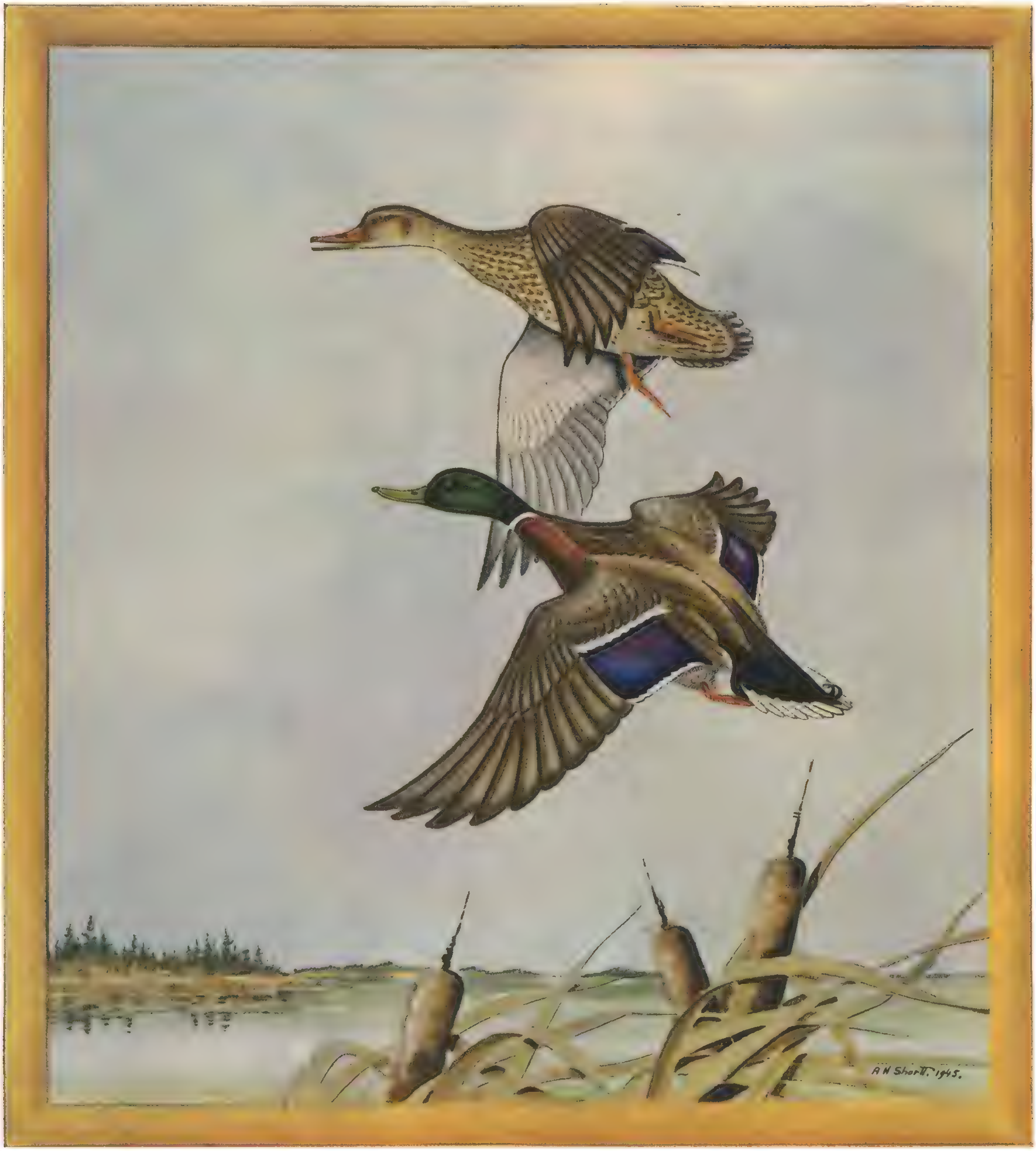
A H Shortt 1945.

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THE NO. 1 SPORTSMEN'S MAGAZINE

The Red Sultana

Continued from page 86

sailing to and from the Indies. One of the most daring and successful corsairs was Mohammed Kohr. His home port was Muscat on the western coast of the Persian Gulf, but his personal haven, five hundred miles north, was the Island of Ishtar. There he built for himself and his growing harem the white marble and porphyry Ksar—or Castle—Ishtar.

On one of his Indian Ocean raids Mohammed Kohr captured a British vessel which was eastward bound for Bombay. His boarding party, consisting of his flashiest, most virile pirates, immediately saw, as the prize of the ship, a beautiful red-haired, green-eyed girl. She was Judith MacGregor, en route from Scotland to join her husband, John Beaumont, a soldier stationed in India. That her father was a Presbyterian minister only heightened her sense of maidenly self-defense. Overcome by the brutal Arab pirates she retaliated by giving Mohammed Kohr a vigorous stab in the back. Recovering from his wounds and astonishment, Mohammed Kohr fell in love with the aggressive creature who, says tradition, had a body the color of pink pearls.

"The greatest of all slave dealers," says the Arab manuscript, "became himself a slave. Judith not only took command of Mohammed Kohr, body and soul, but in revenge she became a pirate herself. Her flaming hair flaunting the tempest, armed to the teeth, sword in hand, the fury boarded the enemy, screaming the weird war chant of her Highland ancestors."

Judith's exploits and innovations were so outlandish that she became a figure of opprobrium and terror, wonder and shame. With a streak of Christian virtue, she released all the inmates of her lover's harem. With a streak of nostalgia for her homeland she introduced Scotch whisky into the region—first by stealing it from British ships, then selling it along her rapacious routes. She also trained a band of black Zanzibar slaves to play the bagpipe at her already sufficiently noisy banquets at home, and to pipe her pirate crews aboard her fleet.

When Mohammed Kohr was killed during one of his raids, she mourned him by installing a male harem at Ksar Ishtar. Her concubines, in the majority, were captured Christian sailors of all nationalities. She favored some of them so heartily that they died in her embrace, strangled in the strands of her long red hair.

These love feasts were a feature of her notorious form of hospital-

Continued on page 210

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STEM

FREE TURNING

VanRoy Ajustomatic Bard $5

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Forget your troubles with balky, old-style screw stem pipes—switch to VanRoy Ajustomatic. Its patented "float-mounted" stem never gets temperamental, can't lock at an off-angle. Its smoking quality is confirmed by the VanRoy name. At better stores in United States and Canada. VANROY COMPANY, INC., Empire State Bldg., New York 1.

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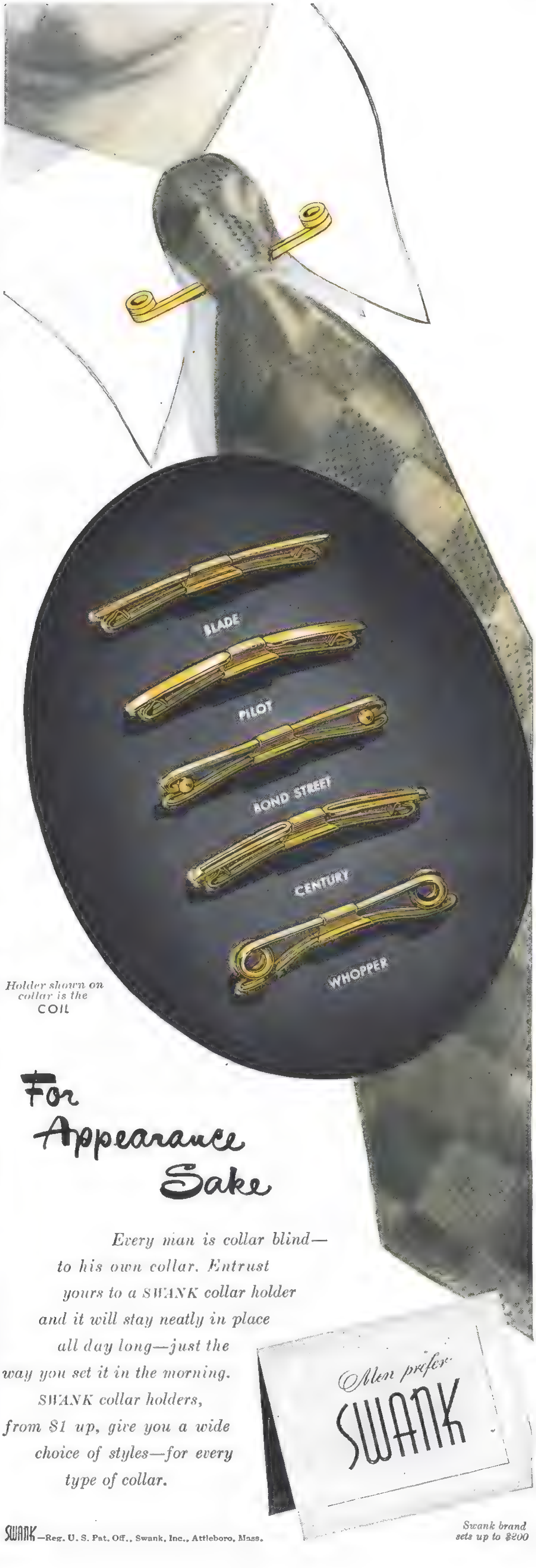

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Holder shown on collar is the COIL

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The Red Sultana

Continued from page 209

ity. Captain Judith MacGregor was, in truth, a superb hostess; she wore ropes of pearls, a tribute to home industry, for neighboring Bahrein was long the center of the finest pearl fisheries in the world. She also wore a gold crown set with emeralds and topped with the formidable figure of a vulture. She wore nothing else at these banquets, which, with the exception of entertainment by screeching bagpipes, equaled the orgies of Babylon and Rome. These feasts earned her the title of Sultana Achdar, the Red Sultana, and other names which, if translatable, are unprintable.

Judith's material success as a pirate is shown by a huge treasure chest which the Sultan of Bahrein's pearl divers brought up in 1938 from the locality where her flagship was sunk one hundred and thirty years previously. While I discussed with the Sultan our current excavations of the Sumerian necropolis of golden mound tombs on the northern end of the island, Sir Salman bin Hamed al Khalifa had Judith's salvaged treasure carried into his audience chamber.

In the chest were trays of gold crucifixes, and a marvelous jeweled dagger corroded from long immersion. There were English snuffboxes, precious stones from Ceylon, and Venetian and Florentine rings. There was a valuable collection of coins which in themselves relate the long history of the Persian Gulf, and, in contrast, a tarnished silver-mounted cairngorm from Judith's native land. I saw sacred vessels from looted Hindu temples, an encrusted mother-of-pearl pistol, a gold sword handle from Toledo, and a fine rusty British army bugle. This treasure is merely a sample case. More is still at the bottom of the gulf, at a depth of one hundred and twenty-nine meters, for the Sultan had located Judith's scuttled ship by means of a fantastic modern invention—a submarine, designed especially for undersea exploration, built by a German scientist.

* * *

The most picturesque raid in Captain Judith MacGregor's career was undertaken around 1800. Five hundred miles south of her sufficiently infamous Ksar Ishtar, was the tyrannical old Sultan of Muscat. Described as the greatest monster since Nero, he delighted in flagellating the Christian girls of his enormous harem.

A forbidding amphitheatre of desolate volcanic mountains is the background of the ill-famed harbor town of Muscat, capital of the feudal kingdom of Oman.

Bedecked with Beauty . . . the 1946 Esquire Playing Cards . . .

- **STURDY . . .** durable, dirt-resistant, packaged to perfection.
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Ancient walls punctured by towering fortifications built by the Portuguese face the waterfront. In the middle of these gaunt mediaeval structures stands the white palace of the piratical Sultan of Muscat. Thousands of Christian captives, men and women, had been imprisoned in the incredibly foul dungeons of the fortress long before the Sultan's time, and he carried on the tradition. Besides the white men in the dungeons, white women lived in the vicious misery of his harem.

BALD EAGLE
Ericson

"We try to keep them happy"

During the heyday of Judith MacGregor, three English sailors escaped from the Muscat dungeons, and, finding their way north, told their story to the Red Sultana. She must have had her good points for when the sailors informed her that two or three hundred Christian women were the slaves of the old Sultan of Muscat she righteously exclaimed, "Damn the men, but those poor females are in a living hell!"

The canny Scot, knowing that the capacity of the Sultan's harem was unlimited, sent a message to him that she was sailing south in her sloop *The MacGregor* with, as cargo, one hundred women to be bartered for goats, camels, dates and, of course, the Sultan's famous Muscat grapes.

Some weeks later the Red Sultana disembarked at Muscat with one hundred veiled women in Arab dress, only their artfully kohled eyes visible. The group was received at the palace gates beside the water's edge by the Sultan's chief eunuch. Then led by Captain Judith MacGregor, the Sultana Achdar, they entered the palace and were ushered into the vast harem wing. There in the crowded "selection room" Judith and her girls were to wait for the Sultan to appear, when he would examine the virgin cargo in the usual Oriental manner.

Quick-witted Judith counted the room's armed guards and eunuchs, and appraised the throng of women who had gathered to see the newcomers. Suddenly

Continued on page 212

Calendograph
JANUARY
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SATURDAY
10 O'CLOCK
8 MINUTES
29 SECONDS
MOVADO
SAT
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In gold or steel.
The supply of these watches is limited.

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WINNERS OF 165 OBSERVATORY AWARDS SOLD AND SERVICED BY LEADING JEWELERS ALL OVER THE WORLD

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As Traditional of Scotland as THE BAGPIPES
White Label
Victoria Vat
John Dewar & Sons Ltd
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CAMERON OF LOCHIEL
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MUSIC is *international*—but the skirl of the pipes brings to mind one nation alone—Scotland!... So too with Scotch Whisky. And a call for *this* traditional drink brings to hand the *Highball of the Highlands*—Dewar's... Wherever you are in the whole wide world, enjoy this wee bit o' Scotland in a glass.

Dewar's
"White Label"
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IMPORTED by Schenley
THE MEDAL SCOTCH OF THE WORLD

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Use a Kirsten Cigarette Holder and you'll experience new full-flavored enjoyment from your favorite cigarette. Throat-irritating tars and nicotine are removed from smoke by condensation and deposited on the inside wall of the radiator. Use the built-in ramrod to quickly clean your Kirsten holder . . . you'll like the handy ejector too! Here's a smart gift for men and women . . . and a grand idea for party prizes.

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PATS. AND PATS. PENDING
CIGARETTE HOLDER

Kirsten Pipe Co., Dept. 362, Seattle, Wash. • Kirsten Pipe Ltd., Vancouver, B.C., Canada

Two Sizes, Long or Short
$2.50

The Red Sultana

Continued from page 211

Judith called to the Sultan's concubines and slaves, "Which of you are Christians?" A large number, including English and European women, who were quite ignorant of what was afoot, signaled their identity and automatically formed a group.

At a sign from Judith, her own companions dropped their Arab women's dresses and veils, revealing stalwart fighting men who massacred the lethargic guards and eunuchs. The equally surprised Christian women, two hundred and eighty-six of them, were rushed through the palace gardens and to the neighboring beach of Mutrah, a fishing village separated from Muscat by a rock wall pierced by a canyon-like road.

On Mutrah's shore waiting to rescue the women, were the armed crews of Judith's war sloops *Bruce* and *Wallace* which, unknown to the Sultan of Muscat, had, with perfect timing, just arrived offshore.

The coup was a complete success. Judith herself had already sailed on *The MacGregor* from Muscat, while the crews of the *Bruce* and *Wallace* were loading valuable white cargo. The fleet joined out in the Persian Gulf and sailed north to Ishtar and Bahrein.

Ameen Rihani's chronicle does not state what finally became of the "Beautiful pearls of the Sultan of Muscat's harem." At first they were incorporated into the household of Judith's Ksar Ishtar, becoming companions of Judith's male harem. Eventually the Red Sultana could not support so large an establishment, which obviously grew fruitful and multiplied. Evidence that she released a number of the Christian women she had "delivered" from Muscat can still be seen on the Island of Bahrein, for among the populace are a great many blue-eyed, white-skinned inhabitants. And they were there long before the island, which is still the headquarters of the world's finest pearl fisheries, became another source of wealth, the million-dollar camp, complete with air-conditioned bungalows, golf links, swimming pool, movie theatres and soda fountains of the Standard Oil of California.

On the northern part of Bahrein is an ancient Sumerian necropolis, rich in gold mound tombs which once attracted Judith's attention, as a diversion from her armed forays. Women uniformly reject archaeology as a career; it is nerve wracking, physically uncomfortable and primitive under the best of conditions, and calls for unending patience. Judith was the exception in attacking such

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short of it!

Zero King, pros of Sportswear, make this sturdy coat in two lengths, a 36 inch or 48 inch ulster. Here's keen comfort and freedom of action for casual cold weather wear. Of wind and water resistant Klondike cloth, sheep lined with Laskin Lamb collar, windcuffs in the sleeves. In Tan only.

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At better stores . . .
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B. W. HARRIS MFG. CO.
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obstacles, as becomes a woman who balked at nothing. She could not resist looting the rich tombs of Bahrein, but her efforts were short-lived.

Breaking into one of the ancient Sumerian monuments, Judith and her men saw that the central part of the funeral chamber's ceiling had collapsed. Across a half-opened coffin lay the crushed body of a tomb robber. His skeleton hand still held a gold necklace he had taken from the Sumerian's neck as the ceiling fell in. Judith and her accomplices, seeing the fate that had overtaken their colleague, ordered the tomb-shaft to be closed. This was her last attempt to contact "the cursed dead of the Age of Ignorance" (i.e: before Mohammed) as the Arab manuscript described the incident.

Bill O'Malley
BUS STOP

"I'm re-enlisting!"

There is no doubt that Judith had availed herself of the buried treasures of Bahrein. During our expedition we found, off the coast of Ishtar, objects of great value identified as having been transported from the Sumerian necropolis on near-by Bahrein.

Eventually Judith's notoriety called for a challenge. British and French ships determined to make an end to the red-haired amazon who had captured so many of their fellows and, when she had tired of them, had given them as slaves to her slave women. European sailors landed on her island of Ishtar and rescued sixty of the Red Sultana's male concubines.

Judith, meanwhile, had slipped away in a treasure-filled racing galley. Determined not to be taken alive, she scuttled the ship and with twenty cannon blazing defiance the lady and the ship sank into the history of the Persian Gulf.

Despite the rewards offered to divers, superstitious natives refuse to investigate the area where Judith's ship has come to her last grim port. They are afraid they might find Judith herself and that her famous red hair will strangle them, as she is supposed to have strangled her lover slaves. ⌗

Continued from page 86

Conquest — "GIFT OF THE MONTH"*

On the brink of conquest? Ah, wily male, *now* is the time for this spell-binding pin! A burst of sterling with the brilliance of imported stones, replica of a fabulous original. $40. Earrings, $30. Plus 20% Tax. At fine stores.

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The Ordeal of Homer Bigelow

Continued from page 83

should be placed under observation. Bigelow, for your own sake, stop before you sink any lower!

"Your Friend,
"S. Gold (Pres.)"

Bigelow enjoyed the note. He put it away, planning to frame it. Then he returned to his work, shortly completing another batch, which included *The Bacchanale* from *Tannhäuser*, part of Stravinsky's *Le Sacre du printemps*, a piano sonata by Scarlatti, Strauss' *Till Eulenspiegel*, two anonymous English folk songs, and Ethelbert Nevin's *A Day in Venice.*

Gold did not condescend to comment on the new arrivals, but before returning them, he went to some trouble to obtain an outsized stamp. With this he had stamped the single word, "REJECTED," in giant letters on each of the manuscripts. On the Stravinsky composition he had outdone himself, stamping "REJECTED, IN SPADES" on all the twelve pages.

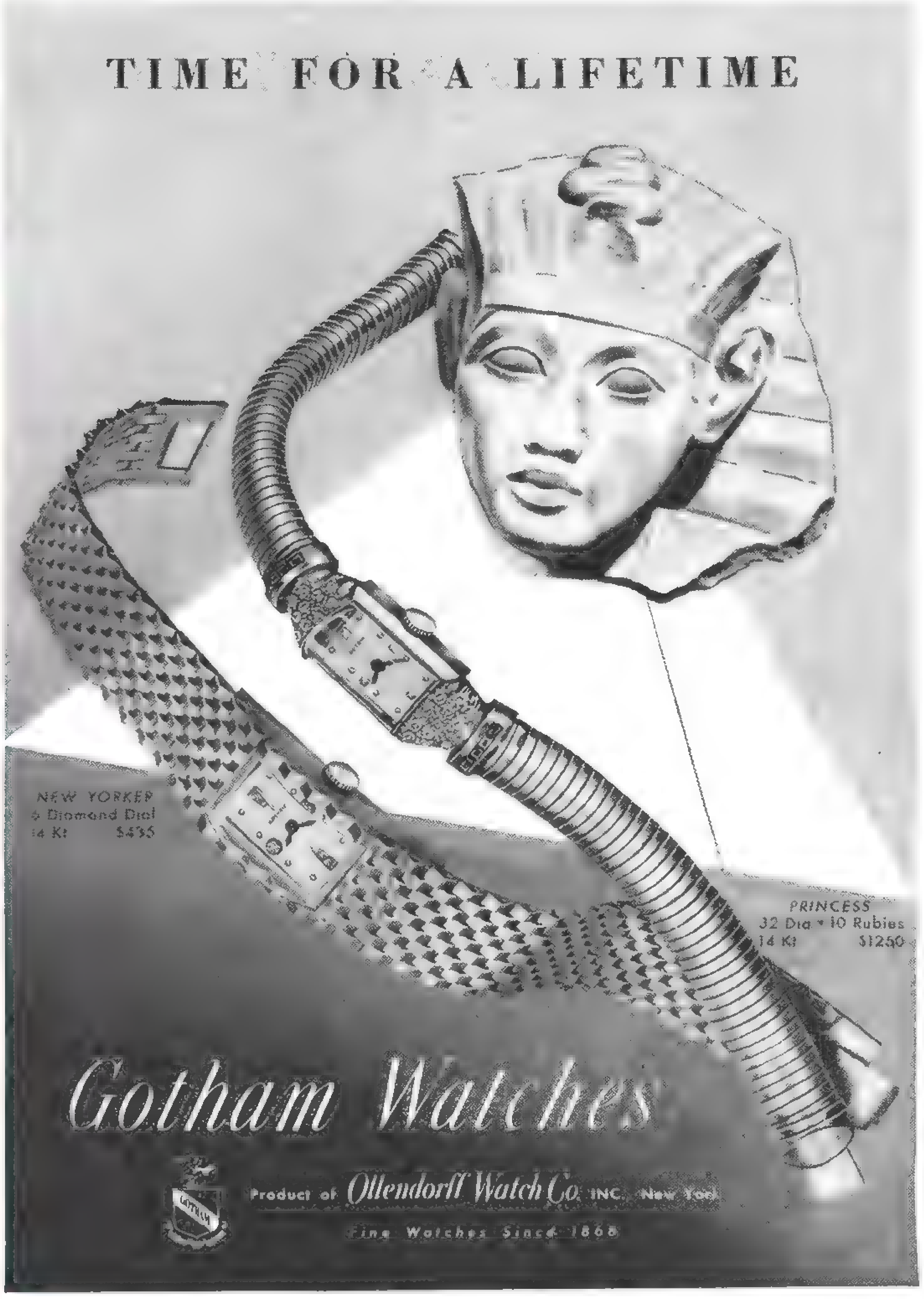
Toward the end of the third week, Bigelow delivered Tschaikowsky's *Fourth Symphony*, intact.

When Gold rejected the late Russian's masterwork with more than his usual promptness, Bigelow was ready to wind up his campaign.

Carefully laying out all the manuscripts that had been returned to him in the past few weeks, including his own and those of the masters which he had copied, he removed his jacket and started to work. He picked out a section of the *Horse Fever* music which he especially fancied and added to it one of the South Sea melodies, a romantic ballad which he modestly felt was somewhat above the customary drool of that sort. These he tucked into his brief case, together with the love music from *Boris Godunov* and *Till Eulenspiegel.*

Then he got into his car and hurried to a music-printing shop he knew, run by a man named Claude Goforth. Three hours later, Goforth had finished a beautiful job on Bigelow's two pieces, signing the *Horse Fever* in clear bold letters, P. I. Tschaikowsky, and accrediting the South Sea melody, also quite legibly, to Richard Strauss.

"Dear Mr. Gold:" wrote Bigelow, in a note accompanying the four compositions. "Before leaving for Milwaukee, I am making one last effort to have you see the light. Enclosed are two of my creations and two by men who occupy a hallowed place in the world of music. I have played them all several times and I cannot honestly detect any differ-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ence in their merit. It is possible that the Tschaikowsky number has a trifling edge in sprightliness, but that may only be my instinctive concession to genius.

"I ask you, in the interest of fairness, to play them all and listen carefully, disregarding the names of the authors. Then let me know what you think. I will be awaiting your decision eagerly, for I'm sure you have no idea how I regard your judgment.

"Your grateful protégé,
"H. Bigelow (Staff Comp's'r)"

It was several minutes before nine the next morning when the package came back, by hand, Gold presumably not wishing to retain possession of it any longer than necessary. His reply was brief!

"Bigelow:" (he wrote) "I have heard the music. My decision follows: Tschaikowsky and Strauss are terrific; Bigelow stinks (as previously noted). Twitchell was right. My regards to Milwaukee.

"S. Gold,
"Still Pres., Ch'ge Prod't'ns."

Half an hour after the president of Apex Productions, Inc., had sat down at his desk the following morning, his secretary entered consulting a note which she laid on his desk, announced: "P. I. Tschaikowsky, R. Strauss, and Homer Bigelow are in the outer office to see you, sir."

"Send them in," replied Mr. Gold, loudly. "All but Bigelow. If he tries to force his way, see if you can get hold of the studio guard."

Bigelow, exuding confidence and good fellowship, stepped in briskly. In one hand he had his briefcase, looking uncommonly full, and in the other a Santa Fe timetable. "Top of the morning, Mr. Gold," he said. "I hope I find you well." Mr. Gold's reply was lacking in warmth. "Bigelow," he said, "I thought you were in Milwaukee." Then he added, "Where are the other two fellows?"

"They weren't able to show up, Mr. Gold."

"Why not? It says right here on this piece of paper, P. I. Tschaikowsky and R. Strauss . . ."

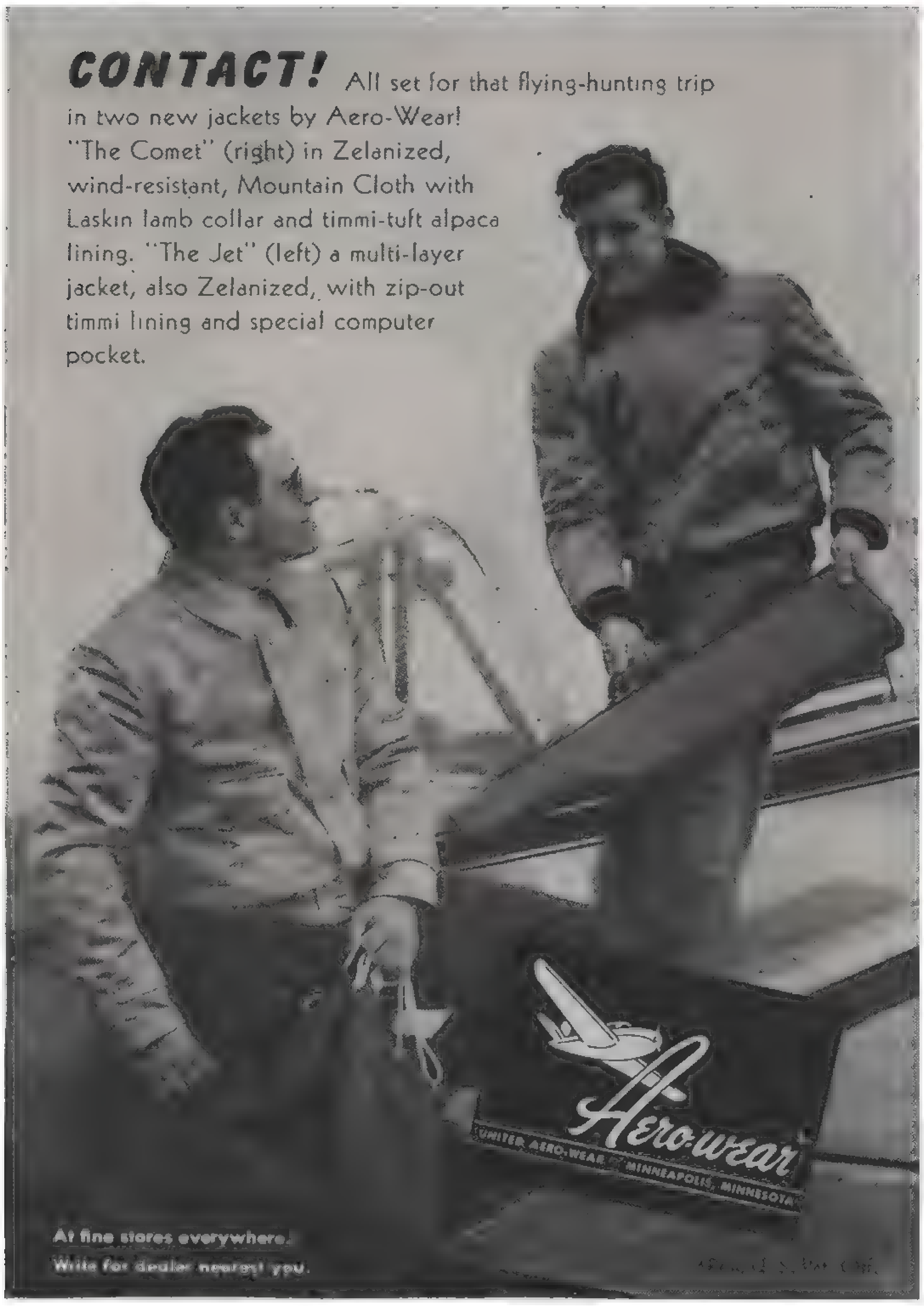
"Well, you see," said Bigelow, "I'm sort of acting for them. They haven't been around much lately. The fact is," he went on, "Tschaikowsky's dead and . . ."

"Bigelow," screamed Mr. Gold, "you're getting fresh again! I don't care whether he's dead or not! You get him in here! I've gone to all the trouble of drawing up contracts, and they're going to be signed, do you understand?"

"Well," said Bigelow, "if I can dig up a good medium, I'll try to speak to Tschaikowsky about it."

Quite unexpectedly, Mr. Gold appeared to be cooling off a little. His little shiny black eyes regarded Bigelow steadily. "Homer," he said at length, "what's going on here?" Turning to his

Continued on page 216



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The Ordeal of Homer Bigelow

Continued from page 215

secretary, he said: "Get Manny Farbstein."

Three minutes later Farbstein, looking suspiciously furtive, joined the group and asked timorously, "You wanted me, Mr. Gold?"

"That is correct. I wanted you to be here. Now, Miss Filbert, where's that contract?" The secretary vanished and returned in a few moments with a crisp, white document bearing an impressive legal aspect.

"Homer," said Mr. Gold, whose countenance had suddenly assumed a curiously benevolent glow, "I have enjoyed your childish pranks. Also, I wish to thank you for your increased productivity during the last six weeks. Aside from the fakes, which were needlessly called to my attention by the second trombone in the studio orchestra, who is my wife's cousin, and a bum, you have handed me the best work you have turned out since you won the Oscars. You were getting too high-brow for Apex Productions, so Benny Twitchell kindly consented to help me give you a shot in the arm. I am happy to say that it has been successful.

"It has become the custom lately," he went on, "for the reading public to classify all movie bosses as fools—glove salesmen, tailors, delicatessen merchants, and fools. Smart-aleck writers are always writing us up that way. It happens every day. We have come to expect it. Even in the movies they make us look like fools, and with our own money, God forbid. Homer, I should remind you that S. Gold is not a Harvard man nor yet a Yale or a Radcliffe, but get this—*S. Gold is no fool*! You and Manny, you better stick to your music, and lay off trying to outsmart your boss. It is not by accident that I am the head of this company.

"Homer, I have here a new contract. You will note that your salary has been increased twenty per cent. The front office of the studio, you will find, is not indifferent to culture. I liked that music you turned in. We can also use some of the stuff by those foreigners. Ain't that in the public domain, Manny?"

"Some of it," said Farbstein, "might be used for incidental music. How did you want to split the credits, Mr. Gold? I suppose we ought to bill Tschaikowsky over Bigelow, hadn't we?"

"Bigelow goes on top," thundered Mr. Gold, his cultural triumph over, his countenance and business instincts again normal. "Who the hell's Tschaikowsky? Didn't Bigelow discover him?" ⵌ

Continued from page 83

what is the world's finest drink?

"the Greeks have a word for it"

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The Great Crash

Continued from page 114

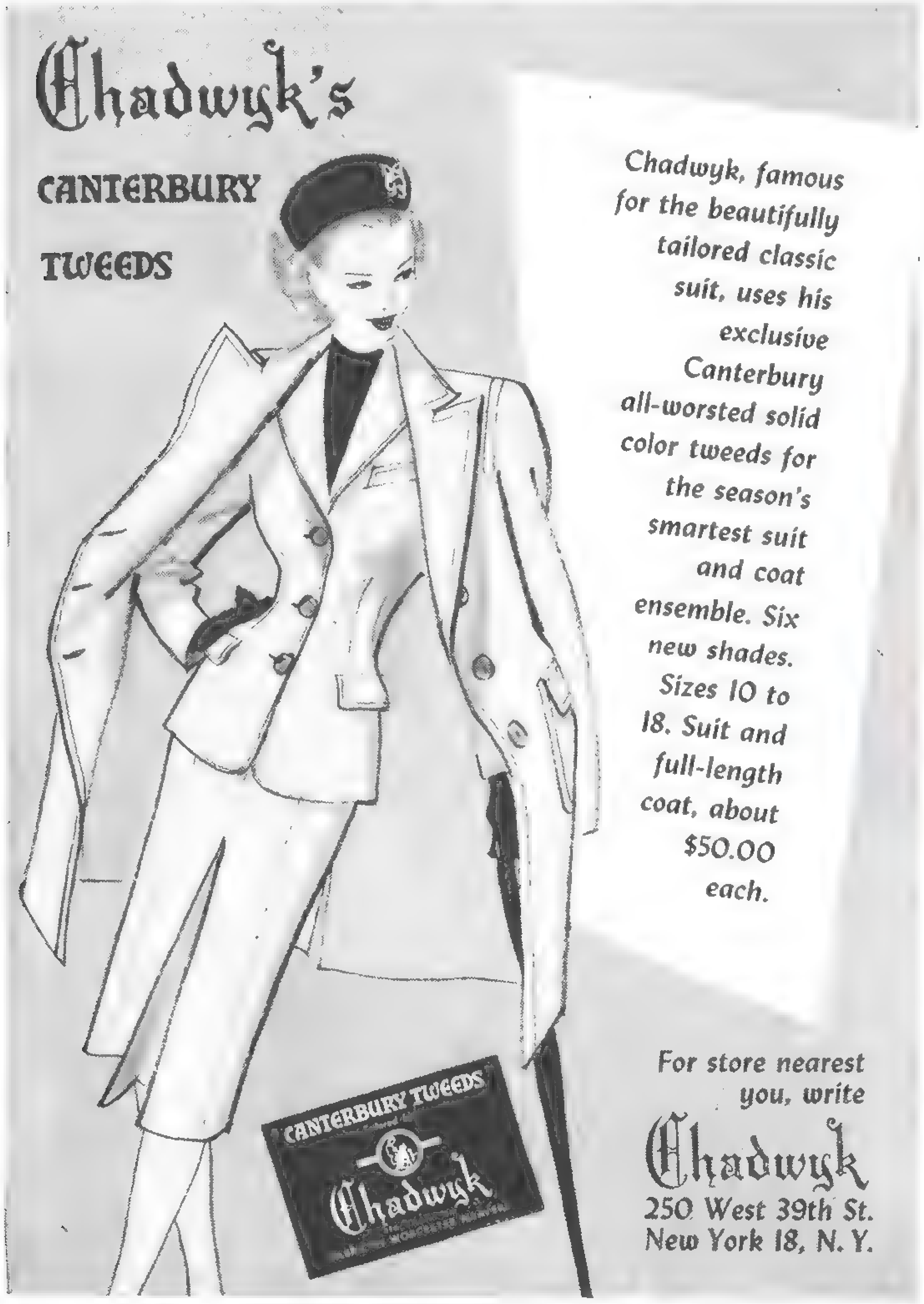
biles would be cut. But Rosenwald and the banking bloc and even Mellon and the cabinet in Washington were too late. The damage had been done, and no financier, whatever the size of his thumb, could stem the tide pouring through the economic dyke.

The New York *Times* headlined: "PRICES OF STOCKS CRASH IN HEAVY LIQUIDATION . . . TOTAL DROP OF BILLIONS." And down below, in smaller type, "Paper loss $4,000,000,000; 2,600,000 shares sold in final hour in record decline. Many accounts wiped out." And *Variety*, tongue-in-cheek, calamity or no, told its reader's cryptically: WALL STREET LAYS AN EGG. By evening many leading stocks had taken a critical beating. Adams Express, big loser of the day, dropped ninety-six points; U. S. Steel, eight and a half points; American Telephone and Telegraph, fifteen points. Chicago wheat tumbled four to four and a fourth cents a bushel at the Board of Trade. A story crackled over the wires that one prominent grain speculator had sold ten million bushels, that millions of bushels more had been unloaded indiscriminately. New York saw 500,000 bushels come into the pit during the first three hours of business. In Kansas City it was said that eleven speculators on Wall Street had committed suicide. In New York a placid workman, cleaning the twentieth-floor windows of a skyscraper, looked down and saw a great crowd staring up at him. On the street they were waiting for him to jump. In a suburban town a real estate operator vanished from the earth. He was last seen walking in the direction of Broadway tearing a strip of ticker tape into bits and scattering them idly as he went.

And so the word flashed to Winnipeg and Cincinnati, to Seattle and Galveston. Tense, nervous customers crowded the chairs in every brokerage house. In some, sweaty men pushed their hats to the back of their heads, their ties awry, glumly exchanging graveyard jokes. In others there was dead quiet. Outside, on the streets, on the corners men stood hour after hour—disbelieving, yet thirsty for more facts, more news. There was very little talk. Why tell your neighbor how your dreams had vanished, when his had too? America stood on the sidewalks that day in '29 and learned that they were not paved with gold.

And in the Exchange, what? As the big clock over the trading floor struck three, a short slim man in the balcony peered over

Continued on page 218



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The Great Crash

Continued from page 217

the railing. For hours he had watched the thousand brokers and their helpers milling feverishly around the posts. The man in the balcony was William Crawford, Superintendent of the Exchange's reporting department. At three he seized his gavel and struck the gong which sounded the end of business. This day he had to pound it three times before the tumult ceased, and the brokers began to leave the floor. Over seven hundred visitors had come to sit in on the pandemonium that day. Among those favored with a side-line seat on disaster was a round-faced stubby Englishman by the name of Winston Churchill.

As the crowds on the floor and the balcony began to thin out, a strange noise rose and mounted, and gathered in intensity. A cavernous chorus of groans and sighs filled the Exchange. The weary brokers, their business finished, were bewailing the closing of the worst day the market had ever known. Perspiring, collars torn, they leaned against the posts in hopeless exhaustion. Some were dazed; some laughed hysterically. Slowly they shuffled out across the littered floor. Trading was over for the day, that October 24.

But the ticker tape lagged sadly. At one in the afternoon it had already fallen ninety-two minutes behind transactions on the floor. By two-thirty it was 147 minutes off. Finally at eight minutes after seven the final quotation of Wall Street's most disastrous day appeared on the tape. Telegraph and telephone operators had a frantic evening. Many worked thirty-five hours straight. In one office thirty-four girls collapsed from exhaustion. Some 50,000 clerks and employees worked deep into the night and the next night tabulating the day's business. For the first time on the dignified Street perky messenger boys could run errands with a peanut butter sandwich in one hand and a sheaf of orders in the other.

All day newsreel cameras had been trained on the crowds milling in front of J. P. Morgan & Company, and about Wall Street and Beaver Street and Exchange Place. In those faces they caught the flicker of dreams suddenly gone, of fortunes stripped of one zero after another; of big names whittled down to size. One prominent banker spoke the epilogue: "Everybody has lost money excepting liars and beggars. Liars don't tell the truth, and beggars have no money to lose!"

A man resting against a lamppost on Broad Street was whistling *Dancing in the Dark.* #

Continued from page 114

"Not Me, Frank...
I like walking now!"

These days you meet a lot of men who prefer walking. They're getting the grand, action-lift of Synchro-Flex British Walkers; the new exuberant feeling of *Synchro-Flex*stability. This exclusive quality gives you muscle freedom like a colt's, support as staunch as a range-rider's steed. It took an entirely different, patented method of shoe building to bring you this foot-action-synchronized luxury. Enjoy it—and the style distinction that goes with it.

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This new, straight-tipped, handsomely foxed style on the Invader Last, comes in Breton Brown or Black Calf.

Pennsylvanians Never Surrender

Continued from page 111

at his eyes with his handkerchief. "Mr. Lincoln was a great man, Sonny, never forget that. And say a prayer now and then that if we ever get into a war again God'll give us somebody like Mr. Lincoln or Mr. Wilson to pull us through."

I was uneasy. My grandfather had talked that way about Abe Lincoln. My sense of fairness was racking me. The old fellow wasn't quite deserving of our taunts.

"You know," he went on, "the rebels had their spies up here and they kept reporting the confused state of mind up North. They were pretty bright that Spring of '63. They knew we felt low, and they began getting in guns and ammunition from Europe. They had won at Fredericksburg. Then in May they came up to Chancellorsville and they won again. In June they were at Chambersburg.

"There was squabbling in Washington and they were changing generals of the Army of the Potomac so fast there was no telling just who was in command. You can put it in your pipe and smoke it, boy: we were all scared. Coming through Bedford and the Cove, it wouldn't have taken Rebel cavalry long to whip down on us. Chambersburg was too close.

"Just about then Governor Curtin ordered Col. Jacob Higgins to take command of the troops in southeastern Pennsylvania. Col. Higgins called out the young and old. Just like the Minute Men, every man who could shoot a gun—and lots who couldn't—went to the hills. We didn't get any physical examinations, nor papers, nor anything. We weren't mustered in, or sworn in. We were simply *in.* It was a case of root hog or die, and you ought to know, boy, and always remember, that Pennsylvanians never surrender. They die or conquer in the fight. Remember *that,* boy, if you don't remember anything else I tell you.

"Off we went to McKee's Gap, hayfoot, strawfoot, like I said. A few who'd been in the Mexican war more or less led us. We dug trenches in the side of the hill. We put obstructions all over the road, and built a fort right on the floor of the gap, just rocks and stones, but enough to shield you if shot at. Then we did the same at Loy's Gap and during two weeks we worked night and day, hardly stopping for a breath.

"Food? You bet we stole it! We had a poor commissary department, except for that we provided ourselves. When the farmers wouldn't feed us, we had to steal their chickens. I'm ever so sorry for that now. That's where

Continued on page 220

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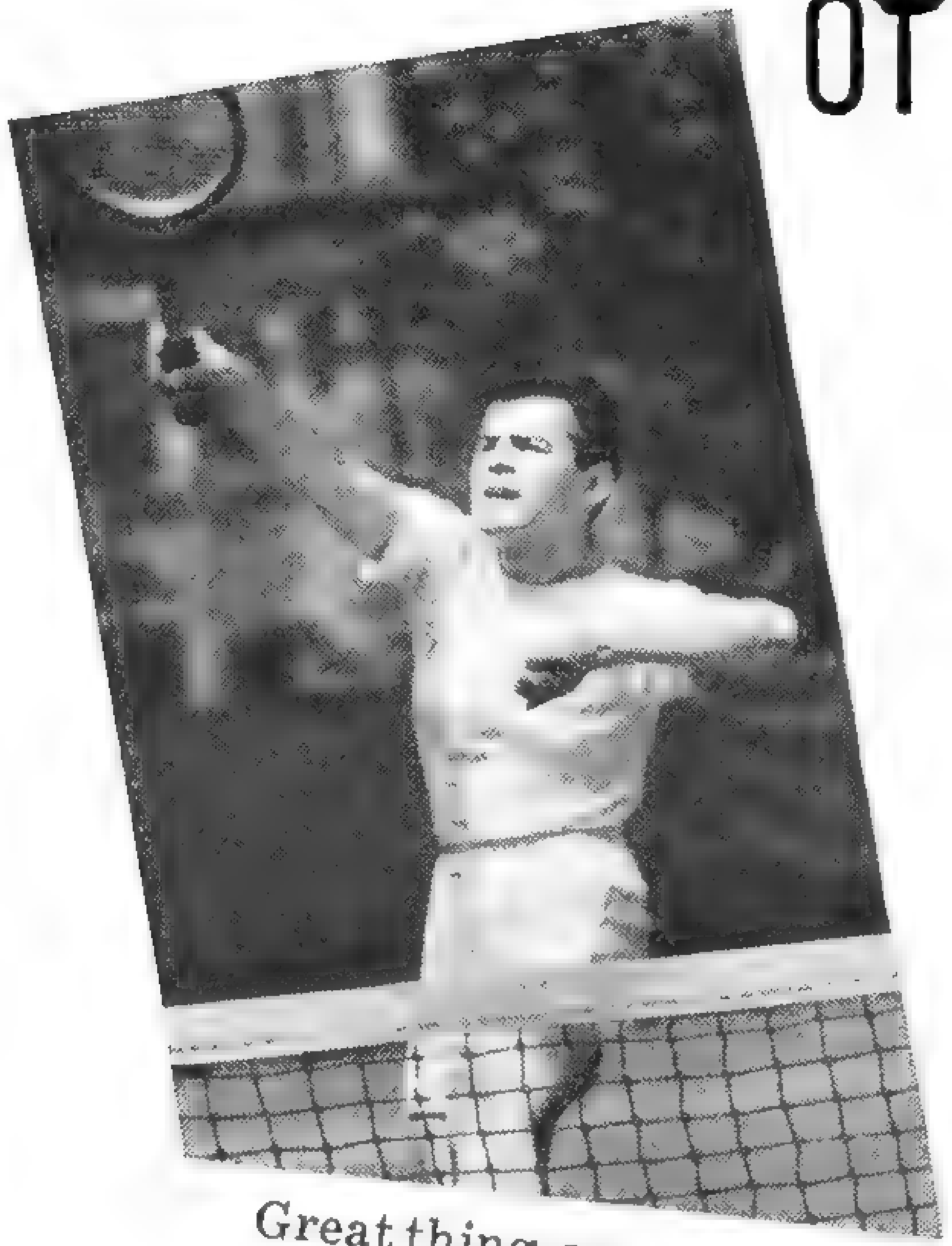

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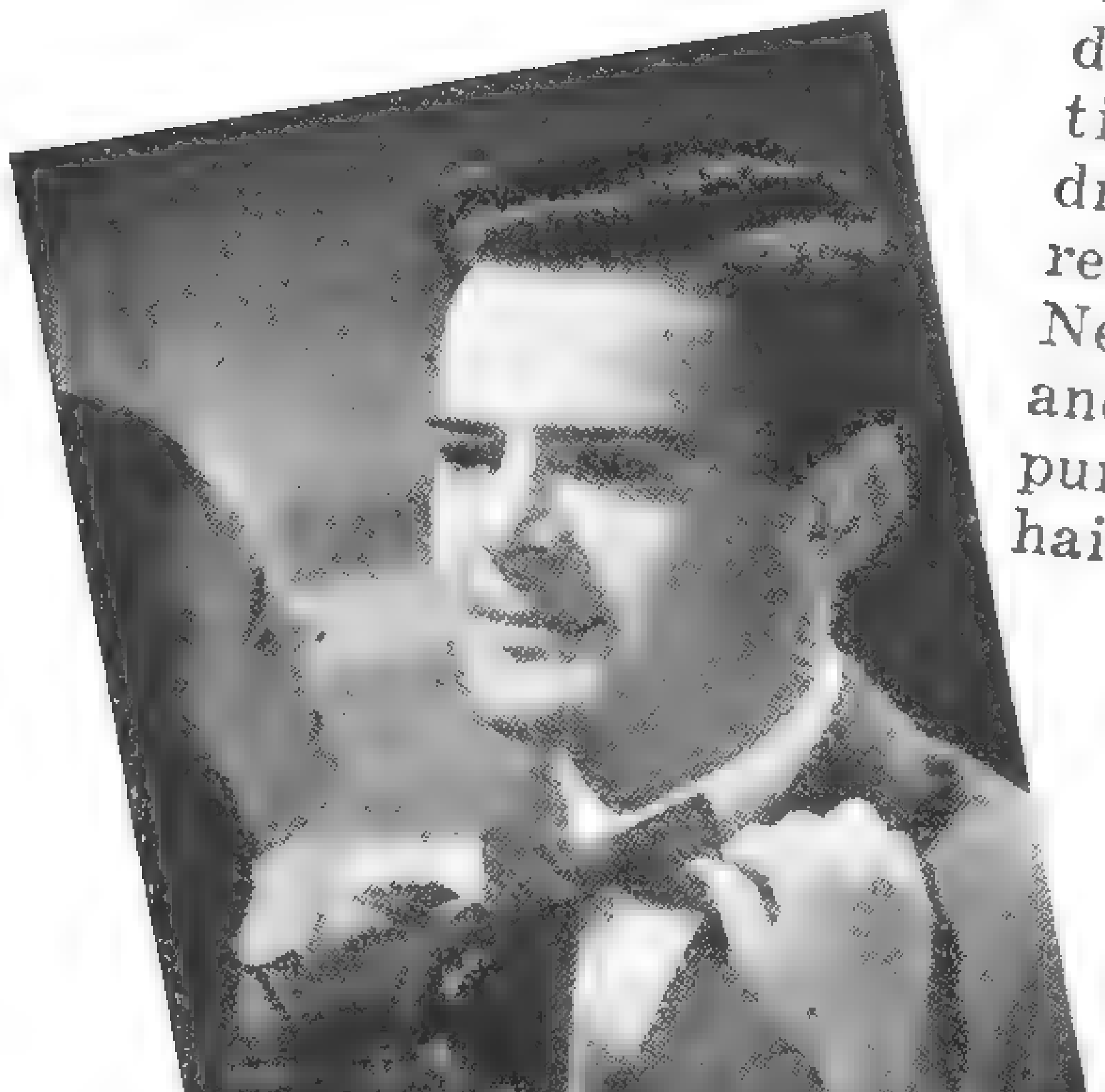

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Pennsylvanians Never Surrender

Continued from page 219

that damned silly name comes from. If the commissary department had handled their end, you can be sure there'd have been mighty little stealing from the volunteers, and you'd never have attached the name chicken-raider to us. Here's what is important though:

"All this war fever had the whole section upset. Col. Higgins got word that General Imboden was at Hancock, Maryland, with orders from General Lee to move on to Altoona, burn up the shops, tear up the P.R.R. and gather supplies. We really didn't know until later just what General Lee was up to, but once we found out we knew what a real general he was. Got to hand it to Lee, Sonny, he was smart. He knew how to take short cuts."

The sharp eyes softened a little as the memories of that June came crowding back. He got up from his chair, walked the length of the cool, shady porch, and then settled himself once more and took up his story.

"What Lee was trying to do was to smash the Pennsylvania Railroad to bits, especially at Altoona, because the town had grown quickly into a fair-to-middling railroad city and if it was smashed the Pennsy's main line would have been cut in half. They couldn't have gotten from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh and the West. Lee was going to try to smash the Baltimore and Ohio and the Chesapeake and Ohio the same way.

"Had Lee ever done that the North would have been split completely into two parts, the East and the West. With the people of the North not wanting any more war, as they did just then, I think they'd probably have called it all off.

"And you mustn't forget that Lee's men were fighters, willing to fight on to eternity if called on to do so. The South Carolinians used to feel that one of them could handle five Yankees. Virginians said they could take six for one of them. Those Johnny Rebs were red-hot. You'll never know what gumption they had, or how mad they were. Only an old Union soldier could tell you. I've talked to a lot of them and they always had a great deal of respect for a fighting man who came from below the Mason-Dixon line, just the same kind of respect that I have.

"Volunteers took posts in mountain passes, at railroad bridges and in towns all through this part of the country. Forty cartridges, a gun and a blanket were all they had. Every day or so there was a war scare. Every cloud of dust became a possible enemy patrol. It certainly looked like these untrained men from these hills were in for it.

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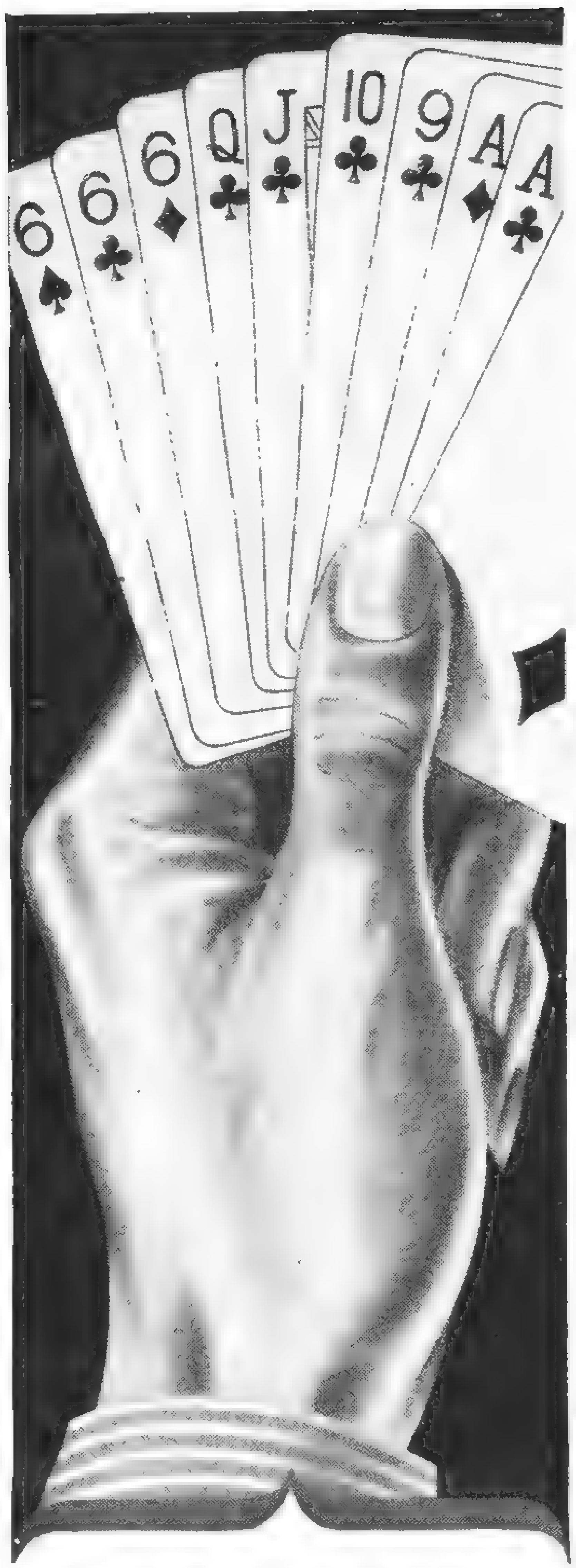

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scare of all around here, I guess. Someone rang the courthouse bell in the middle of the night. The Rebels were coming this time for sure!

Down at McKee's Gap was only a handful of men, compared to the number needed to halt an army. Why, a Rebel battery which would have opened a rain of shell, canister and musketry could have forged that gap. That's the odd part, laddy buck, we really couldn't have stopped them—though they'd have to have killed every last one of us to get through.

"It was the morning of July 2: the people ran around the streets, yelling and hollering. Word was passed that an advance guard of graycoats had gotten as far as Martinsburg—sixteen miles by the roads in those days. The news was that men, women and children had been driven away from the town because the Rebels intended to set it on fire.

"You can be sure that one of the first things the people did was to conceal their valuables—their papers and little keepsakes as well as their possessions that were worth actual money.

"County officials grabbed up all the county records and books and ran and hid them. People took up their valuables and silverware and money and dug holes in their back yards and in vacant lots and hid it. Cattle and stock were driven up into the hills to keep the Rebels from getting any for butchering for supplies. It didn't take us long to hide what we wanted to keep from Johnny Reb, and then we sent out scouts on horseback to learn what they could about the enemy. The scouts took to all roads leading to the south, and they had instructions to ride their horses into the ground, if they had to, to get back with any news. No Rebels ever came through Little Blair, Sonny, except those that were in boxes or the handful who had come afoot as prisoners a day or two later. We caught them down near Bloody Run.

"One of the scouts who came back that night was so worn and dusty and sweaty that he almost fell from his horse. We were waiting for word, of course, and crowded around him to hear what news he brought. What he had to tell everyone was what you probably know. 'You needn't worry now,' he told them, 'there's a big fight going on over to the east. They probably won't come this way now!'"

"'Where are they fighting?' a man asked him, eager for all the news he could get of the Rebs and their army.

"'Little place called Gettysburg,' the scout said wearily, 'been fighting there since yesterday. They say it's the biggest battle yet.'"

I was taken by surprise. The old man was shaking his head, as though he were saying, yes, yes, yes. "You can look up the dates and the history and you'll find it's

Continued on page 222

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RESISTOL
"SELF-CONFORMING" hats
TRADE MARK

THE MOST COMFORTABLE HAT MADE

Pennsylvanians Never Surrender

Continued from page 221

just as I say it was," he declared.

I wanted to give the old man due respect, but a question was annoying me. I swallowed, deciding to chance it. "I don't doubt what you say at all," I said, assuming the air of a bright high-school student, "but how was it that these Minute Men fooled Lee? I mean, they did a fine job and all that, but I . . ."

"That's a mighty good question," he replied, "and it shows you've been listening. I'll just go inside and get a piece I cut out of the paper years ago, which might answer that question for you. And I'll bring out the cider."

He went into the house. Just because a newspaper said it was so wouldn't be reason enough to make it so, I argued to myself. And then I reasoned that the newspapers probably were more accurate than some of the tales of the old soldiers. The clinking of glasses on a tray broke up the soliloquy.

"Read this while I pour," he said, offering me a yellowed clipping from a newspaper, the Altoona *Tribune.* It was a rather long piece about Blair County and the war, but I read it all. "Pay particular attention," he said, "to the paragraph about the message from General Lee."

The clipping asserted the following message could be found in the Federal Archives in Washington:

"Headquarters in the Saddle—General Longstreet: You will change proposed route to Harrisburg. You cannot pass through McKee's Gap. There is an impassable wall across the Gap, but the woods are full of Higgins' Infantry and Beamer's Cavalry. Every tree contains sharpshooters. Go via Gettysburg.—R. E. Lee."

When I had finished reading it, he handed me a glass of cider without saying a word.

"Is the message authentic?" I asked.

"I don't know," he replied. "It just very well may be. If it's not in the archives it's probably lost, as so many wartime communications are always lost. We do know, though, that they had planned to come this way, and that they'd probably have walked right through us if their army had come.

"A confederate colonel came up to Hollidaysburg some years after the war to talk business with a foundry owner and others in the vicinity. Folks got him to talking that time and he avowed they'd have come through McKee's Gap but for the reports that their spies and scouts got hold of. I say these chicken-raiders, as they're so poorly called, fooled the scouts and they fooled General Lee. More, if you know your history, you know General Meade had to hurry the legs off his men to get them to Gettysburg. If the

What do you know about-

A Robin H...?

Hood. "Robbed the rich to give to the poor." Don't you believe it! Really ransacked those castles looking for comfortable underwear. Did crime pay? Certainly not. Allen-A's hadn't been invented yet.

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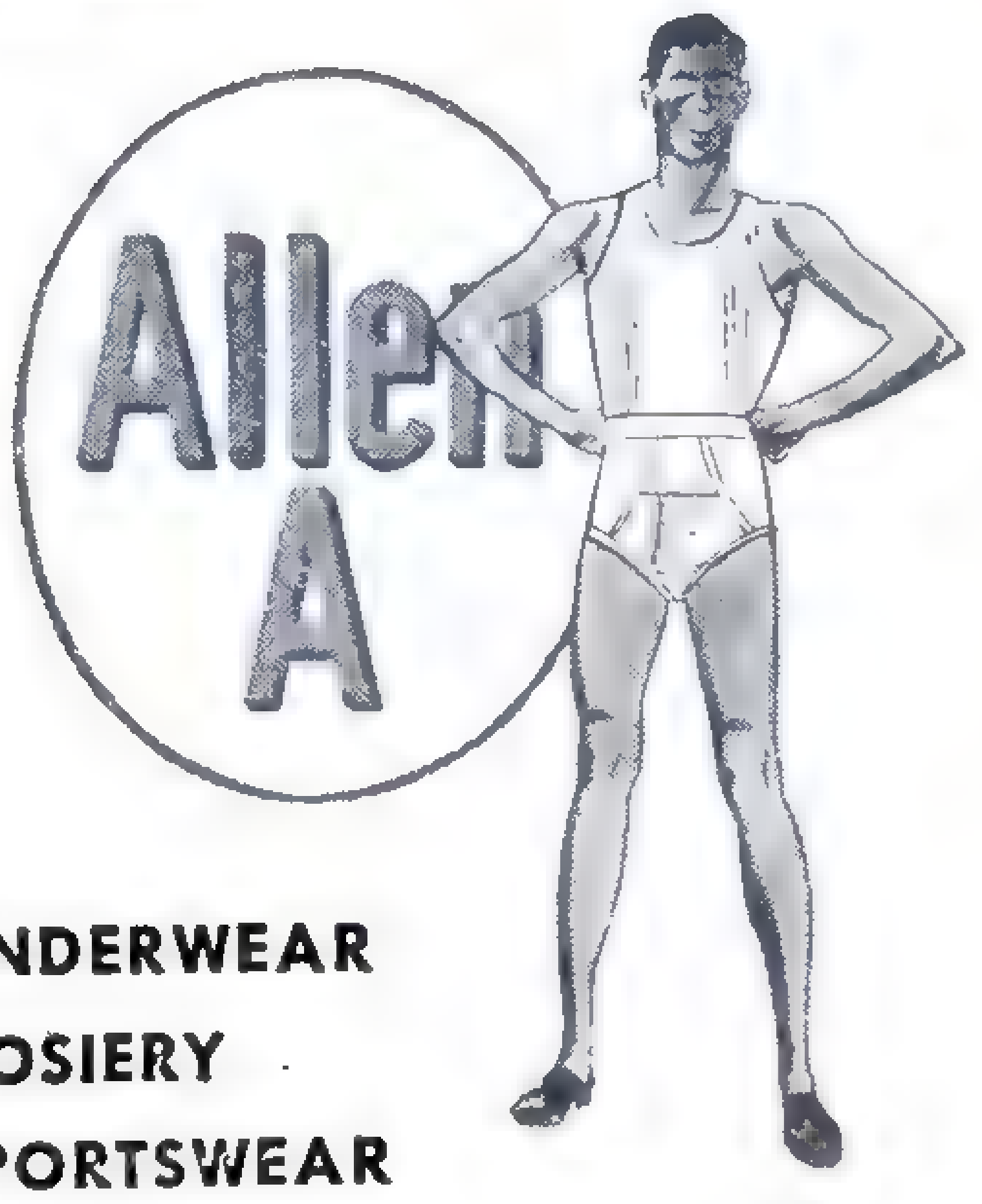


UNDERWEAR
HOSIERY
SPORTSWEAR

Johnny Rebs had come north this way instead of east, I swear it, they'd have had Altoona in their pocket and been sitting and waiting for Meade up here in the mountains, with everything in their favor.

"No matter though. History doesn't record battles that didn't take place. I guess I am one of the few men left who remembers that the chicken-raiders, at the time their country needed them, weren't funny. They went out to die, just as their brothers and kinfolk from this county who died at Gettysburg, The Wilderness, Spotsylvania and Antietam. There's just nothing to laugh at when a man offers himself up for his country's sake."

He poured us each another glass of cider and we drank it up. "I clean forgot," he sighed, after he had upended his glass, "we should have had a toast to the Boys in Blue and the Boys in Gray." He poured out some more. "Now," he said, "to them!"

I drank and then put down my glass. "Well," I said, "guess I'll roll along. But before I go, I just want to tell you that I'm sorry. I'll square the gang for you. You don't have to worry any more about the kids yelling chicken-raider at you."

It's all right, Sonny," he said, as I got up from my seat on the porch. He offered me his gnarled hand and added, "got only a few more years to live and I reckon I can put up with the teasing. But I'm going down fighting against that offensive name, that insult to the men of their own county and country. I guess they just don't realize what happened."

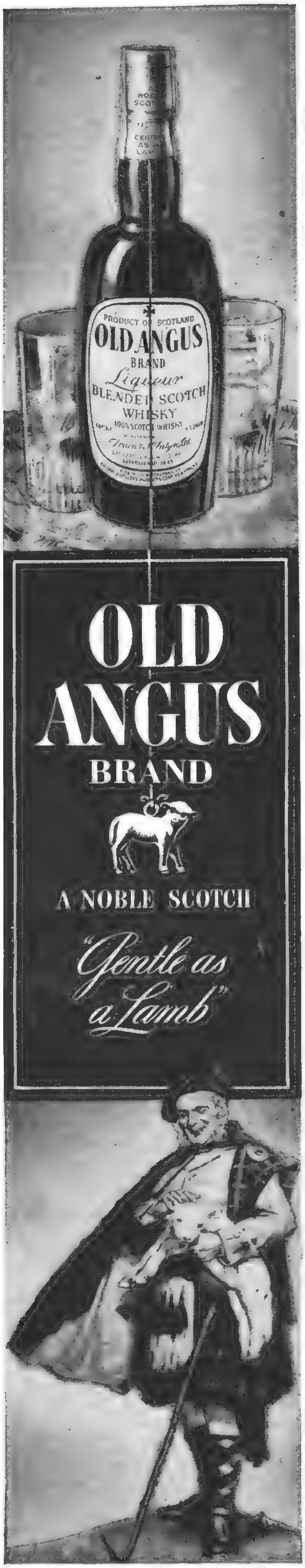
We shook hands. I started down over the lawn, opened the gate and stepped onto the sidewalk. I looked up and he was standing erect and soldierly, and his eyes had a friendly gleam. As I hooked the gate he called down to me:

"Sonny, someday maybe you'll be in a war yourself. Seems as though every man is faced with it at least once in his lifetime. If you are, just remember, never laugh at the job another fellow does in the war, and don't make fun of his outfit. The littlest thing, years later, may prove to be the turn of the coin which meant victory or defeat. So any man who serves, right down to the scullery boy, helps and should merit praise. And remember, Pennsylvanians never surrender."

I called, "So long," waved my hand and started down the street again. It was getting toward sunset. A flicker swept from a shade tree at my approach. The heavy scent of roses came over a lawn, and I breathed in the warm fragrance to mingle with my long thoughts.

I was fifteen, the world was wonderful, the old man was wonderful, but wrong, because wars had gone out of fashion, and it was 1930. ⧻

Continued from page 111



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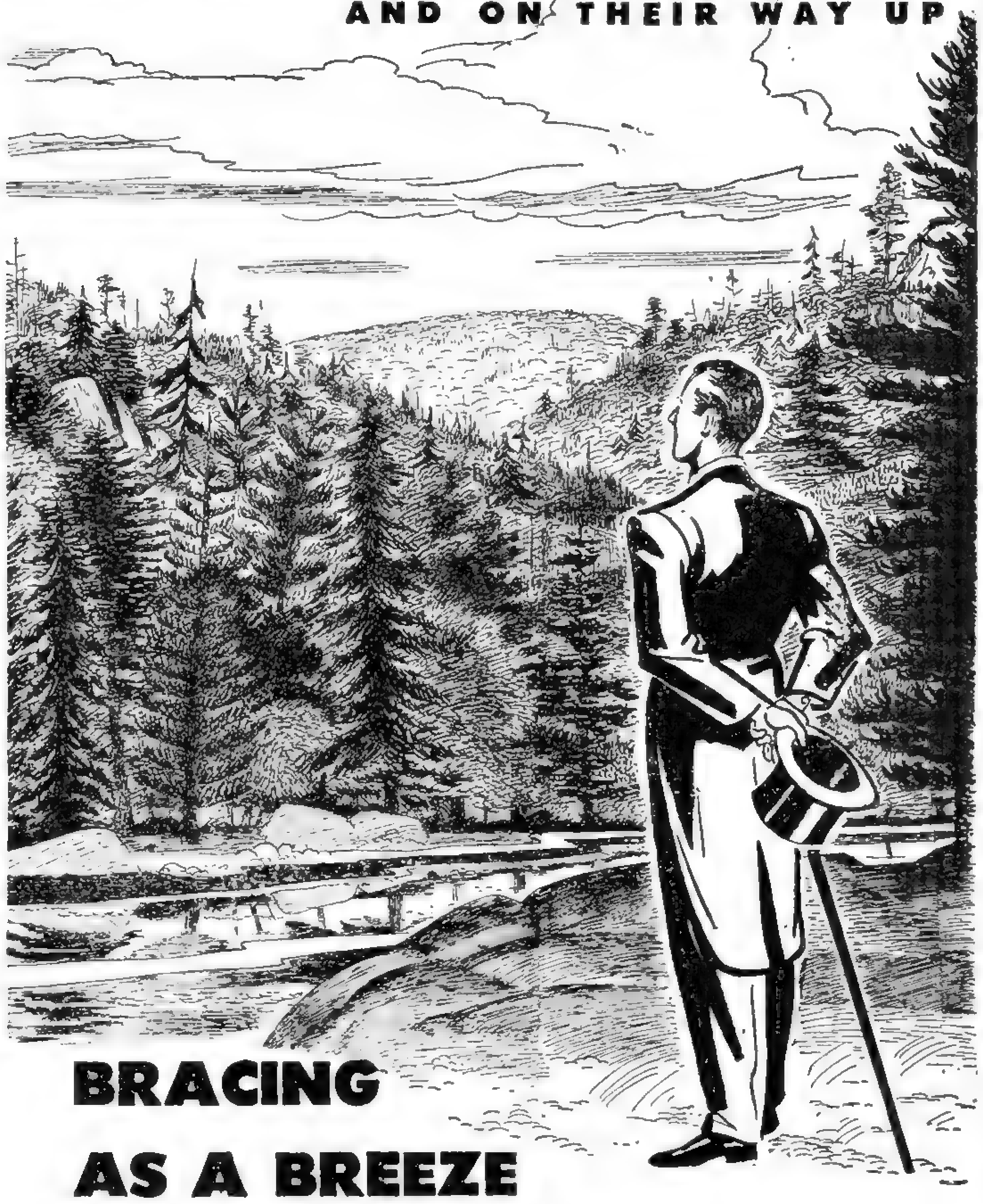

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Toiletries for Gentlemen
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Defender of the Weak

Continued from page 132

by some tenuous logic that another boy had insulted him. The affray lasted for perhaps a minute. I leaned against a tree, affecting boredom in my best Bill Hart manner. Dick, having polished off his victim, came over to bask in my approval.

"I couldn't let that bird get away with a thing like that," he observed, his tone that of one equal to another, as he waited for me to comment.

I looked at Dick coldly and drew a match from my pocket. I continued to stare into his expectant eyes as I lit the match with my thumbnail. Only after I had blown it out did I honor him with comment.

"What was the matter with that left of yours? Was it tied to your side?"

But a fighter cannot live indefinitely on reputation alone. I realized this, so from time to time went into action to keep my name before my public. I admit such encounters were carefully planned. Generally I picked my man, selected the setting, and thought through the publicity details long before he suspected I had designs upon him. To illustrate, I shall cite the M. case, framed shortly after I had celebrated my tenth birthday.

Willie M. was fourteen and wore long trousers. We both sang in the choir. His voice had changed the year before and he had dropped out for a while. He had just returned as an alto, a fact which further increased his value to me. Actually he was a likable fellow, though a trifle on the dull side. If given even a little bit of encouragement he would clown.

At this time a large part of my social activities were centered about our church choir. We rehearsed Monday and Friday evenings, had our own basketball team, a distinctive hatband, and received a modest stipend for singing on Sundays, with extra pay for weddings and funerals. When anything unusual happened, some thirty young choristers could be depended upon to broadcast it throughout the community. It was, in short, a perfect setting for my plans.

I stalked Willie for several weeks. When I said insulting things to him he treated them as a joke. If I bumped into him while playing "throw the wicket," he asked my pardon. He was exasperating. Of course I realized that if a thing is worth doing it is worth doing well, and that I could not afford to stoop to unjustifiable mayhem. At last my patience was rewarded and he gave me the opportunity I was waiting for.

We choir boys had a weakness for anisette lozenges. We understood in a vague way that they were good for the voice though

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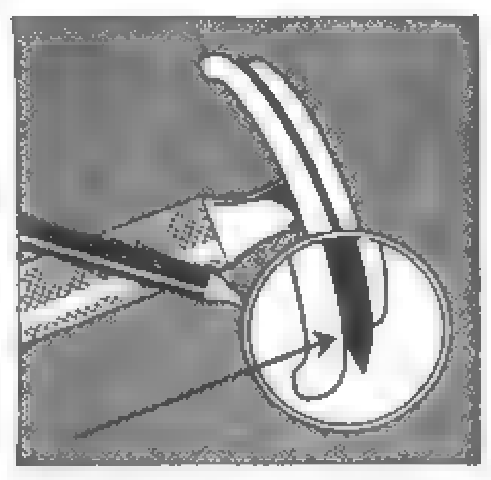
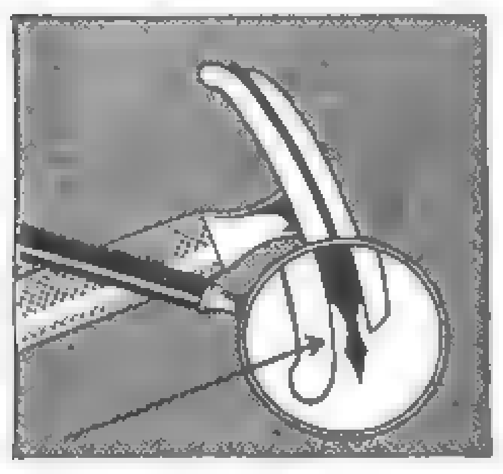


You see, other razor blades are ground like a pocket knife, and the edges are *rigid* in the razor



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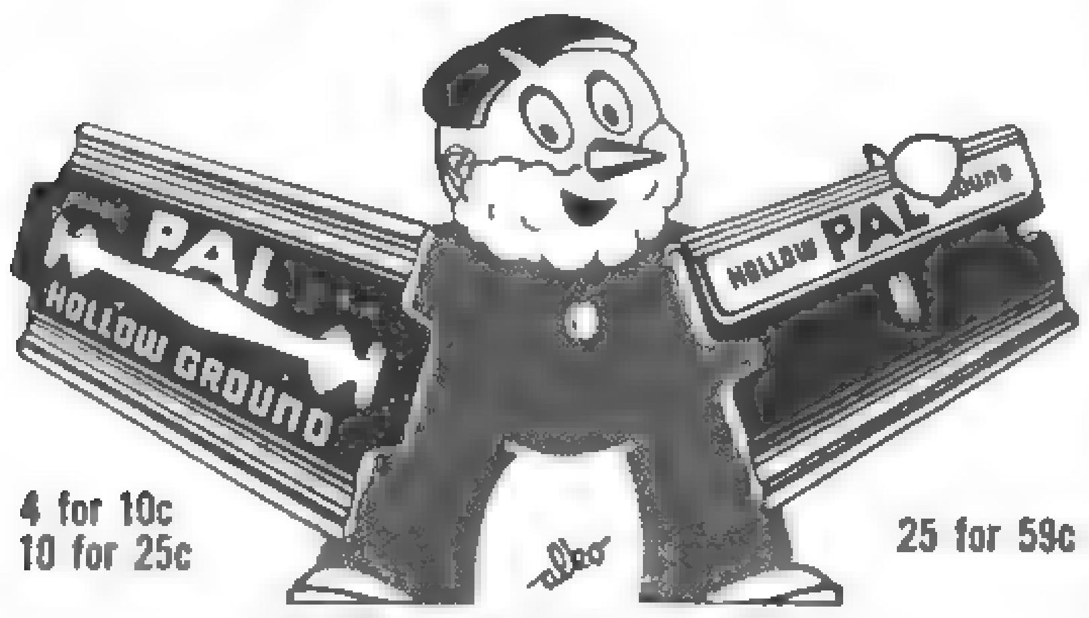

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we were liable to a fine of ten cents if detected eating them in church. The practice, at least among the sopranos, was widespread. Even the little S. boy, who trotted at the heels of the crucifier, was an addict. One evening after church I heard in a roundabout way that Willie had filched an anisette drop from little S.'s pocket and that S. had wept.

I pondered the heinousness of this crime. Considered from all angles, anyone who would take candy from a baby was beyond the pale. By Friday evening I had worked myself up to a fine state of moral indignation. I was waiting for Willie when he arrived for rehearsal.

"Willie," I asked him sadly, "were you picking on little Johnnie S. last Sunday evening?"

Willie was puzzled at first, and then in his slow-witted way began to explain.

"Why, I was only foolin', and besides—"

I hit him first in one eye and then in the other. It was the old Frommer System at its best. Before Willie realized what had happened the sexton had separated us. The timing was perfect. Safe in the arms of the sexton I struggled frantically, shouting the while, "Let me at him, the big bully!"

When I had been calmed down Willie explained that it was all a mistake, that he had meant no harm. Eventually I was persuaded to accept his apology, and after warning him never to do such a thing again I consented to shake his hand. I even advised him to put cold water on his eyes. On Sunday morning they were a beautiful shade of violet, tinged with ochre. Over a white surplice, they affected "the martyr first, whose eagle eye, could pierce beyond the grave."

There was a sequel to the M. case which I had not anticipated. Though Willie accepted his twin shiners as karma his father did not. He complained to the Mayor, and the Mayor complained to the Police Department. A few days later the Police Department stopped me on the street.

"Say, John," the Police Department said in a distinctly disapproving voice, "I have been lookin' for you."

I tried to speak, but couldn't, and he continued: "Whatta ya mean—why didja beat up the M. boy?"

"Oh, that."

My knees stopped knocking and I was filled with a sense of well-being.

"I had to do it," I explained. "The big stiff was abusing little Johnnie S!"

I walked on air as I departed from my first direct brush with the law. Afterwards, whenever I passed the Department on the street it would always say "H'yah, John," and I always had the same reply, "H'yah, Bob. How's tricks?"

Shortly after this a new *casus belli* began to occupy an impor-

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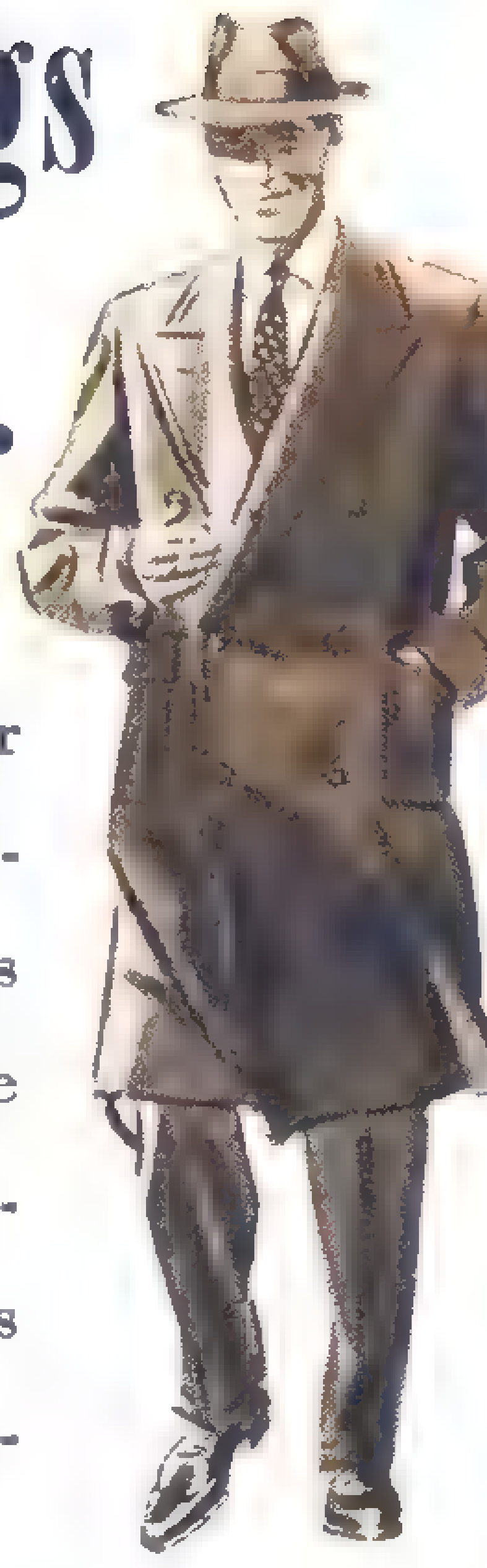
All the things you want...



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Defender of the Weak

Continued from page 225

tant position in the minds of young males. It had to do with the use of the epithet, s. o. b., and led to the development of a whole new school of public relations. It was, I believe, attributable to Owen Wister's *The Virginian.*

At least Mr. Wister demonstrated that it could be either a term of extreme endearment or a term of extreme execration, and that the key to the difference was a smile. According to the code, it was a compliment when an acquaintance smiled at you and said casually:

"Why, you old s. o. b., it does my eyes good to see you." But it was a fighting salutation if the friend forgot to smile. Your move then was to grit your teeth and snarl, "Smile when you say that. Damn you, smile!"

If the requested smile was not immediately forthcoming, social custom was such that you had to fight or stand exposed to the community as a lily-livered coward. It was distinctly a he-man's code which had to be handled with gloves.

My most dramatic defense of the code resulted from a challenge by a grown man. Once a year the local firemen staged a demonstration of their ability. The volunteers donned their uniforms and when the bell was rung dashed out of the firehouse with their apparatus and double-quicked it down to the First National Bank building which they thoroughly sprayed with water.

After this display of skill they returned to the firehouse and proceeded to get drunk. Many firemen could not bear the strain of exhibiting themselves without being properly fortified in advance, a characteristic which usually added a great deal of color to this annual event.

Hoseman Butch McG. was of such a sensitive nature. I, then twelve, was one of the critical audience which crowded around the fire hydrant as Butch prepared to attach his hose. Perspiration poured from his brow and his hands seemed all thumbs as we all offered him what we thought were most excellent suggestions.

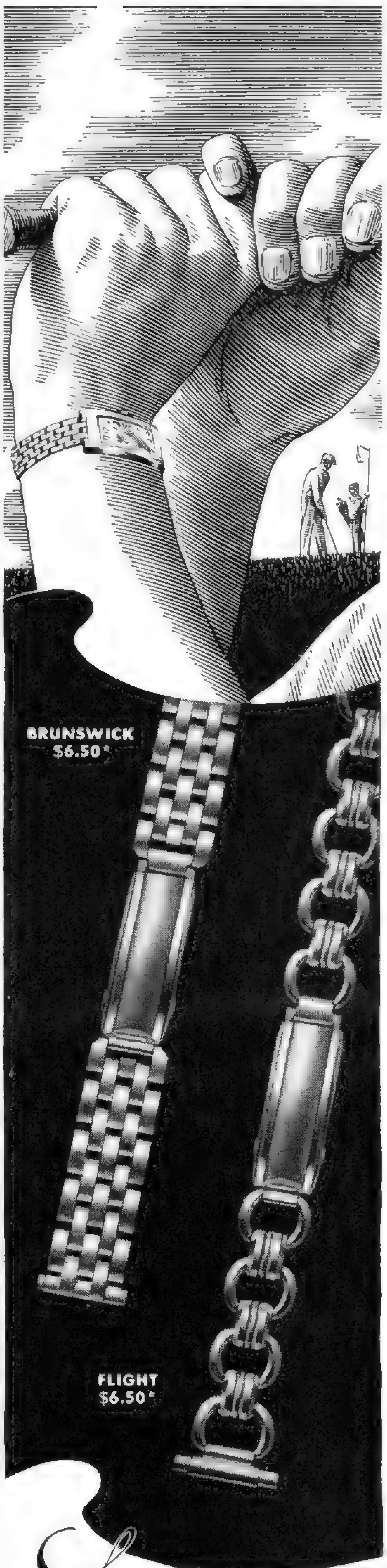
He was in no mood to accept gratuitous advice. In desperation he rose to his full height and with an all-embracing gesture bellowed:

"All youse little s. o. b.'s get out of my way!"

I was the sole bystander who had the presence of mind to appreciate the full enormity of the insult.

Automatically I said in a voice that I hoped was like chilled steel, "Smile, damn you, when you say that!"

The next instant I was at him like a tiger. He tripped over the hose and I stood over him. Be-



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fore he had a chance to rise the Police Department pulled me away. It was at least ten minutes before they were able to get the crowd back in line and another ten minutes before they were able to continue with the demonstration.

As a matter of record, Butch was none the worse for the affair, and he insisted that he had just tripped over his hose. But the popular verdict was that I had knocked down a fireman. After that, for a time, only my intimates called me s. o. b., and when they did they smiled affectionately.

However, sometime later I learned that a reputation can be a liability as well as an asset. It was first brought to my attention by a boy two years behind me in school, Harry Mac F., who had no illusions about fighting to defend the weak. He just liked to fight. He had a most disconcerting way of remarking to all who came his way, "I'm not afraid of you!"

Under guise of great friendship I threw an arm around his neck and ingeniously sought to get a line on his strength. "You want to wrestle?" he inquired, and none too gently I was picked up and thrown down. I got up smiling, for I recognized my master. Harry Mac F. was as strong as a young gorilla.

Harry became insufferable. Some of his boorish acts were hard to laugh off. Once he invited me to knock a chip off his shoulder. I declined, explaining rather weakly that we were such good friends I couldn't think of it. Then he announced loudly in front of a few of my friends he would knock a chip off *my* shoulder any godamned time I would put one on it.

Harry was a sobering influence in my life. He caused me to consider seriously the possibility of defeat, and nothing is quite so insidious to a good fighting machine.

I knew I couldn't afford to fight a younger boy. I tried to think through the problem. I would have liked nothing better than to meet Harry in the country where no one would see us and say to him, "C'mon, Harry, and may the best man win."

I usually went over all this in my mind as soon as I got into bed. I considered every angle, and tried in every way to find a solution which would bring me out the winner. Finally, wearied by the lack of a way out, I fell asleep about nine o'clock.

However, even if I got the opportunity to arrange something like that, there would be no assurance Harry would not brag about it if he did win.

It was a tremendous relief when the Mac F's moved to Pittsburgh. Now there was no cause to worry. I was indisputably the toughest boy in town.

Pittsburgh?

Pittsburgh was a long way away. ⧺

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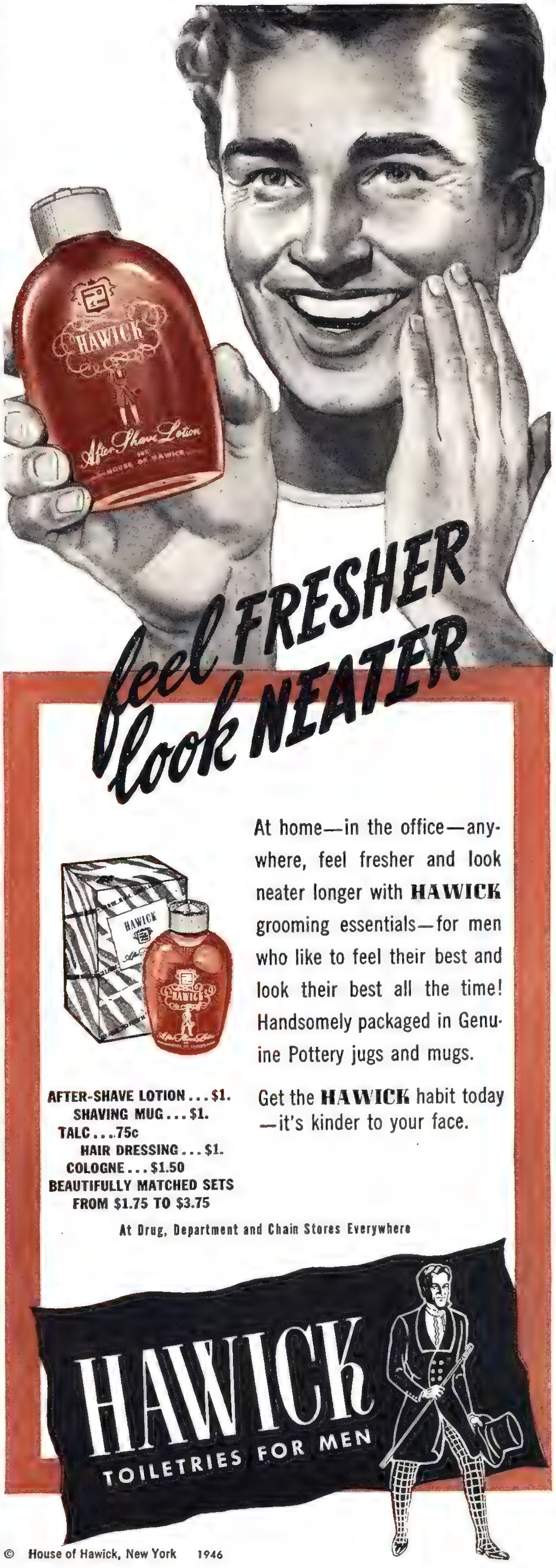
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Let's Rodeo, Cowboy

Continued from page 120

the bronc is turned loose with the feeling of victory and a desire to buck again which he might lose if ridden to a standstill. Also, a longer ride doesn't prove anything, because a bronc does his hardest bucking in the first eight or ten seconds.

One of the most popular of the different rodeo events is saddle bronc riding. All rodeo stock is numbered and the contestants draw their animals by lot. It's after the drawing that the cowboys begin to get that old knot in their stomachs. If a contestant draws a tough bronc or rank bull he is apt to try to cover up his "elevators" by telling the other hands that he's glad he's finally drawn a bronc with class so he can show how good he really is.

In the saddle bronc event, only association contest saddles are used. The horse has a regulation halter to which is attached the single bucking rein. It is held on one side of the horse's neck and is the only hold the rider is allowed to help maintain his balance.

The rider must spur the horse out of the chute, first on the shoulder, then raking down the side, up and down for the entire ride. Failure to spur to the judges' satisfaction, getting bucked off, changing hands on the rein or wrapping it around the hand, "pulling leather" (grabbing saddle), "blowing stirrup" (losing foot from stirrup), and touching either horse or saddle with free hand will disqualify and "goose-egg" the contestant.

Two men serve as judges and they score the ride on the basis of 100 per cent, fifty per cent on the rider and fifty on the horse. It takes a plenty "spooky" horse to score forty points and it takes a plenty salty bronc stomper to stay aboard him.

A horse that bucks high, while it looks spectacular, is not necessarily hard to ride. The bronc that kicks high as he bucks, sunfishes (twisting from side to side), ducks and dodges as he jumps, or "snatches" the rein by suddenly dropping and raising his head, most often makes the cowboy eat dirt. The uninitiated think that just because the horse bucked high and the man stayed on, he made a good ride. Often this is not the case.

The bareback bronc event is much the same as the saddle bronc, except that the horses are ridden with a surcingle or loose rope rigging. This is merely a large noose pulled up tight around the horse's belly which the rider holds with one hand. Since bareback riding is harder, the horses aren't as tough as most of them are running buckers. However, the chances of injury are great since he can't be helped off by the pick-up man and must hope for a slight lull in the bronc's barrage in order to step off safely.

There are different techniques in bronc riding that often escape

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PRODUCT OF THE ARGENTINE

the casual fan. Some riders, for example, set the stirrups long and ride with their legs straight, and others use a short stirrup with the knees bent. Cowboys often alter their style to meet the peculiarities of the horse they're on top of. The use of spurs plays an important part.

The broncs have their own techniques too. One type comes out of the chute on a flat dead run and when halfway across the arena suddenly explodes under the rider. Another will squat back in the chute until the gate opens. Then he rockets out in a long rabbit jump that is maybe twenty or twenty-five feet in length. A third type unwinds right out of the chute gate, bucking from the word go.

Riders stick to their broncs sometimes even when blood spurts from their noses. And once at the Livingston rodeo when a horse crushed a rider's leg up against another horse, breaking it in five places, he stayed on and on. He was in the hospital fourteen months and finally lost his leg. The instinct that keeps a bronc rider in the saddle is sort of like Wild Bill Hickok's drawing both six-shooters as he fell dead with a bullet in the back.

Wild bulls and steers are ridden with a loose rope around their belly like the bareback broncs, except that a cowbell is slung from it. A "rank" bull is often a nearly impossible thing to ride and a man can sometimes win the event by just "tight-legging the critter" and staying aboard any old way. Bulls and steers that spin in circles are harder to ride than those that buck and pitch and zigzag.

One of the most universally popular events is bulldogging or steer wrestling. The dogger waits on one side of the chute while his hazer, his helper, waits on the other side. The steer comes out of the chute and as it crosses a deadline in front of the riders, the timer starts his watch, and both horses leap forward after the animal. When the steer is squeezed in between the two riders and the three hurtling figures merge into one, the dogger falls from his horse onto the horns, grabbing them and bringing the animal to a skidding stop by digging his high boot heels into the ground. At the same time he twists the animal's head around by one horn and the nose until the animal topples over on him. As soon as all four legs are outstretched, the judge drops his flag and the time stops, but if the dogger should knock the steer down in his jump he must let him up before throwing him. The real thrill of dogging is the leap from horse to steer and not the wrestling part. If a dogger can down his steer in between seven and ten seconds he's a cinch to make "eatin' money."

In calf roping, the contestant has no hazer to help him. He waits behind a barrier on his horse, his small calf loop ready and the piggin' string in his teeth, until the calf crosses the deadline

Continued on page 230

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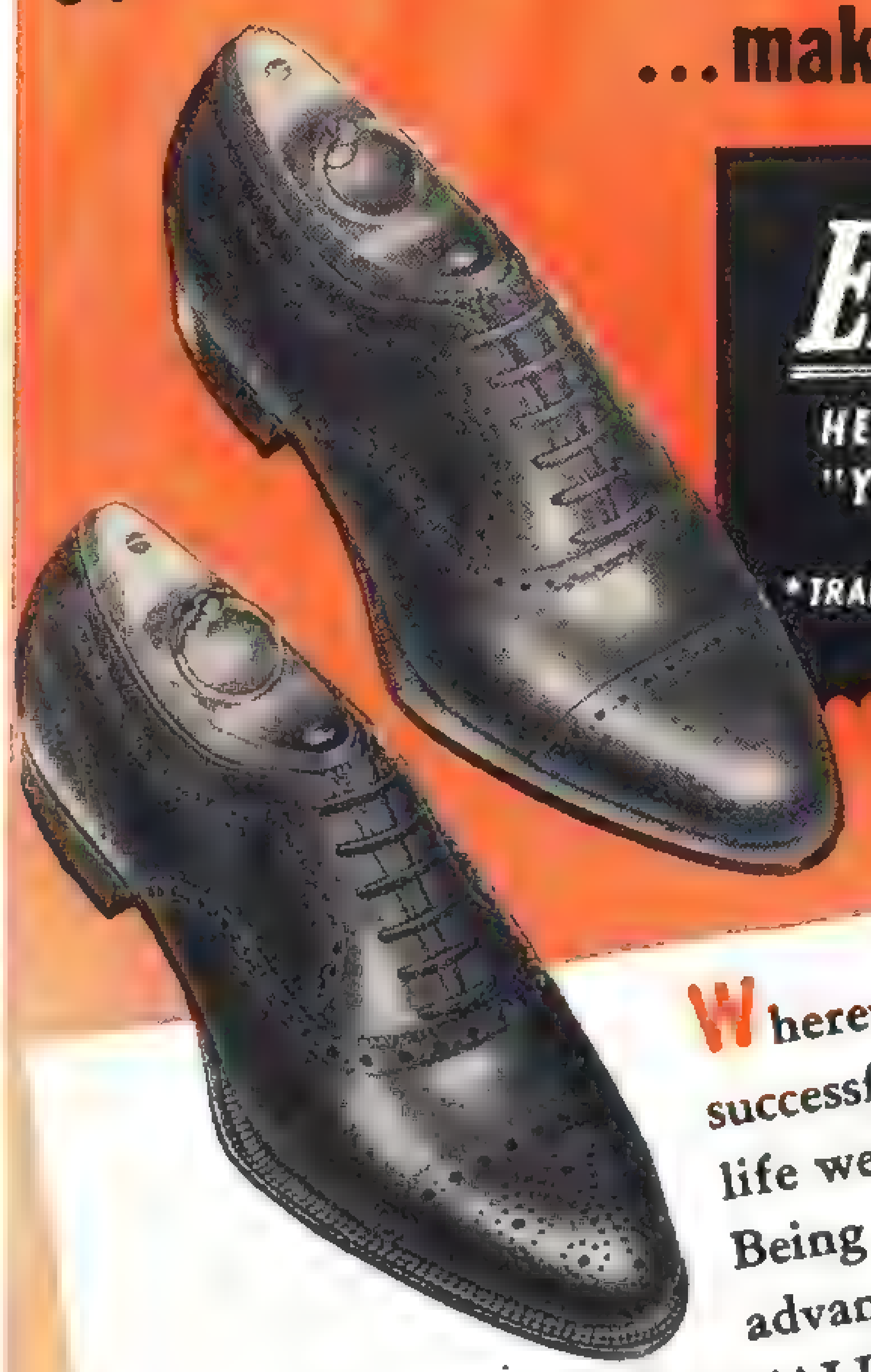

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Let's Rodeo, Cowboy

Continued from page 229

ahead of the chute. When the barrier is sprung, the horse shoots after the bouncing, zigzagging animal, and the timer's watch starts ticking. Even before the calf hits the end of the rope after being caught, the cowboy piles off his horse and runs down the lariat.

There are different ways to spill a calf, but the usual way is to stand on one side of him, reach over his back and grab the animal's loose skin, give him a sudden boost with your knee and slam him down. Then, kneeling on his neck, you tie any three legs with the piggin' string, lift up your hands triumphantly, and that doggone stop watch will stop ticking. Twenty seconds will bring home the bacon in the average rodeo.

The World Championship in the individual events, incidentally, is awarded by the Rodeo Association of America on the basis of one point for each dollar won in rodeos approved by the association. The glittery title of all-around World Champion Cowboy is given to the rodeo hand who made the most points in all events combined.

Since what most cowboys earn does not depend on their box-office attraction, they do not attempt to get publicity as do professionals in other sports. Crowds are attracted more by the quality of the ridden than the riders, and rodeo promoters generally give more publicity to the stock than to the performers. Real fans, however, know every good bronc stomper in the racket and the rodeo world keeps up with itself by reading its magazine *Hoofs and Horns.*

The World Champion horse would be a tough one to pick. But in any list of all-time buckers, you'd mention Midnight, Steamboat, Five Minutes to Midnight, One Way Trip, and Will James.

And maybe the list would include Red Tip. Anybody who saw that horse's last appearance would be inclined to have his name head the list. He was a good-looking rangy chestnut from the Gus Obermire string, and he was a nice polite rodeo bucker until he turned outlaw. In his last ride he fought the chute handlers dizzy with every trick he knew, rearing, biting, kicking and shaking off the saddle, until finally they gave up and turned him into the arena where they roped and threw him. They worked the saddle on him as he was stretched out between two mounted ropers, one with the front feet and the other with the back, and when saddled they let him up, tightly snubbing him to another horse. A fine bronc man had drawn him and he swung into the saddle determined to stick him.

When the cowboy gave the word they turned Red Tip loose. The horse shot up into the air with a squeal, kicking high to make the saddle snap under the rider like a catapult, unwinding with all the fury of a monsoon as he ducked,

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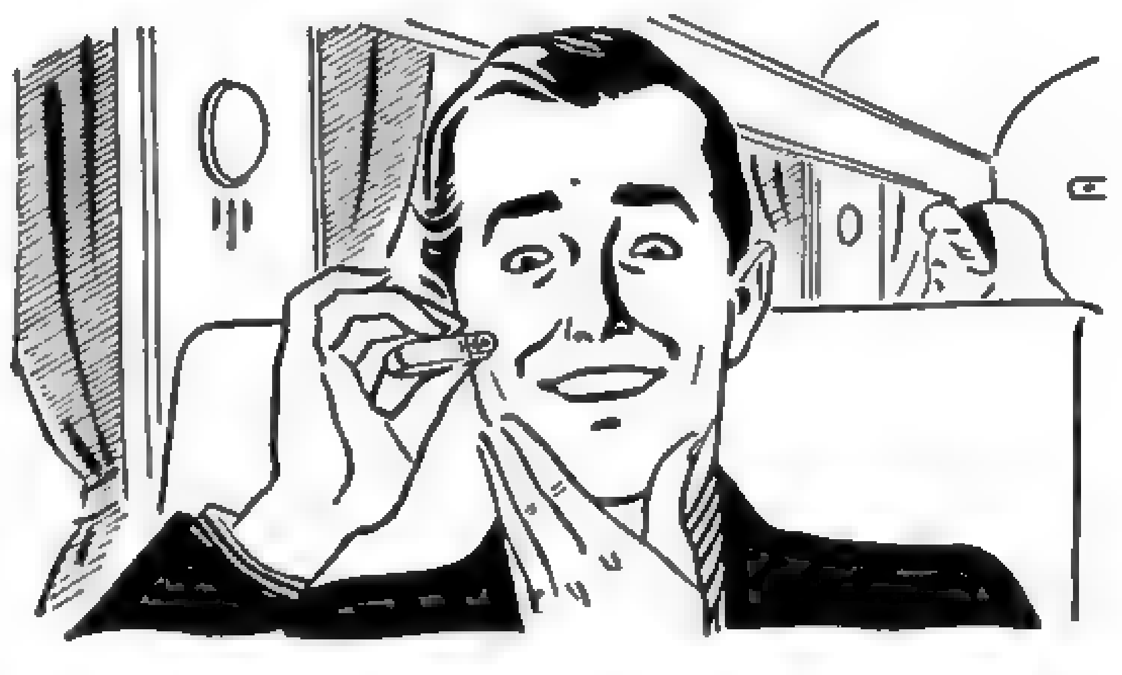

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just put 'em on, one leg at a time . . .

. . . as if they were ordinary slacks . . . but Seven Seas fabrics, fit, and styling are emphatically out of the ordinary—as any mirror can tell you. Ideal for campus, sports, and informal dress wear—priced reasonably, too.

AT BETTER STORES

Seven Seas SLACKS

Moyer Manufacturing Company
YOUNGSTOWN
GOOD SLACKS SINCE 1894

dodged, and shivered into the air. In one of those high, treacherous leaps he and his tormentor parted company, the rider falling stunned in the dust. Red Tip split the vanquished's skull open with a smashing kick and then pranced around the arena majestically with his tail and head high, his mane flying.

As for the best cowboy of all time, you're asking for immediate physical retaliation if you blurt out a candidate for that title in the West. But certainly no one will complain if you say that Fritz Truan, from Salinas, California, was one of the best. He worked his way through the smaller rodeos quickly and up to being All-Around Champion in 1940. His last roundup was as a sergeant in a service rodeo in Honolulu, before shoving off for Iwo Jima, where he was killed.

A thing that amazes the person who goes to a rodeo for the first time is why more of the contestants aren't hurt when they take those spectacular spills. It's a wonder all of them don't get killed, but just the same, a pretty high average ends up on the casualty list. Some of the steady rodeo boys even get bronc-slappy and start to walk on their heels.

Once, in a Montana rodeo, a cowpuncher was to come out of a chute on a giant Brahma steer. While they were preparing the animal, Tin Horn Hank, a celebrated rodeo clown, dressed in a ridiculous costume, cavorted around in front of the chute. He was a great favorite and the audience was still holding its sides as the chute opened. Tin Horn, with his silly cap on backwards, continued to clown as the steer dumped its rider and then headed for him. The audience gasped as he held his ground, planning to wait until the last minute before stepping aside. But when he ducked, the steer veered straight into him and for a horrible moment he was spitted on the horns, a grotesque bundle of rags, and then he was dead in the arena dust. It can happen like that.

About the only impractical part of a cowboy's outfit is that purty silk shirt and that big silver belt buckle. The high heels on the boots keep your foot from going through the stirrup and getting you dragged to death when a bronc spills you; the big bat-wing chaps (pronounced *shaps* out West) protect a bronc-rider's legs from becoming saddle-galled, from scraping against the chute, and from the pick-up man's saddle. And that five or ten gallon hat is perfect for fanning a bronc.

Any questions? How do you pronounce what you've been talking about? Well, it's a Spanish word meaning roundup and can be pronounced "ro-DAY-oh," or "RO-dee-oh," but you'll hear the latter more often out West. But no matter how it's pronounced or in what part of the continent you see it, rodeo's grown up, it's here to stay, and it's a colorful addition to the sporting scene. ⧻

Continued from page 120

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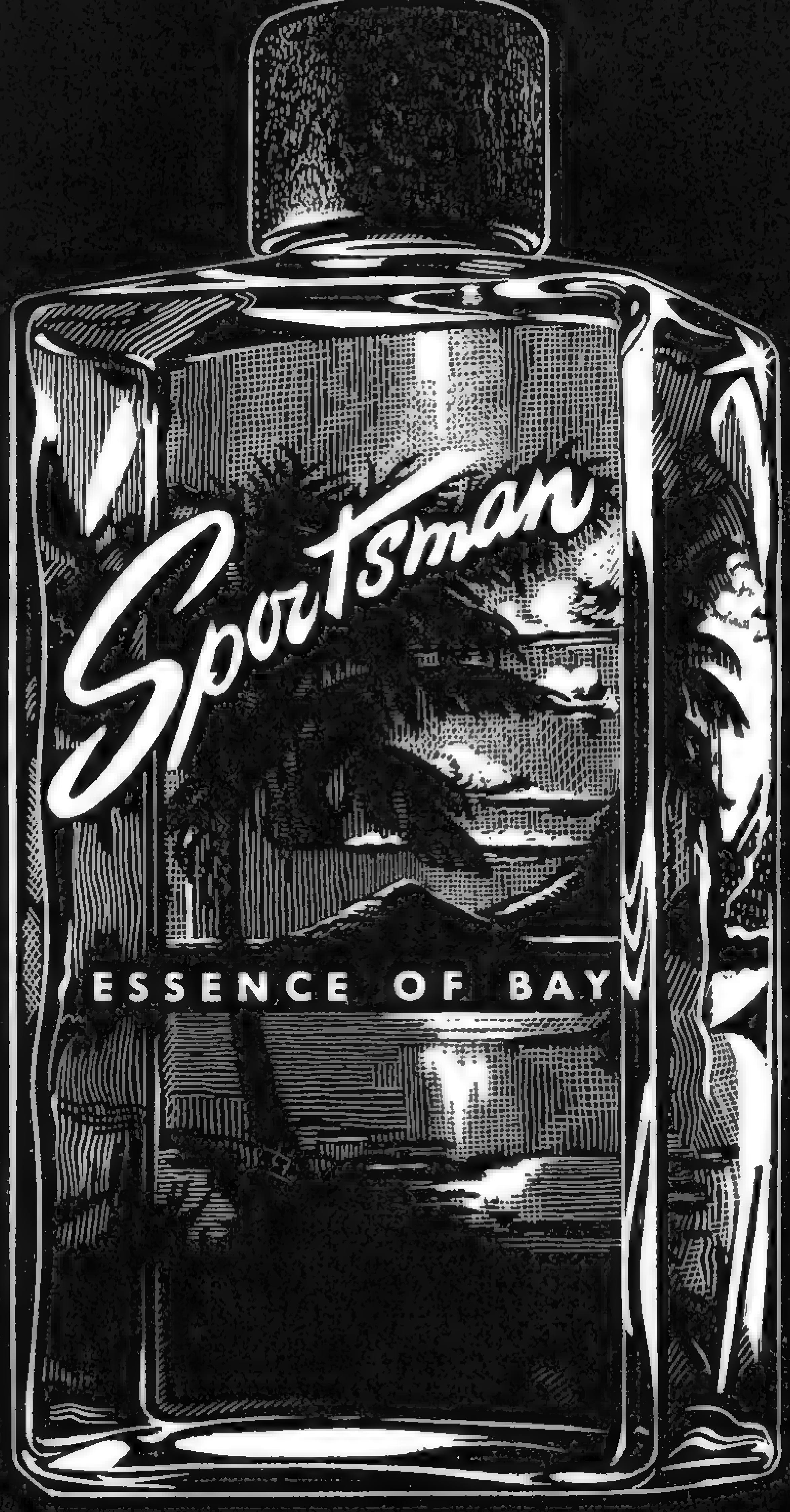

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Adventure on the High Iron

Continued from page 87

into the green eyes of a huge cougar. Without debate they jumped from the cab and fled down the tracks. But the cougar did not pursue them. One of the men cautiously made his way back up the tracks, climbed over the pilot and along the footboard. He climbed up onto the cab roof and stuck his head over the edge.

The cougar was sitting in front of the warm firebox. At that moment the semaphore arm went up, and the red light changed to yellow. Time to get going—but there was the cougar in the cab.

One of the men got a bright idea. He reached in and turned the firebox blower on full blast. Then the trainmen tore off the ventilator cover of the cab, and put it over the smokestack. Hot cinders burned their hands but they held on. A moment later there was a violent blast in the cab. By plugging the stack they had caused a backfire. The cougar ran howling from the cab and on up the mountain.

Many a mountain railroader would have been equipped for such an emergency for it was common practice to travel well armed. The hunting was always good along the right-of-way. Some of the trains used to come down the mountains with trainmen standing on the locomotive pilot blasting away with shotguns and rifles.

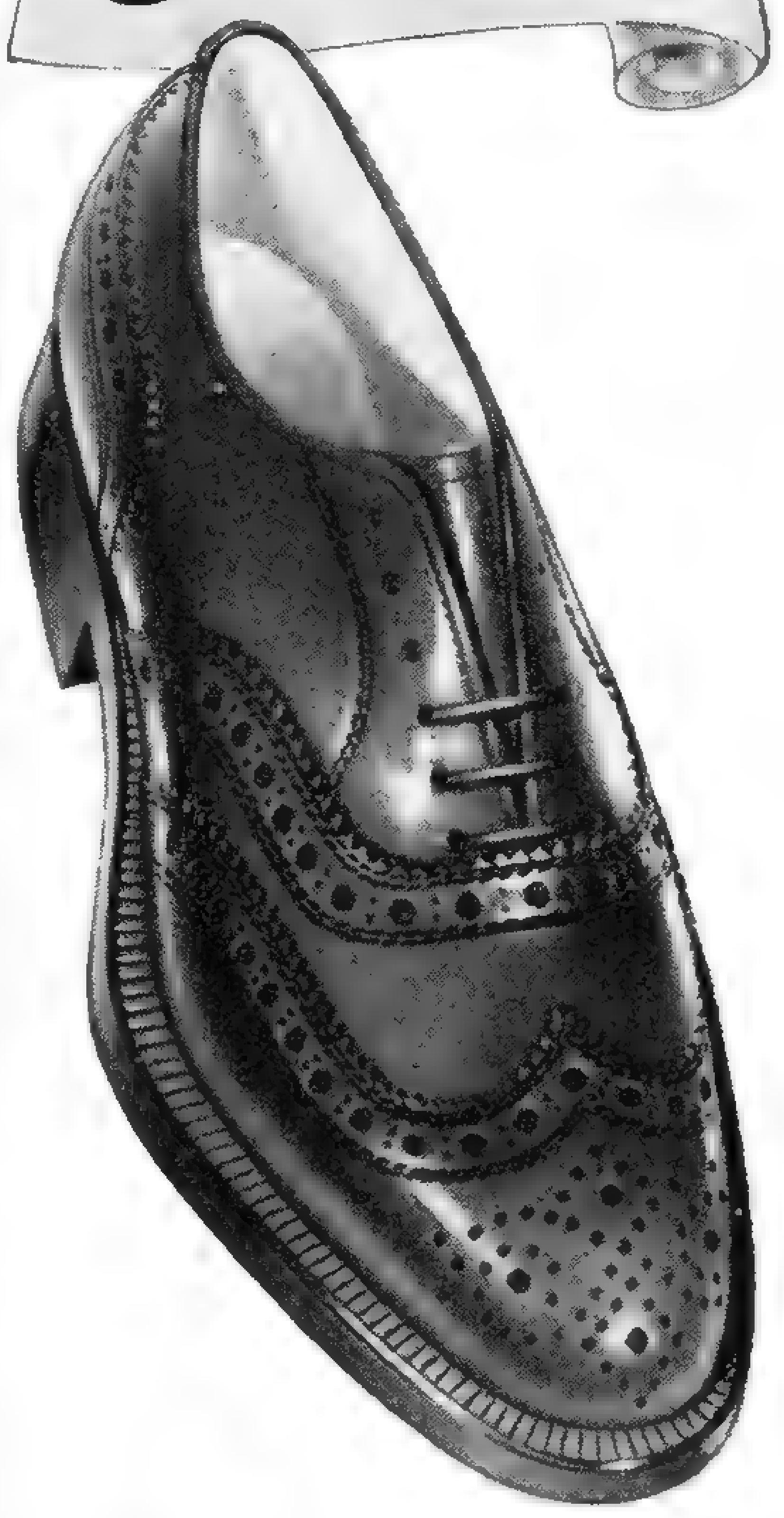
The West had no monopoly on mountain railroads. The South could boast of steep grades and hairpin curves to match the worst of those in the West. The railroaders were of the same free-spirited clan as their fellow westerners. In fact, they drifted back and forth, and many a southern railroad man had traveled on the high iron of the Rockies.

The railroader on the mountain lines in the South had his problems. Ducking bullets from the squirrel rifles of Kentucky mountaineers was one of the hazards faced by the men of the Cincinnati Southern. In the early years of the century a favorite pastime of the mountaineers was to take pot shots at passing locomotives. They began by shooting out headlights. Tiring of this, they tried their skill on the cab lights, which made it unpleasant for the cab occupants. A brakeman luckless enough to be on top of the cars with his lantern handled it gingerly, because it was a target for a light-fingered hill man.

Once the middle brakeman in a group of three trainmen was killed by a shot from the hills. A mountaineer who had imbibed too freely had made a wager that he could put out the middle lamp in a cluster of three.

But day to day railroading had enough hazards. Pat Taylor, a hogger on the Cincinnati Southern, had a great reputation for narrow escapes. One of them occurred on a spectacular struc-

THE Doctor SHOE



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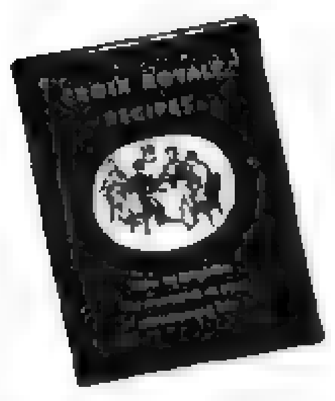

ture, the old Cumberland River Bridge. At this spot the track swung up on a ledge against the mountainside. Then it shot out onto a curving trestle leading to the main bridge, which was half a mile long and 160 feet high. After crossing the river the tracks plunged into a tunnel that ran 1,164 feet through solid rock.

Pat was at the throttle of the second section of a freight train. As he crossed the bridge he was getting up full steam. The freight ahead of him had disappeared into the tunnel. Somewhere inside the tunnel the first freight broke in two. The caboose and three cars began moving backward, and as Pat approached the tunnel mouth, the runaways were plunging out of it, heading straight for him. Under any other circumstances engineer and fireman would have jumped. But to do that here was sure death, with the long drop from the trestle.

Pat took the other chance, shut off steam fast, and the runaways smashed into the locomotive. The caboose seemed to leap into the air and the locomotive shivered as it was rammed backwards. The cars plunged into a gap in the trestle, eighteen of them altogether. The caboose with the conductor in it teetered on the edge but did not fall. On the other side of the gap, Pat and his fireman were shaken up, but not hurt.

Anyone who lived near the Cincinnati Southern was apt to remark, "There goes 'Dutch' Eiford." Eiford, an engineer with a reputation for skill in getting tunes out of his whistle, did his practicing in the lonely mountains, and many a hillbilly was frightened or charmed by the dismal wailing of the whistle.

One night there was an old-time revival in the little mining town of Stearns, Kentucky. The preacher suddenly stopped in the middle of his fervent sermon. The congregation was spellbound as the clear notes of *Oh, How I Love Jesus* came to them from the whistle of Dutch's freight train.

"Brothers and Sisters," the evangelist said, "it takes a religious man to whistle like that."

He gave Dutch too much credit, however, because the engineer fell from grace by coming down the mountain on a later ride merrily playing, *How Dry I Am.* The irate preacher complained and Dutch was ordered to "use his steam to pull boxcars instead of to entertain the citizens of Stearns."

One of the wildest hoggers on any line was Bud King of the Hook and Eye Division of the Louisville and Nashville, famous for its steep grades and sharp turns. Bud King used to scare the brakemen by going downgrade at a hair-raising speed.

Irked by King's recklessness, brakeman John Beeler decided to do something about it. On Bald Mountain there was an amazing loop where the tracks crossed each other. A train going downgrade would cross over a trestle and a short time later would circle under

Continued on page 234

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Adventure on the High Iron

Continued from page 233

this same trestle. As usual at the start of the long downgrade, Bud King started picking up speed. Beeler pulled the air. Instead of slowing down, the engineer pumped off the brakes and the train picked up more speed, rumbling out onto the long upper trestle at a breakneck speed. Beeler got busy. He leaned out of the caboose and looked down through the trestle at the tracks that circled underneath. Bud King's engine would soon be passing that spot. Beeler made a quick gesture with his hand.

A few seconds later, as the train swung around the curve to pass under the trestle, King's fireman yelled "Look out!"

There, burning brightly on the tracks, was a red fusee, the standard signal flare with a sharp point which enables it to stand upright when dropped from a running train. King began battling with his air brakes, fighting to get 700 tons of freight under control. When he finally stopped the train, half of it had already passed over the fusee. Bud King was red-faced when he jumped down from the cab and saw Beeler doubled over with laughter.

No story of the men of the high iron would be complete without a yarn about the fabulous John Finn, an engineer on the old Atlanta, Knoxville & Northern Railway, who was famed as a practical joker. A devotee of the bottle, John Finn more than once was out of a railroad job because of violations of railroading's rule G.

Bolling Glover, a railroad executive, was a victim of one of Finn's famous practical jokes. Glover was riding in a passenger train with Finn at the throttle. Entering a string of sharp curves on a downgrade near Knoxville, the train began to gather speed. On many of the curves, the locomotive was plainly visible from the cars behind, and the irate Glover could look across and see Finn joyously imbibing from a whiskey bottle. Now it happened that the bottle was empty, the irrepressible Finn having seen it lying by the tracks as he started the trip and realized the opportunity for some first-rate fun. As Glover watched, Finn tossed the empty bottle into space. Finn next reached back into the cab and the petrified official watched him throw out the throttle after the whiskey bottle.

There was an uproar in the car as other officials clung to their seats expecting to be in a wreck at any moment. Of course the whole thing was a gag and the train finally rolled to an easy stop at the next station.

When the bellowing Glover arrived at the cab, Finn was grinning in such a boyish manner that the exasperated official could only say, "Damn you, Finn," and turn away. Finn kept his job. ⧺

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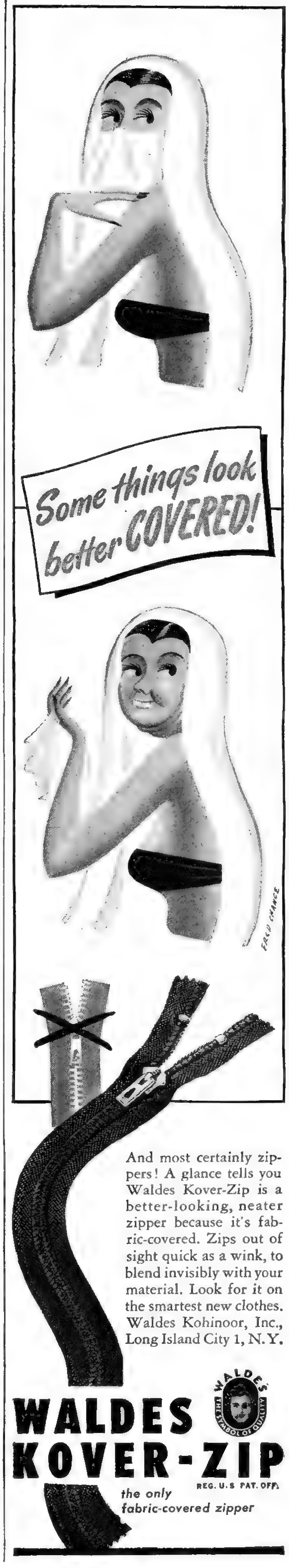
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THE FLAVOR LINGERS LONGER...

The Horse on the Escalator

Continued from page 105

look. She was hoping I'd agree with her.

"What I'd like to know," I said, "is—if you've been married five years how come this is just beginning to worry you?"

She moved her glass in circles on the wet counter. I thought she was going to start crying.

"He's just found out I don't think his jokes are funny," she said.

"My God," I said, "you mean you've fooled him all these years?"

She nodded. In the mirror I could see that her brown eyes were shiny with tears. When she first met her husband, she explained, she found out right away that he had this peculiar sense of humor. He was always reading magazines and laughing about the cartoons that looked, she said, like children's drawings.

"And they were just like the horse jokes," she added. "There wasn't anything in the least bit funny about them. They were pictures of sloppy looking men and women at parties, or a man and his wife in twin beds, and the woman would say, 'What's become of the Socialist Party?'"

She went on to say that after she fell in love with her husband she decided it would be good strategy to laugh at the same things he did. So she learned how to watch his face and tell when he was about to laugh.

"He always puckers up his lips just a little, like he's going to whistle," she said, "before he breaks into a big laugh. So whenever I saw him do that, I always laughed too, then we'd both laugh at the same time, or maybe I'd even be a little ahead of him. Of course he didn't laugh when he told a joke, but then I could always tell when he got to the end by the tone of his voice."

She finished breaking up her wooden stirring stick and dropped the pieces into the ash tray.

"I think it was my laughing so much at his horse jokes that made him fall in love with me," she said sadly. "That's what's so awful about it.

"He gave me a cartoon book for my birthday last week," she said. "It was a new book by somebody named Sternberg or Stromberg or something like that. He draws for the magazines too, and he's just like the other one. He can't draw either. He makes crazy, twisty little lines and all the people have big noses."

"What happened?" I said.

"Well," she went on, "I looked through the whole book that evening when I thought he was out of the room, trying to find something funny in it. Then I looked up and saw he'd been standing in the doorway watching me with a queer expression on his face. He asked me how I liked the cartoons and I said I thought they were a scream, but I don't think that I made it sound like I

Continued on page 236

Inside and Out.

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The Horse on the Escalator

Continued from page 235

meant it. I had a feeling he was beginning to suspect."

She finished her drink and ordered another double Scotch. "He trapped me," she said bitterly. "Tonight he trapped me."

I knocked the ashes off my cigar and didn't say anything.

"He took me to a movie tonight that had a Bugs Bunny short," she continued. "He's nuts about Bugs Bunny and whenever there's a short in town we always go to see it. Of course I think Bugs is funny, too, but I never know when my husband is going to think something is *specially* funny, so I always watch him out of the corner of my eye to tell when to laugh the loudest. But this time he laughed in all the wrong places."

"Why the lowdown dirty skunk!" I said.

"It was terrible," she said. "I laughed as loud as I could at all the spots he thought weren't very funny, then when something *really* funny happened we both sat there like wooden Indians while everybody else laughed."

"I suppose he told you afterward what he'd done," I said.

"Oh, yes," she said wearily. "When we got home tonight we really had it out. He was so mad I thought he'd kill me. Then I got mad too and told him what I thought of all his old horse jokes. He put on his hat and went out and slammed the door."

She started weeping. Rosy was looking at us.

"I can't help it if I haven't got a sense of humor," she sobbed. "It's just the way I am, that's all, and I'll never be any different."

I patted her on the shoulder and said, "There, now, it won't do any good to cry about it."

"Hey, beertender," I called out to Rosy, "bring me another bar."

She looked up and I thought I detected a glimmer of a grin.

The grin started my brain clicking. You can't be in show business for thirty years as a professional funny man without finding out that different people laugh at different things. A gag that gets a big belly laugh at the Purple Hat may lay an egg at a Father and Son banquet, and vice versa. Individuals are the same. A sense of humor is like a sense of taste. Some people like beer and some don't. I decided to give her a couple of tests.

"The trouble with you, young lady," I said, "is that you've had too much to drink." She was looking at me, and when I said this I started to put my cigar into my mouth, missed it on purpose and poked it into my eye.

She giggled and held her hand over her mouth. Rosy looked up startled.

"You're funny," she said.

"Of course I'm funny," I said. "There's nothing the matter with your sense of humor. You just

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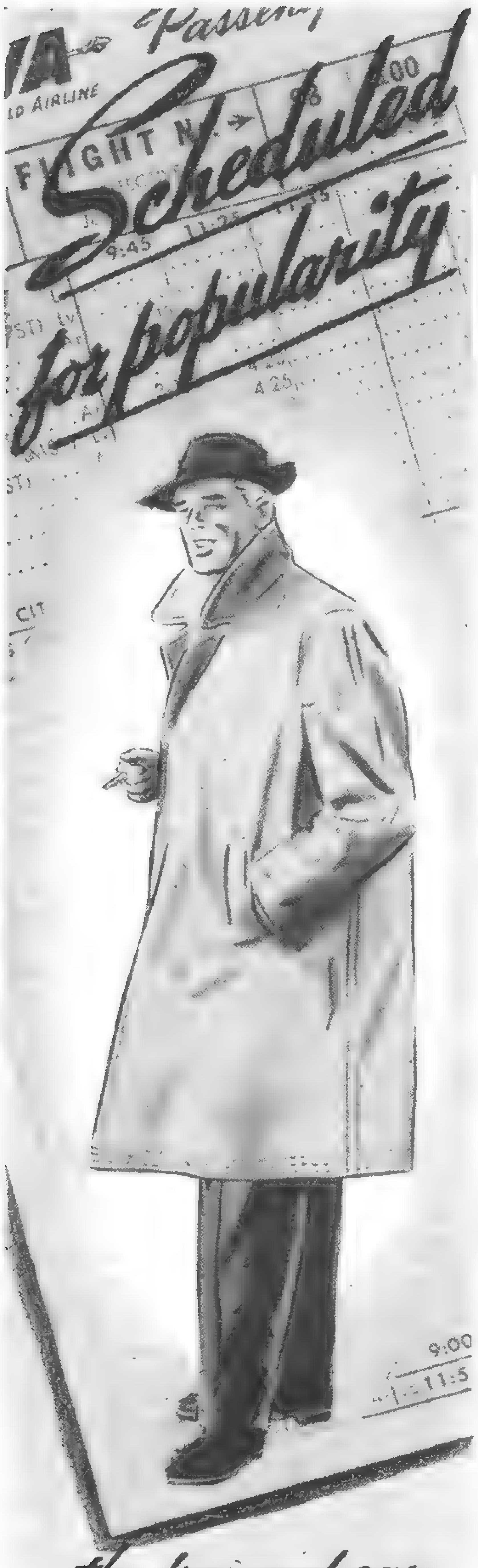

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got a different one from your old man, that's all. He's got a sophisticated kind and you got a more ordinary kind. Now you just forget about it and be honest from now on and only laugh when you feel like it and pretty soon everything will be okay again."

She was pretty drunk and I couldn't tell whether she understood me or not.

"But if he doesn't change his attitude," I said, "and you two ever bust up for good, promise me something—"

She looked at me and nodded.

"You get hold of a dead horse somewhere," I said. "If you can't find one, get hold of me and I'll get one for you. Then before you leave, have some men carry it up to your apartment and put it on his bed, and—"

I never finished explaining this clever scheme. The door had opened a moment before and a tall, stoop-shouldered man wearing black shell-rimmed glasses had entered and wandered over to us.

"Don't you think it's time to come home, dear?" he said.

It was like slapping a wet rag in her face. She sobered up in a flash, threw her change and cigarettes into her purse, and slid down from the stool.

"This is my husband," she said, "and honey, this is Mr.—er—"

"Bowers," I said. I reached up to clip my cigar between my first and second fingers, but instead I clipped the end of my nose.

"Ouch!" I said.

She let out a big whoop of a laugh and almost fell over. Her husband narrowed his eyebrows and glared at her coldly, then at me, then back at her again. "Come along now, dear," he said. At the door she turned her head and smiled and waved at me.

I watched them walk out of the tavern and cut across the street.

Rosy came over to mop up the counter and ask me what all the noise was about.

"Family quarrel," I said. "It's all over now."

He emptied the ash tray by dumping the contents on the floor behind the bar. I ordered another beer.

"Heard any new jokes lately, Pop?" he asked.

"Yeah," I said, "one about a horse."

"Tell it to me," he said.

"Okay," I said. "A man walks into Marshall Field's one afternoon with a horse, and tries to get on the elevator, but the girl says, 'Sorry, sir, but we can't allow the horse on the elevator.' The man looks a little disappointed and says, 'But lady, he gets violently ill on the escalator.'"

Rosy was starting to shove the foam off my beer when I finished. He held the stick in the air and looked up.

"Is that all?" he said.

"That's all," I said.

Rosy frowned, flicked away the foam, and set the glass down in front of me.

"What the hell kind of a joke is that?" he said. ⧻

Continued from page 105

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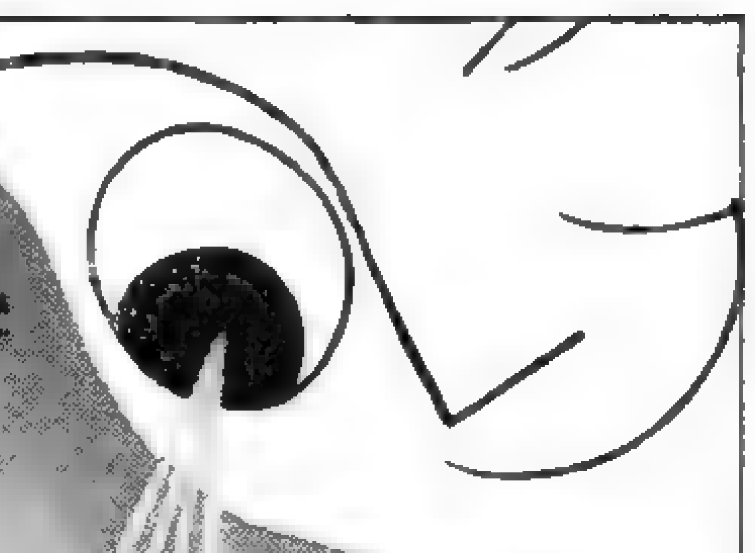

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The Poll on College Football

Continued from page 131

ing another dose of the Alabama Crimson Tide in Pasadena on January 1—a very unhappy prospect if last year's 34-14 massacre is any criterion.

The outlook in the Piedmont plateau region of the Southeast is stacked for Duke and Wallace Wade. Duke isn't a shoo-in by any means, however, for Carl Snavely and his North Carolina Tarheels have a few hole cards to play which may take the pot come post-mortem day this season. Wade's strongest asset at Duke is unquestionably Johnny Nania, a guard who leads interference like a fullback. Wilton Garrison of the Charlotte *Observer* says, "Having Nania in your line is like having another man in your backfield on offense."

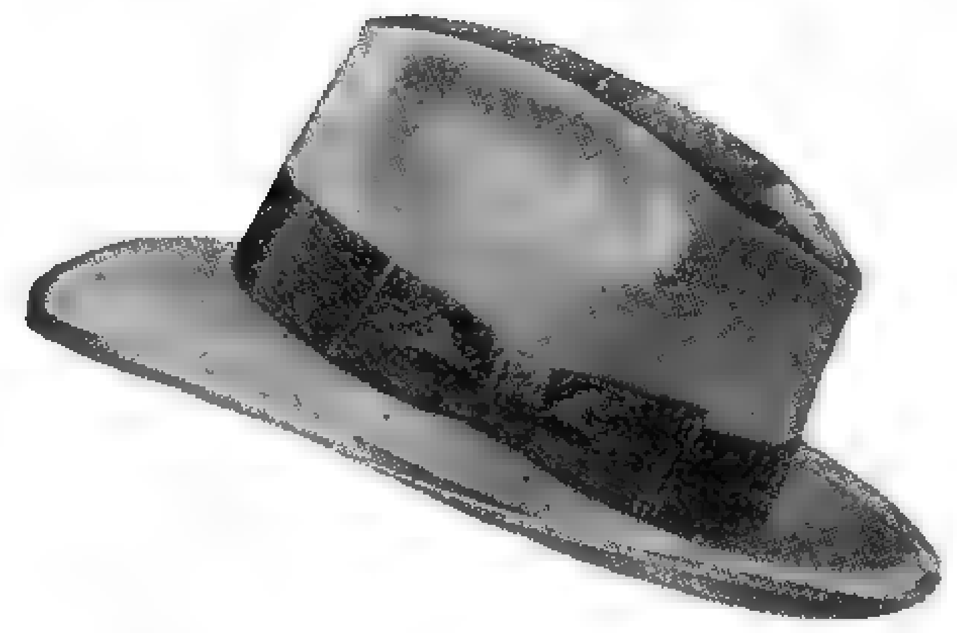
At North Carolina, Snavely's ace of spades is halfback Charlie Justice, a steady football-minded kid who can do everything the opposition can and a little more besides. Like his coach, who topped the voting for outstanding coach in the sector, Justice walked off with "player-of-the-year" voting for the Southeast.

The situation in the East is in direct contrast to the muddled balloting in the Southeast. For up where the Ivy League foliage has long since lost its football bloom, the boys talk of one coach, one team, and two players on that team. That would be Earl Blaik, the Army, and players Doc Blanchard and Glenn Davis. The Cadets have been making chumps of their opposition for the past two years, and their victims are reminded that, with the touchdown boys still with him, Blaik is expected to humiliate competition as ruthlessly as in 1944 and '45.

Blanchard, say the boys who know, is the hottest and hardest thing to hit a line since Nagurski stopped clouting them for Minnesota and the Chicago Bears. His partner, Glenn Davis, the experts drool on, is the fastest thing to wear cleats since Red Grange, Beattie Feathers or George McAfee. Hence Blaik has the dream assignment—leading a team which simply can't lose—and the Army is the surest thing in sports since Count Fleet took the Belmont.

In the Great Lakes region, where the colleges of the middle west probably play the best brand of football in the land year in and year out, the fans, coaches and bookmakers will be watching the fortunes of Frank Leahy and his Notre Damers most closely. Leahy, just out of the service, inherits an Irish eleven that was tough to beat last year and would have done better than all right if it hadn't been for a seige of "Army and Navy" trouble. Included in that line-up are more than a few hot performers, among them Johnny Lujack and George Connors. Thus prospects point to a year of more than moderate success for

FIT



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the Irish and their subway alumni.

However bright his outlook for this season, Leahy fails to win out in the balloting for outstanding middlewestern coach, falling short of Wisconsin's Harry Stuhldreher and Michigan's Fritz Crisler who blanket-finished for the dough. Stuhldreher isn't expected to set the Western Conference ablaze with his Badgers, but he has been performing better than well at Madison for almost a decade and is overdue for credit. And Crisler, coming from a good football talent territory, is being tabbed to do his usual more than creditable job.

Strangely enough, the player selected to be the outstanding footballer in the Middle West wasn't even a sure bet to play ball in the territory at the time ballots were sent out. That would be Illinois' Buddy Young, a Negro halfback who has made people recall Ozzie Simmons and Bernie Jefferson. Buddy was vacillating between his old school and UCLA when the balloting was held. As a matter of fact, he finished strong in the voting among players on the Pacific Coast as well. But now that he's finally made up his mind to return to Illinois he'll be counted on to make Illini supporters dust off the adjectives they've had wrapped up ever since they put the Galloping Ghost legend under glass. #

Sailfish on Sewing Thread

Continued from page 117

he sounded and the line went slack.

At this point Alfonso should have turned the boat to keep the fish astern. But instead of standing at the wheel, following and counteracting each maneuver of the fish, Alfonso was unscrewing the carburetor from an engine which refused to start.

Gene reeled in fast to take up the slack and as the thin strand of line tightened, the sail bounced out of the water in long, greyhound-like leaps, leaving a trail of foaming swirls. He turned in midair, retracing his course in his own wake. With his bill slashing furiously at the leader, he rioted on the surface for minutes, changing direction like a string of exploding firecrackers. The rod tip bent ninety degrees from the butt and the 3-thread line stretched dangerously under the antics and jolts of a maddened 100-pound fish.

The sail sounded just long enough to take a second breath. Then, tailwalking in another large half-circle, he took off for the bow.

With the boat dead in the water and the fish about sixty yards ahead of the bow and threatening to cut the line on the side of the boat if he kept on his course, Gene climbed out of the pit. With one hand holding onto the handrail atop the cabin, his feet feeling their way along the narrow strip of deck running forward, he made for the harpooning pulpit which the sail was just rounding. The

Continued on page 240

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Sailfish on Sewing Thread

Continued from page 239

sail stayed underwater just long enough to gain momentum for a long series of leaps. With the boat as the axis, he had almost completed a full circle, trailing a long, dangerous loop of slack line. He forced Gene to retrace his steps on the other side of the boat. Back in the pit Gene tightened the drag slightly and began to recover the line.

The fish seemed monstrous in the clear, blue water. The point of one hook showed from the corner of his mouth. His sail was raised and stuck partly out of the water. As the leader came up Alfonso grabbed it and in a second had the struggling fish by its bill.

Alfonso's mate rushed up with the "persuader," a bat-like club. It had taken thirty-seven minutes to land the fish! Excellent time as it was for 3-thread line, an affidavit in the offices of the International Game Fish Association shows a time of eighty-two minutes for this fish.

But that wasn't the end of this fight, for when the mate rushed up with the persuader, he took careful aim, the fish wriggled, and the bat came down—right across Alfonso's knuckles! He swore and let go. Suddenly freed, the sailfish took off again and his strength seemed to return. A hundred yards away he tried to jump. Exhausted, only half of his powerful body came out of the water before he fell back. He sounded. Deep.

With the drag set as tight as he dared, it took forty-five minutes to bring the fish into the boat.

It seemed unbelievable, that after having taken eighty-two minutes of grueling wear, the thin thread of line and the frail rod could still be handled skillfully enough to bring in a sailfish which scaled an even 100 pounds when weighed seven hours later.

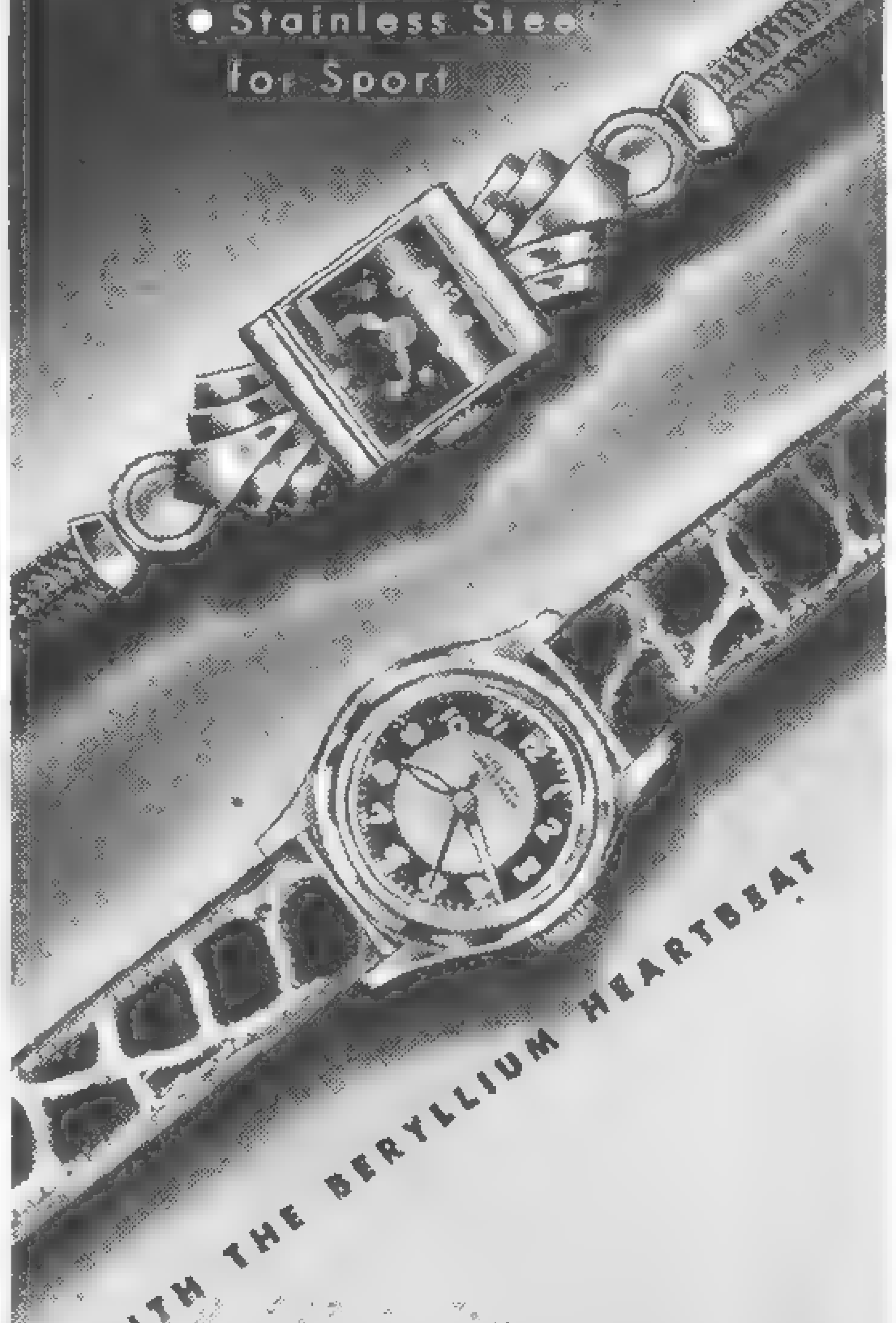
Up to date, Gene has fought thirty-eight sailfish on 3-thread line. He has lost four. To twenty-two out of the thirty-four fish taken, Gene paid the highest compliment a sportsman can pay to a gallant fighter—he released them.

Trend toward light tackle has been more pronounced lately. Nationally-known sportsmen like Van Campen Heilner, S. Kip Farrington Jr. and Michael Lerner are using light tackle. But light tackle does not mean 3-thread.

Gene is using 3-thread to show, that if it can be done with 3-thread time and again, it certainly can be done with 9-thread, testing at twenty-seven pounds, which he says is the correct tackle for sailfish.

If you are using 9-thread now, try 6-thread, testing at eighteen pounds. You may land only half as many fish, but you will have double the fun. You will know that you gave each fish you caught a fighting chance. If, however, you want to stretch this fighting chance to a point where you take two strikes before you go to bat, do as Gene does—use 3-thread. #

Continued from page 117



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First of the Crooners

Continued from page 102

Robert Emmett's followers waited word from their leader. It was a long time coming and when it did come the English garrison, well-informed, was ready.

Tom Moore, sitting in his attic room waiting for the low whistle which would signalize the start of the uprising, felt heroic. He drew his harp to him, played and sang:

The Minstrel Boy to the war has
gone,
In the ranks of death you will find
him—

The whistle sounded and the minstrel boy, musket in hand, crept to the door. It was locked and Father O'Halloran, grim and silent, was on the other side. The four-story jump to the street would have been suicide.

The revolution, lasting two hours, ended with the capture of Emmett. Through Lord Moira's influence Tom's name was erased from the list of rebels. He was smuggled to London where his protector told him he would now have to study for the law and go on from there to help free his country with his "gift of gab."

Emmett had been sentenced to be hanged. Tom, heartbroken, rushed around among the powerful friends of Ireland. They could do nothing. Then Lady Donegal suggested she give a concert to honor her friend George, Prince of Wales (later King George the Fourth) and that Tom play and sing some of the melodies which had already made him famous.

"Sing Ireland," counseled Lady Donegal. "You might win a friend for Emmett." Tom sang:

Believe me, if all those endearing
young charms
Which I gaze on so fondly today—

The Prince, drinking heavily, yelled for more. Tom sang again:

'Tis the last rose of summer left
blooming alone;
All her lovely companions are faded
and gone—

A footman handed a note to Lady Donegal. She glanced at it, turned white. "They've hanged Robert Emmett," she whispered to Tom. "But keep on singing. You've won the Prince—and Ireland is not yet free."

Tom struck the keys. He had written this song when he feared the worst—and now it had come to pass. Already a whisper had gone round the vast room:

"They've hanged Robert Emmett!"

Then there was silence as the beautiful voice was raised in a plea for the martyr's last request:

Oh, breathe not his name, let it
sleep in the shade,
Where, cold and unhonored, his
relics are laid:
Sad, silent, and dark be the tears
that we shed,
As the night-dew that falls on the
grass o'er his head.

But the night-dew that falls, though
in silence it weeps,

Continued on page 242

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First of the Crooners

Continued from page 241

> *Shall brighten with verdure the*
> *grave where he sleeps,*
> *And the tear that we shed, though in*
> *secret it rolls,*
> *Shall long keep his memory green*
> *in our souls.*

Women wept unrestrainedly, men gulped, grunted, wiped their eyes. The Prince of Wales lurched over to the singer, threw his arms round his neck. "Mr. Moore, had I heard your song in time, Robert Emmett would be alive today. Dine with me tomorrow night and sing to me again."

Thus the first of the crooners came into his own, almost a century and a half ago—and no radio. Will Frank or Bing be as long remembered?

Tom Moore in the first years of his success as a minstrel to English society was a slightly built, delicate-appearing, extremely handsome man. Later he filled out somewhat, his shoulders broadened, his hair thinned—this cross as lightly carried then as it is today by another crooner. Men were inclined to treat him lightly, to poke fun at him—as is the fashion with still another modern crooner—but Tom's unfailing good nature always won over his critics.

Lord Byron—a practical joker, with all his fits of melancholy—urged the poet-composer into a duel with William Jeffries, famous critic of the Edinburgh Review. Jeffries had written of Moore's *Odes and Epistles*; "The perpetual kissing, twining and panting of these amorous persons (the characters in the odes) is rather ludicrous than seductive."

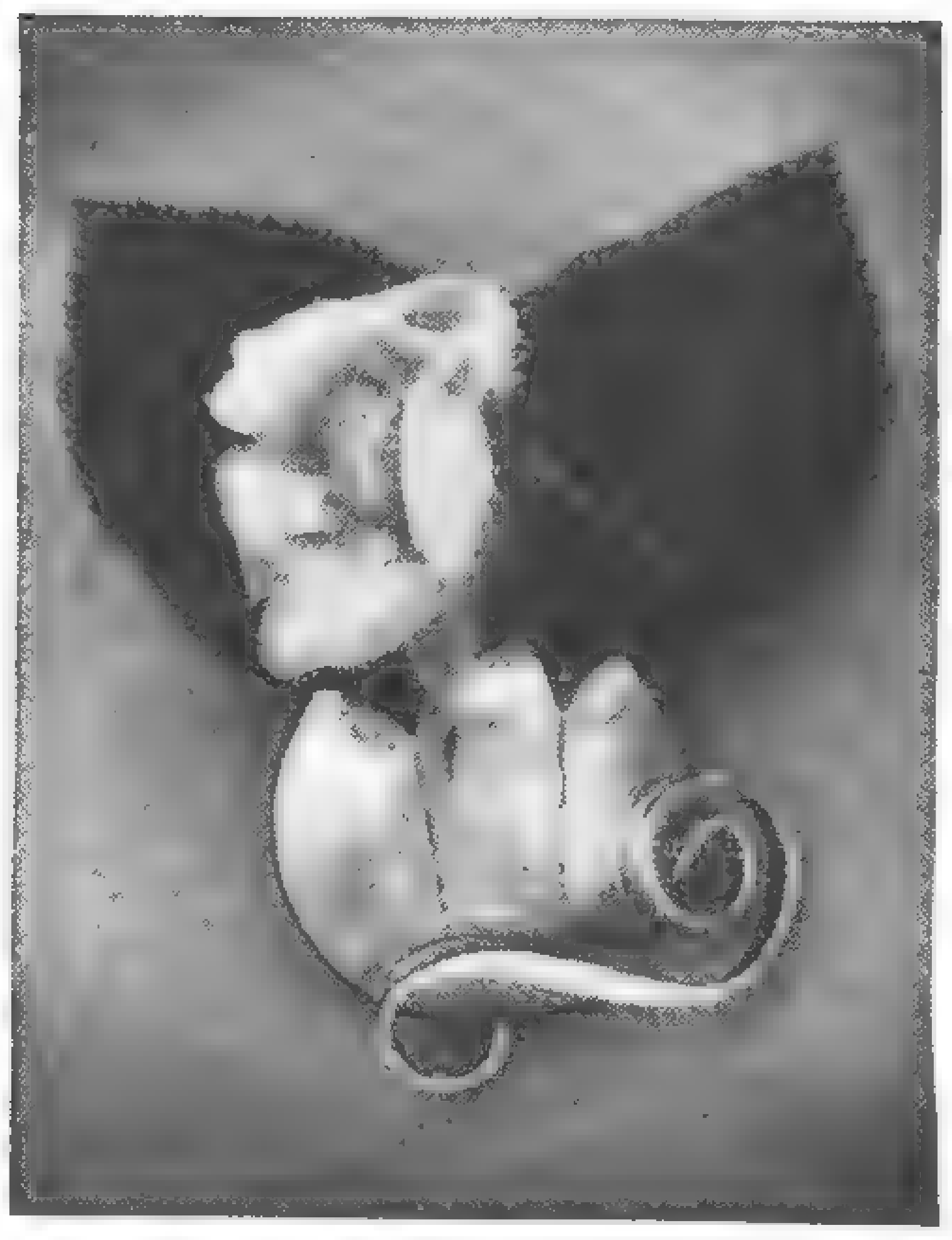
The minstrel boy called out the critic. Robert Little, a mutual friend, prompted by Byron, loaned his pistols after removing the balls and leaving only harmless powder. Neither duelist had ever fired a pistol before in his life. Another friend, Lord Fincastle, unaware that the fangs of the weapons had been withdrawn, warned the police. The guardians of the peace burst upon the scene as the triggers of the empty pistols were about to be pulled by the shivering combatants. Refusing to be entirely robbed of his joke, Byron wrote a poem:

> *Can none remember that eventful day,*
> *That ever-glorious, almost fateful*
> *fray,*
> *When Little's leadless pistols met*
> *the eye.*
> *And Bow Street myrmidons stood*
> *laughing by.*

Tom Moore sent a challenge to Byron who ignored it. The Irish poet appeared at the English poet's door. Byron opened it himself.

"Why, Tommy!" he shouted, both hands outstretched. "I thought the Irish had a sense of humor!" There ensued a close friendship which lasted until Byron's tragic death in 1824.

Women trailed Tom Moore almost all his years, but no scandal



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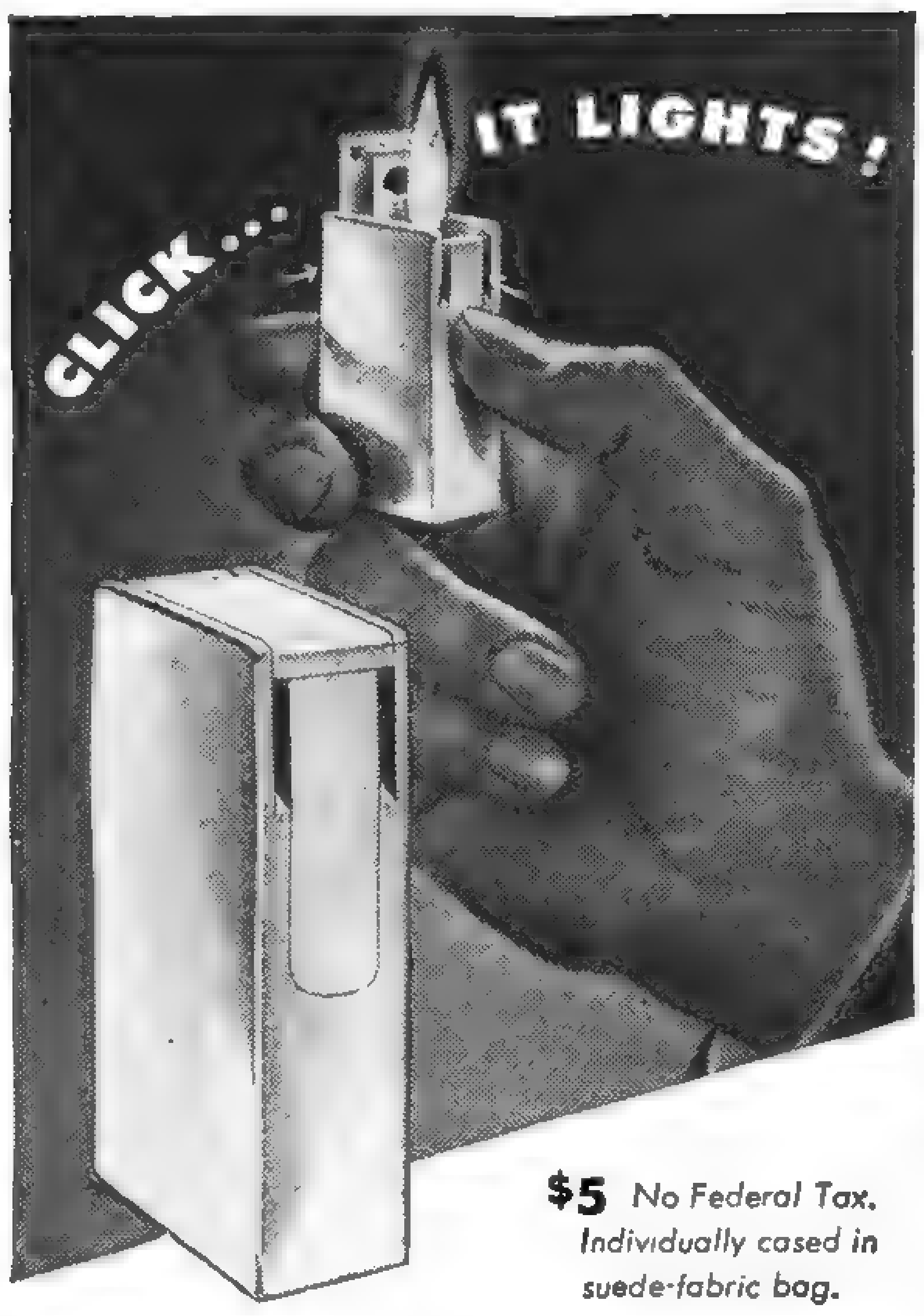
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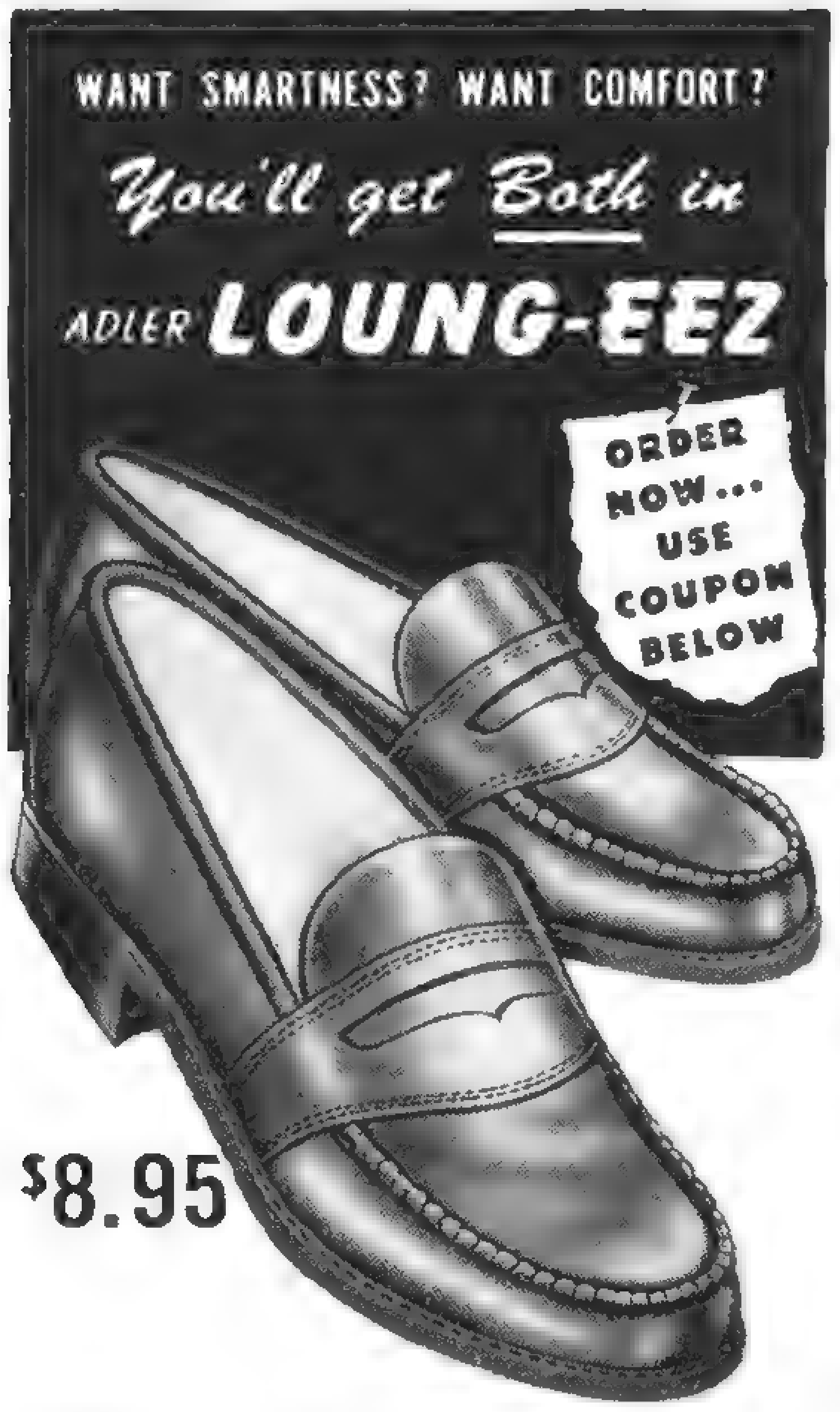

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ever touched him. Crooners seem to manage to keep their lives fairly clean of that sort of stuff—in spite of temptation. When he was thirty-two he married a little Irish strolling player, Bessie Dykes, less than half his age. It was a case of love at first sight and enduring love thereafter.

For forty years Tom Moore was the unpaid but deeply appreciated troubadour of London's great. He was equally acclaimed in the capitals of Europe. While he never sang or played for money he derived huge sums for those days from his royalties—which he spent as fast as he made.

Frequently he made trips to his native Ireland, there to visit his mother who lived into her nineties but refused to leave her little grocery store or to accept money from her famous son. She was satisfied that she had gained her way with him—and that of the long-dead priest. Tom was singing Ireland; he was making money, but that was unimportant to her.

The Duke of Wellington took Tom Moore to Belgium with him and he was present at the famous ball given in Brussels by the Duchess of Richmond on the night before the Battle of Waterloo. He sang and women wept and swooned while the rising rumble of Napoleon's guns sent their men speeding off to battle. Soon there was only the singer and the weeping women. Till his fingers had tired so he failed to hit the keys, till his throat was so hoarse he could not shape words, Tom gave them gay bits of his great store of melodies, drying their tears, bringing brave smiles.

After the death of his last surviving child, a French Legionnaire, Tom Moore dropped out of London society. His voice, cracked but still strangely sweet, was heard during the last decade of his life in London public houses. He wandered in and out of the little places, his harp on his back like a minstrel of medieval days. He was poor, but he still would take no recompense for his singing and playing. He liked to see people around him and he was as happy among the poor as he had been among the rich.

On a winter night in 1852 he entered the King and Keys public house on Fleet Street and played and sang for several hours to the printers who came and went. They say his last song was the one he had sung for the people of Dublin as they gathered outside the store where his mother had just died:

Oft, in the stilly night
'Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad memory brings the light
Of other days around me!—

He dozed off in the middle of a verse and sat, apparently dreaming, by the fire. The tavern keeper, worried, sent for faithful Bessie. She came quickly and took the old minstrel home to their little cottage outside London. He dreamed on for hours "of other days around me" and then entered, ever so quietly, into the waiting company of heavenly singers. ###

Continued from page 102

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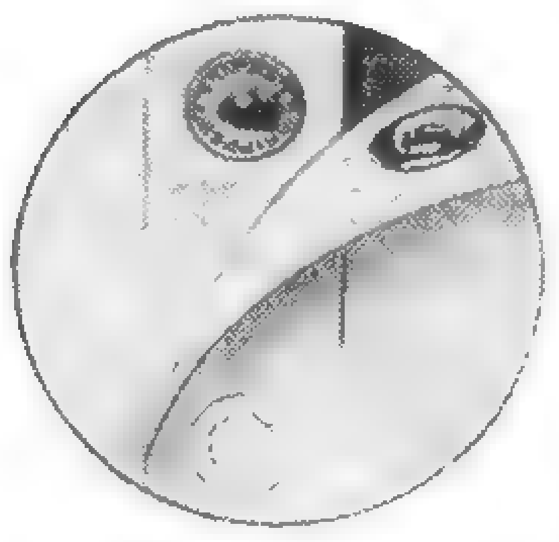

Made by Scovill Manufacturing Company, Waterbury 91, Conn. • America's Leading Manufacturer of Snap Fasteners

Triumph of a Realist

Continued from page 90

morning we crawled into the patch of sunshine on the floor, moaning about the terrible night.

"This old stuff has got to go," said Sullivan. "Someone ask them if they can get us some blankets. I can't go on like this."

There was a Schmidt and a Phleiger and a Himmelweis in our group, but a kid named Rapetti was the only one who spoke German. "*Haben Sie Decken?*" he asked Hans.

"I speak English, and probably better than you do German. What do you need blankets for? Are you weaklings? If you think this is cold you should have been in Russia."

The big sergeant grinned as he spoke, and clambered into the car. He unshouldered his rucksack and bedroll, and caught two cartons the other guards tossed in after him. One carton he shoved against the wall and covered with his comforter; the other he opened with a big toad-stabber.

"Twenty-four men, twenty-four cans, gentlemen. We maybe get extra rations in Vienna, maybe not. If not, this food must last four days."

"How about the other case?" I asked.

Hans spoke in German to Fritz and laughed. "That is for us, lieutenant."

The train twitched and started, and we settled onto the floor, crowding into the square of sunlight. Hans opened his rucksack and brought out a quart of Cordon Rouge surcharged "*Wehrmacht Verhandlung.*" He speared the cork with his knife and eased it out until it popped and bounced off the roof. We stared while he opened a tin of pâté and a box of crackers. He took his time spreading the rich-smelling pâté on the rye crackers, then, with a gay wink at us, popped one into his mouth and chased it with champagne. We squirmed and watched him eat, smelled the pâté, and our stomachs reached up our throats and growled for the food. We were starved, but none of us would give Hans the satisfaction of seeing us drool or beg. None of us except Sully. He found the champagne cork and scraped the insides of the empty pâté can with it.

"It's a little dry, Hans. How about a shot of the bubbles to wash my mouth out with," he said. Hans grunted but passed him the bottle and Sully took a long swig.

Hans polished off the bottle and opened another. Sullivan salvaged the empty and held it over his tongue to catch the last drops. He made a gag about getting drunk on the drops, and for once no one laughed.

From the looks of Hans he had had more than one bottle before the trip started. He sat in the open door of the box car and cleaned

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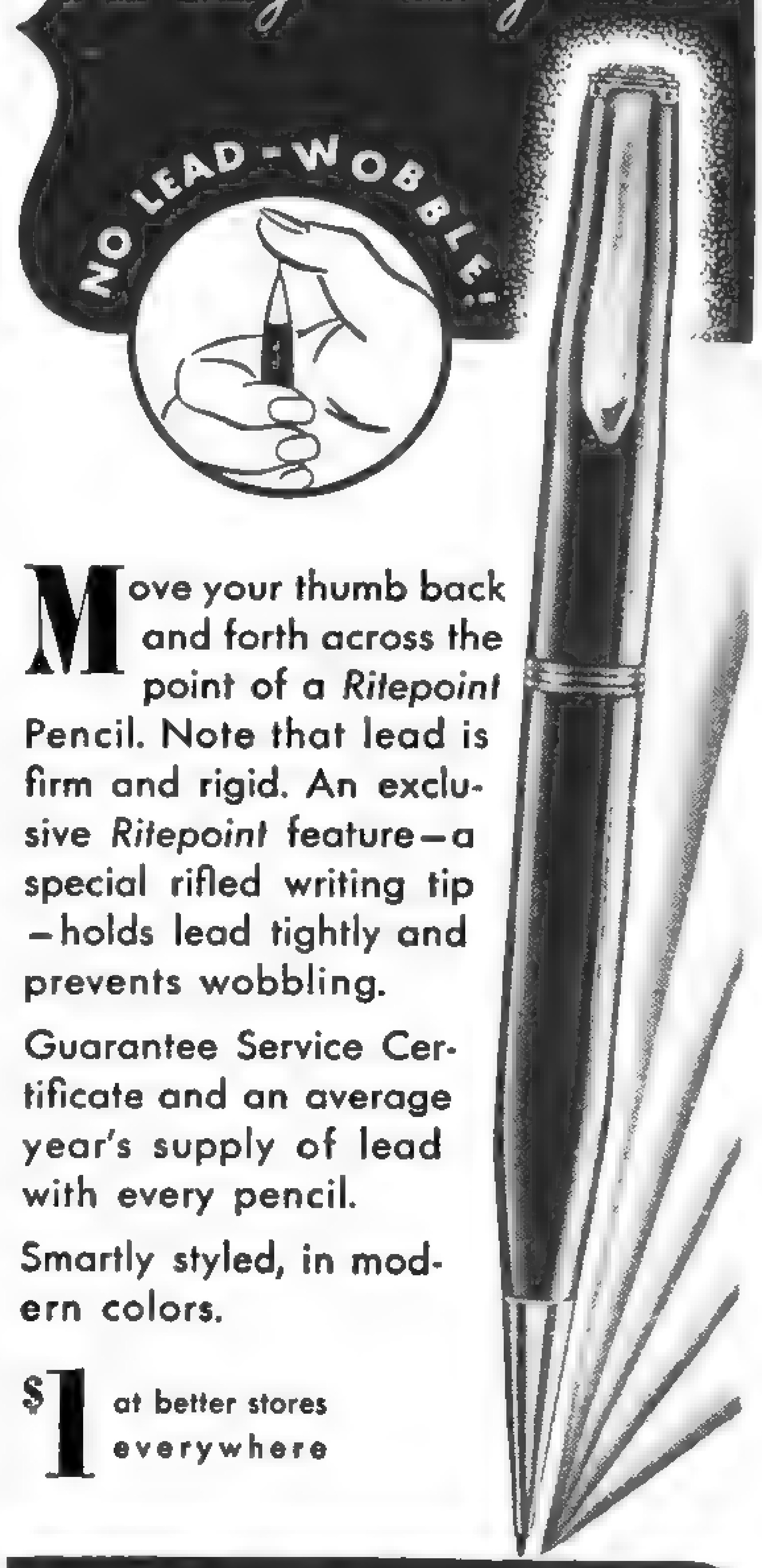
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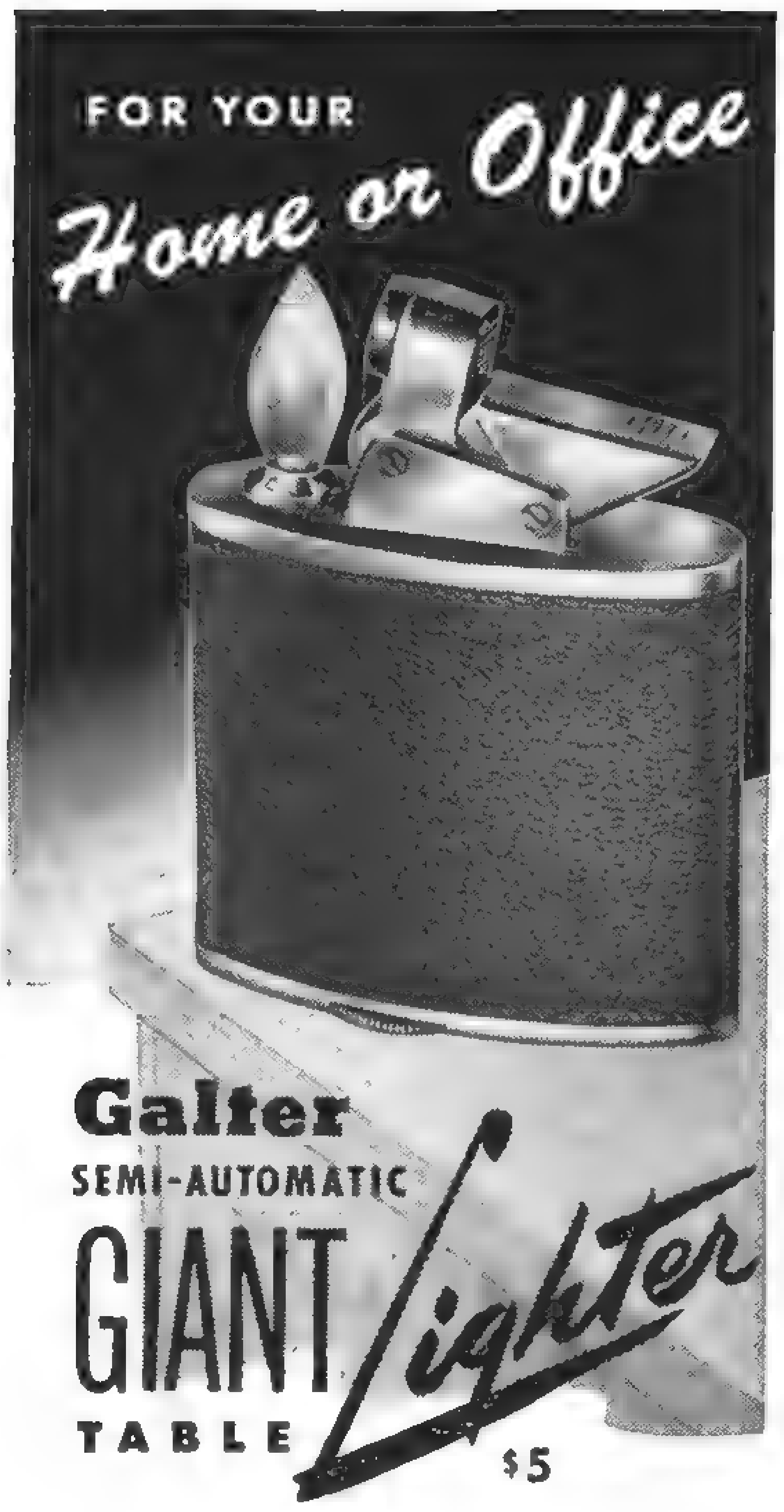

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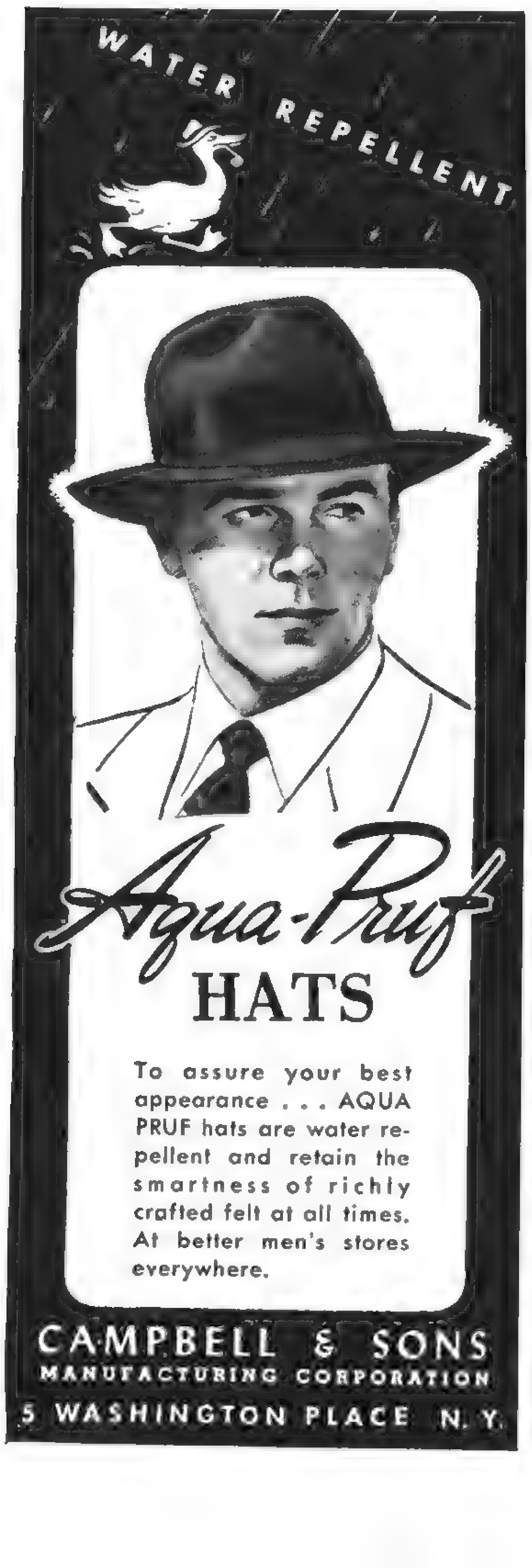

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his tommy gun, singing. Fritz and Whizzer just sat and looked at us and at the fields and the occasional farm wagons on the roads. When little children waved they never took their hands off their guns or varied their expression. Hans always waved, or blew a kiss and if it were a young girl he would shout and laugh as we rattled by. We passed a group of stooped and emaciated men in tattered green uniforms, leaning on shovels by the roadbed. Hans spat at them. "Russians," he explained. He kept pulling at the champagne and cleaning his gun and singing. When the bottle was empty he threw it at another crew of Russians and assembled the gun. He held it up and looked through the bore.

"They don't make them like this in America, eh?" he asked, looking around at us.

"It's a pretty good-looking gun. What make is it?" asked Sullivan.

"Krupp," said Hans.

"They say Krupp makes the best guns in the world," said Sullivan, sliding over next to him.

"They say black Irishmen make the best apple-polishers in the world," Pablo called from the back of the car. We coughed a few short laughs, abrupt and hard.

"Watch," said Hans. He put the gun to his shoulder and fired a burst across a road we were paralleling, where the bullets made miniature bomb hits in the dust in front of a horse and wagon. The horse reared and came down halfway over the traces. The farmer and his wife stood up, shouting and tugged at the reins. The horse reared again, and the wagon, farmer, wife, and load of cabbages turned over into a ditch with the horse thrashing in his harness on top. Hans bellowed and gasped with laughter until he got hiccups. Sully laughed, too. Fritz smiled briefly, and Whizzer stared straight ahead without a flicker.

Sullivan's remark about German guns turned a switch in Hans. It reminded him that Germans were also the best engineers, best musicians, best doctors, best specimens of manhood in the world. He had statistics and examples rolling from his mouth unchecked, but when he started in on sports, we rose to protest. We quoted world's records in everything from the broad jump to bowling, and we didn't overlook the Berlin Olympics and Jesse Owens. The debate was a lively one for a minute, but Hans was letting Deutschland down. To turn the tide he challenged Schmidt, the biggest of us, to a bout of arm wrestling. Hans knew we had all been lying in prison cells for weeks, barely living on our diet of bread and soup. He had no trouble beating Schmidt and put down two or three others who tried to save our honor. We all wanted to try, even little Rapetti. We felt that we had to lick Hans.

Sullivan rolled up his sleeves

Continued on page 246

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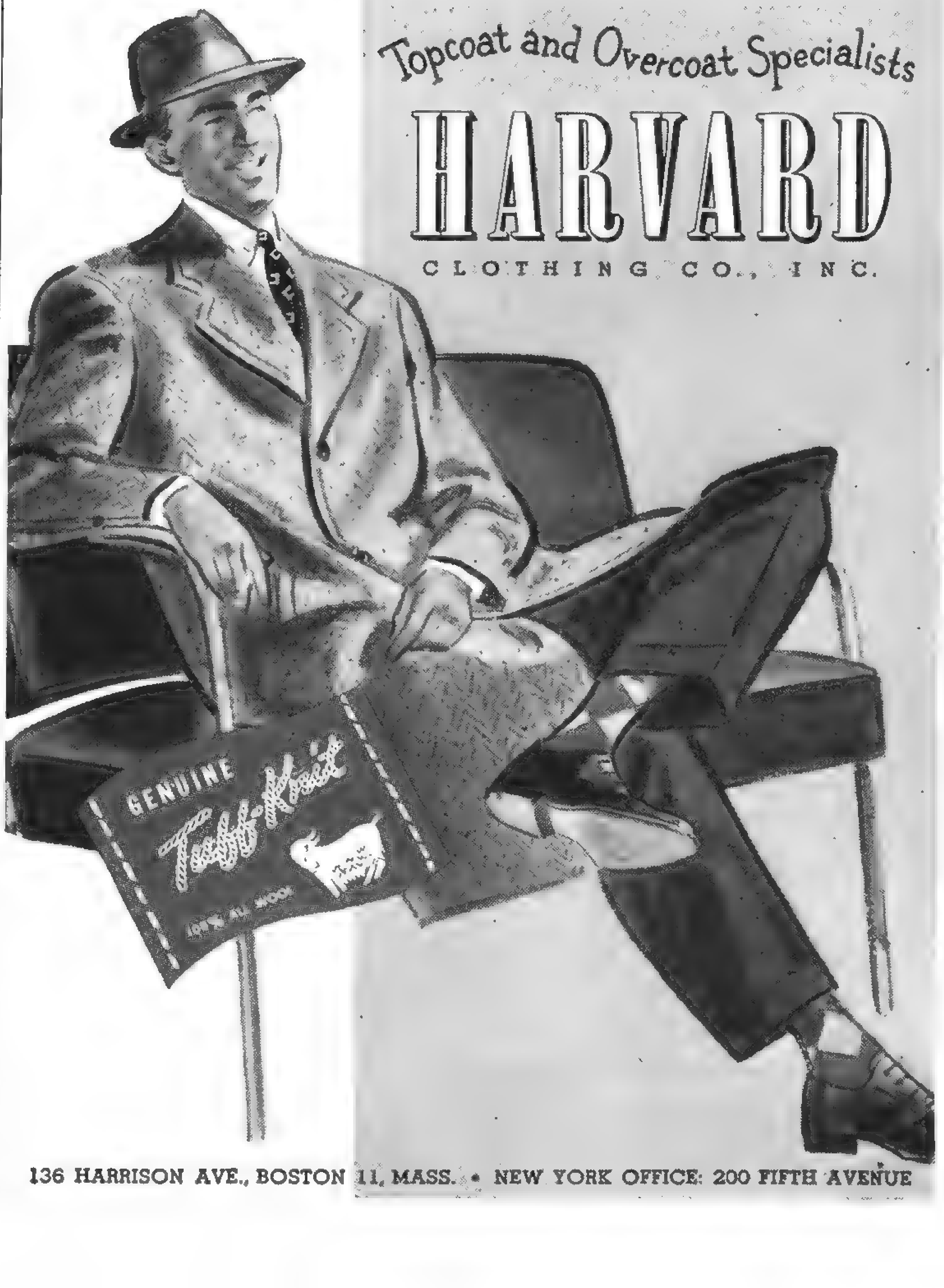

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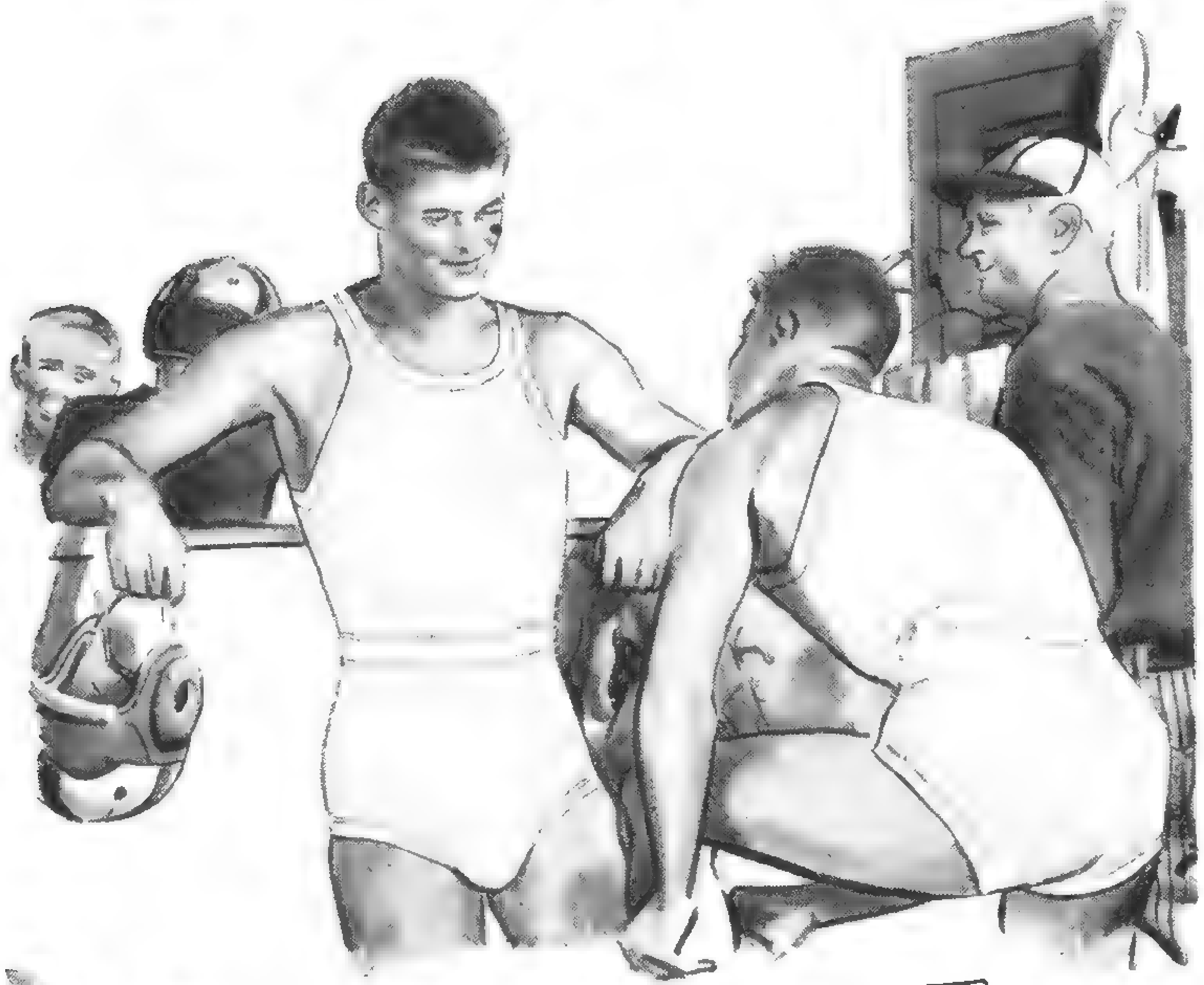

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Triumph of a Realist

Continued from page 245

and took the challenge. Like many short, stocky men, he had terrific bunchy muscles in his forearm, and its shortness gave him better leverage than the big boys for arm wrestling. He put Hans down once, and then twice again. We cheered. Hans flushed and called to Whizzer. Whizzer had watched the contests from the doorway, interest and understanding showing for the first time in his ox eyes. He handed his gun to Fritz, rolled up his sleeve, and placed next to Sullivan's an arm that was rough and knotted as a length of fire log. They clasped hands and Whizzer heaved. Sully's arm bent slowly downward. We groaned and begged. More slowly yet, his arm rose again, and for a full minute the two men strained, arms quivering, fists clenched and bloodless. Then Whizzer's arm started down. We cheered, and with a final effort, Sullivan brought his fist to the floor.

There was no gloating over our victory. We well knew that gloating would be a very foolish thing to do in our position. Instead we grinned inwardly, and watched Sullivan handle the situation. With a skill equal to his arm wrestling he turned the attention of the guards to an inspection of Whizzer's gigantic biceps. Whizzer was flattered, Hans was gratified, and Germany was appeased. America watched Sullivan with reluctant pride, too.

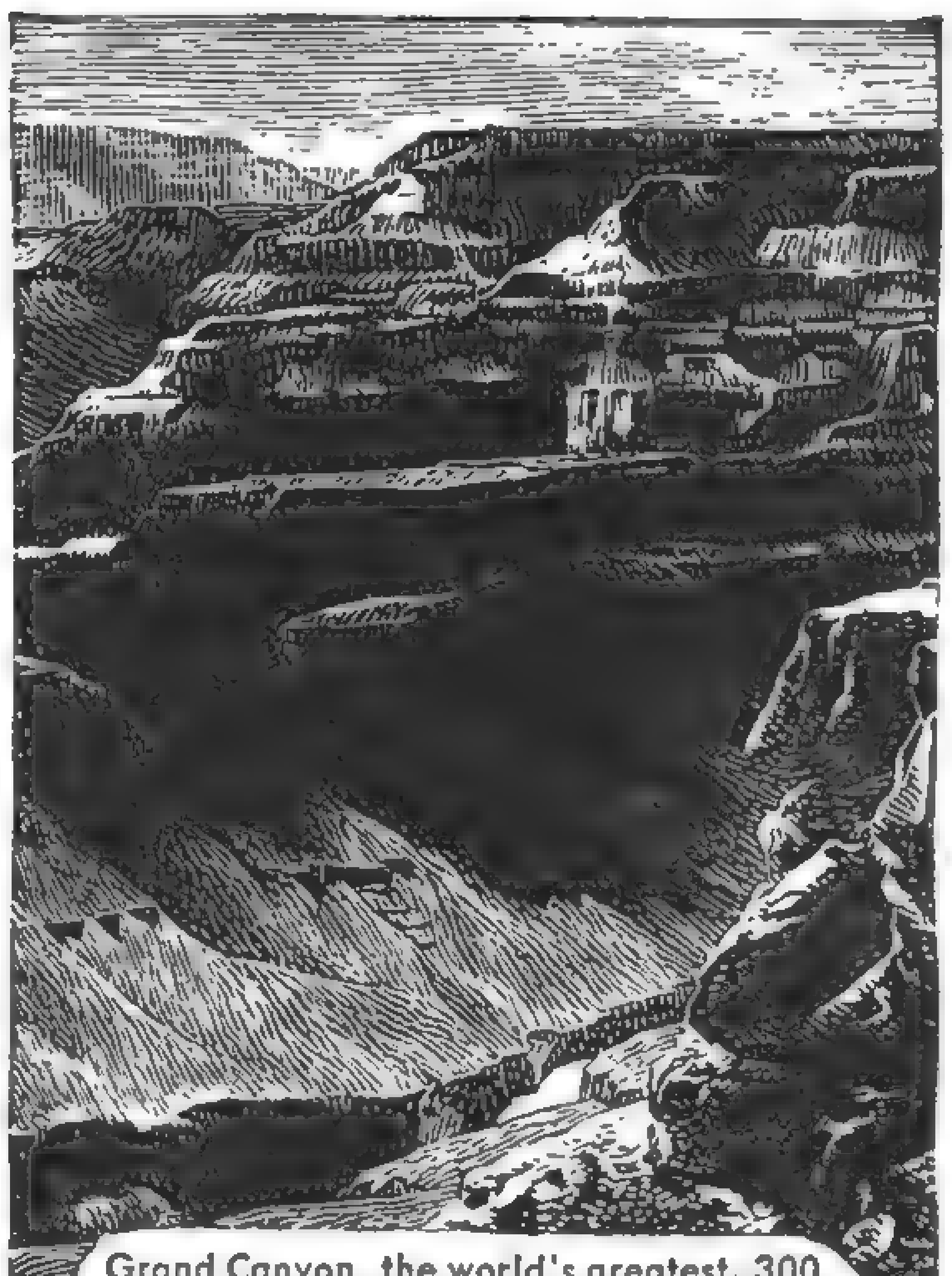
Hans was really loaded by this time. And he was in the mood for song. He and Sullivan sang a duet on *Ach du lieber Augustine*, with Sully filling in "slotmachine" for the words. When the train stopped at a small station for water they were in full swing.

Standing at the crossing waiting for the train to pass were a gypsy boy with a violin case under his arm, and a pretty though dirty gypsy girl. Hans called to them and they came over. He grabbed the boy by the wrist and jerked him into the car, and caught the girl under the arms and lifted her in, too.

"We shall dance," he laughed. "Music, *Zigeuner*."

The boy looked at the girl, who looked at the floor; then he opened up his case and took out the violin. He dragged a few tune-up chords and broke into one of those Hungarian hoedowns. Hans whooped, grabbed the girl and whirled a clear space in the middle of us. As I remember it, we crawled out of the way and watched with little or no comment. So much had happened to us since our precipitous entry into *Gefangenschaft*, we accepted whatever came along with little emotion of any kind.

The girl was good. She swirled and snapped her body and stamped her feet. Hans roared and shook the floor with his big



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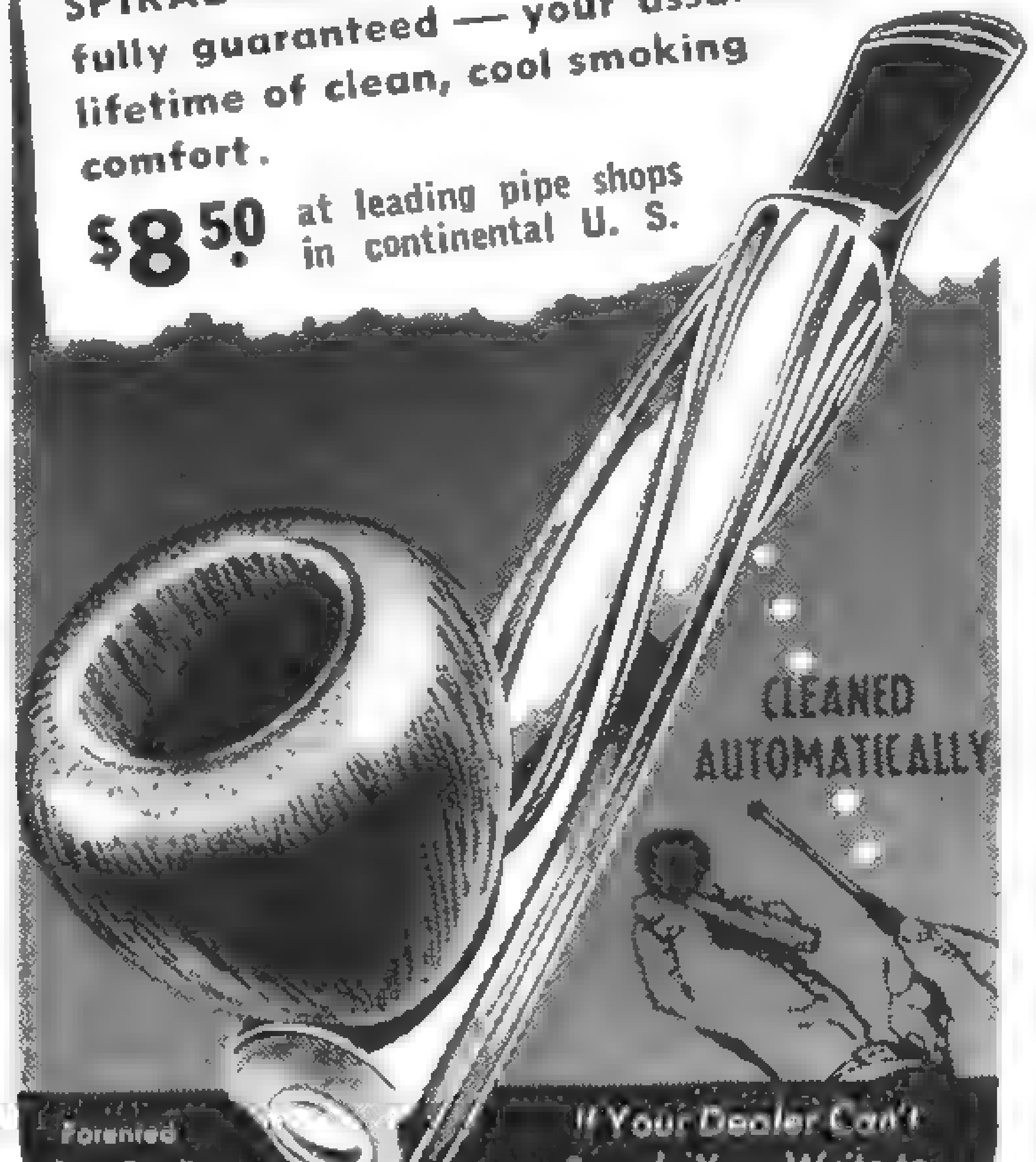

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black boots. The gypsy kid sawed faster and faster until the sweat and grease ran down his face from his long black hair. The train lurched and started to leave the station and Hans fell down, but he hopped up and blocked the door as the gypsies moved to jump out. He waved a commanding finger and said, "Music, *Zigeuner*. Let's have *csárdás* from here to Vienna. Don't you want to go to Vienna, *Zigeuner*? See the world? Your sister wants to go to Vienna. Don't you, *liebchen*?"

The boy played some more; the music rose, gradually growing in violence, until it stopped abruptly with a climaxing flourish. Hans sat down, breathless, and pulled a last bottle from his sack. He gulped half of it down, then passed the bottle to the gypsies, who smiled for the first time, and drank with pleasure.

Again the boy took up his violin, and the dance resumed. For half an hour we watched the show, and it was a good one. Then the train slowed for a crossing and the gypsies jumped out and stood, looking back and waiting for the train to pass, perhaps twenty miles from the place we had picked them up.

Hans went to sleep after his efforts, and at sundown we opened up our cans of food with Fritz' knife. There was a can per man, but when we opened them, we found that some were bad, and we had to redivide the whole batch, and it came out four cans for five men. That meant a spoonful per man was a meal, and *a* meal was *the* meal for the day. When the last lingering taste of the mouthful was gone, and our tongues could find no more fibers of food hidden between teeth, we curled up to sleep. Fritz and Whizzer ate a can apiece out of the other carton, then wrapped up in blankets on each side of the doorway. Squatting hooded in the blankets with their guns sticking out from the folds, they looked like Indian sentries in the dark. We squirmed and wriggled, huddling close to each other for warmth.

"Where's Sullivan?" asked the voice of one of the men he slept with. No one knew. Then we heard his laugh and his peculiar twang, followed by the voice of Hans. We watched as two cigarettes glowed from the other end of the car.

"He's over there, signing a separate peace," said Pablo. "Don't worry about Sully. He won't lose the war."

"Sully, come to bed. I'm freezing," called the first voice.

"I'll be up in a minute," he answered, and further calls brought the same reply.

I woke up next morning with Pablo poking me. "Look," he said, and pointed.

There, at the end of the car, lay Hans and Sullivan. Curled up side by side they slept, wrapped up in the big comforter, heads pillowed on the same rucksack. They slept long after the rest

Continued on page 248

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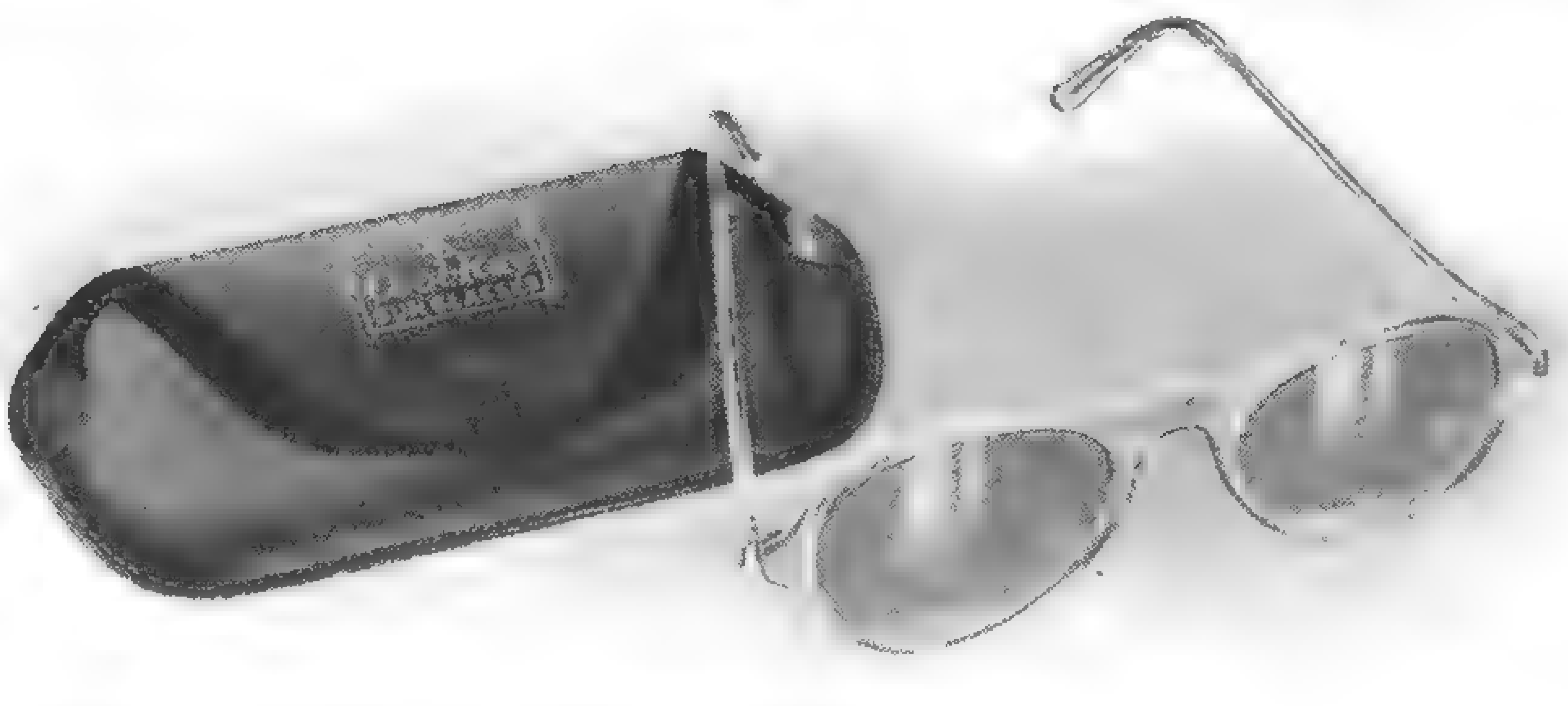

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Triumph of a Realist

Continued from page 247

of us woke up to crawl into the first foot of sunshine. We had plenty of opportunity to see them lying there, and time to talk, and think about it.

The second day was very cold. Fritz got off at Vienna and didn't come back when the train pulled out. We lay on the floor and covered ourselves with straw and blew down our shirt fronts to warm our chests with our steamy breath. Outside the old, worn valley of the Danube sloped slowly to the south. The river wound downward like a stream of sluggish cocoa.

A remark by an optimist, that we were seeing country people used to pay big money to see, fell flat. The trim grey farms reminded some of Ohio, others of New England, but the hostile eyes of trainmen and station attendants reminded us all where we were. Even Hans was depressed, feeling his hangover. He slouched in a corner, talking in low tones to Sullivan.

"It's a stupid war," said Hans.

"We don't like it any more than you do," Sullivan agreed readily enough.

"But you Americans! What do you fight Germany for? For nothing. *We* fight for an ideal, for our country. You will see that in a few years Germany will be called the saviour of civilization against the Bolshevik savages."

"We hate the Tommies as much as you do, Hans. We wouldn't give a damn about England if it weren't for Wall Street propaganda. Our real war is with the Japs. Why did you have to line up with the damned Japs?" Sullivan asked.

All this time we were still, taking it all in.

"That was a matter of diplomatic necessity," said Hans. "They are only war allies, not real Aryans of course. The same with those cowardly Italians. They don't know how to fight. Germany alone is conquering her enemies. We've beaten the English and the Russians. You know that, don't you? If it weren't for America, the war would be over today. We can't understand why you let your millionaires drag you into a war with Germany, who would be your friend."

"Well, personally, I like the Germans I've seen, and I think that most Americans hate the chiseling English and Russians. We think Germany really has a gripe coming after the last war, but we didn't like the way you took it all by force. Isn't that right, fellows?" Sullivan slipped us a wink. We stared out the door in silence.

"What's his name? Benedict Arnold?" asked a voice.

"No. That's Adolph H. Sullivan, the Frisco Fascist," said Schmidt.

"Don't say Frisco," I said bit-

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terly. "I'm from California. Sullivan came from Denver."

"What Californian didn't?" said Pablo.

"Just don't call him a Californian," I said.

"What's the matter with your friends?" asked Hans.

"Something they didn't eat, I guess," laughed Sullivan.

They sat in the corner and smoked Hans' cigarettes. Later, when we ate our spoonful of food, Sullivan and Hans split an apple and some sausage on bread.

The third day was the most miserable yet. We hadn't been able to wash or shave for five weeks, and we were all crawling with lice and filth. I had scabies all over my hands, and the straw dust and powdered manure on the floor ground into the festering sores and puffed them up so I couldn't close my fist. Several of us got dysentery from the ripening food, and if we couldn't wait until the train stopped we'd have to hang way out the door, holding onto the iron bracket, while Whizzer held his tommy gun an inch from our forehead. Schmidt was too sick to move and lay groaning and vomiting in a corner.

We stopped in Dresden, and as the train slowed for the yards we had the secret satisfaction of observing some beautifully bombed-out freight trains and warehouses. Right after we arrived a German troop train pulled in and stopped alongside us. It was loaded with brand-new recruits, fresh and neat in their new uniforms. They looked to be from fourteen to seventeen years old; boy scouts; but not boy scouts in the way they smoked their cigarettes with elaborate nonchalance, or in the way they curled their lips to play the Superman. They hung out the windows of the train and looked at us, first putting on indifference, superiority and disdain, but coming back to look again with the curiosity of kids at a zoo. We were the "luftgangsters," the "terrorfliegers," the barbaric Americans who flew in the big planes and dropped the fearful bombs. We looked barbaric enough, fever-eyed and unshaven, in our filthy and bloody clothes, but to them we also appeared puny and weak, like skinny knights stripped of our formidable armor. Their eyes had never seen battle or battle-broken men. We didn't even look like soldiers to them, and they were amazed and scornful when Hans explained that we were officers.

A group of the kids gathered in front of our car with their sergeant, a loud-mouth veteran of the type that evidently is assigned to rookies in every army in the world. Most of the kids were toting their rifles, still intrigued with their new toys. Sullivan asked one of them to show him the manual of arms, and Rapetti translated the request into German. The boy grinned at his fellows and sneaked a look at the sergeant. He obviously hadn't been doing it long, because the rifle wobbled all

Continued on page 250

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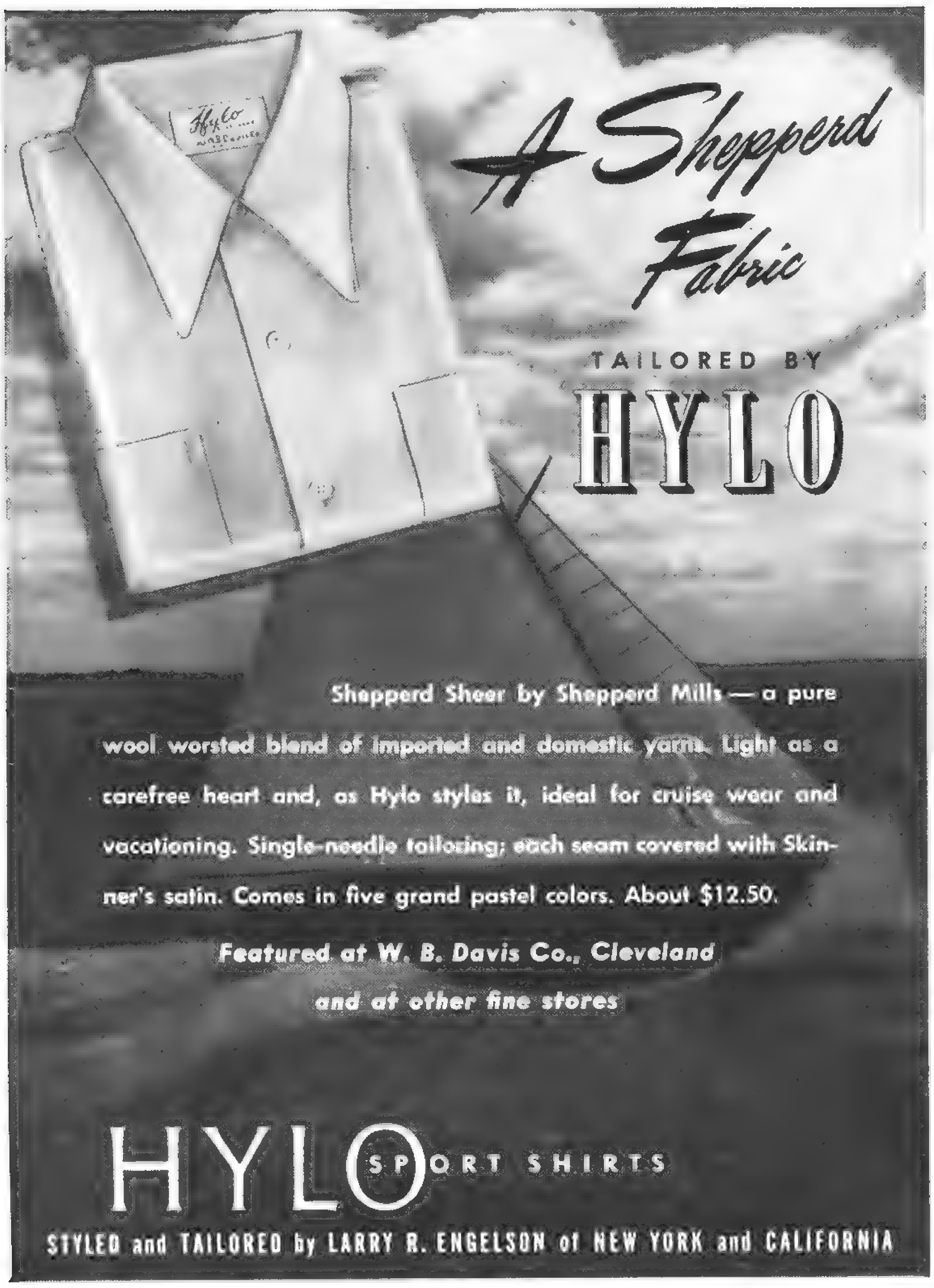
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Triumph of a Realist

Continued from page 249

over the place and they all laughed at him. An older fellow gave it a try with the help of commands from the sarge, but didn't do much better. Then Hans had to show them how it was *really* done, and finally the old sarge stopped the show with a perfect execution of the German fancy drill manual.

The eyes of the kids showed pride and a little scorn as they looked at us, as if to say, "There's a *real* soldier for you, a German soldier."

"Show us the American drill," said one of the boys, smiling, as he looked at us.

Sullivan jumped out of the boxcar and took a rifle, after the shells had been ostentatiously removed. He hefted the gun for a minute, winked at us, and then put on the most amazing show I've ever seen. He did the Queen Anne drill, an extra-fancy British parade manual, and did it so fast it looked as though he were twirling the rifle like a drum major's baton. With the rifle butt on the ground close to his side he began by kicking the gun with his right foot. It curved into the air, and as the butt came around he grabbed it with his left hand, spun the rifle over his arm and popped it against his left shoulder. The procedure was then reversed so fast that I have no idea what the individual moves were that brought the gun back to the ground again. He did it twice, with variations, barking commands to himself, then with a flourish he handed the rifle back to the kid.

"We have some fancy ones," he said, "but I've been out of practice so long that I've forgotten them."

The kids watched with their eyes bugging out. And when he was finished they shuffled around talking to each other for a few minutes, then walked away. They didn't come back.

Then we laughed and called to Sully. We wanted to crowd around him and pound him on the back, to welcome him back into the fold. Instead, when he climbed back into the car, he sat down beside Hans.

"That wasn't really the American drill," he said, poking the disgruntled German in the ribs. "That was just some Limey parade drill I saw in a movie once. Our drill isn't anything compared to the job that old sergeant did."

"The German army is the best trained in the world," Hans said.

"I guess anyone will admit that," said Sullivan.

We sat down, fell down, into our old positions, feeling the reaction from spending a little energy in our past minutes of exhilaration. Poor Schmidt was sick again. His face was pulsing with fever. After a little, a German Red Cross lady came by and offered us some soup. Hans went to get it and took Sullivan with him. They were gone a

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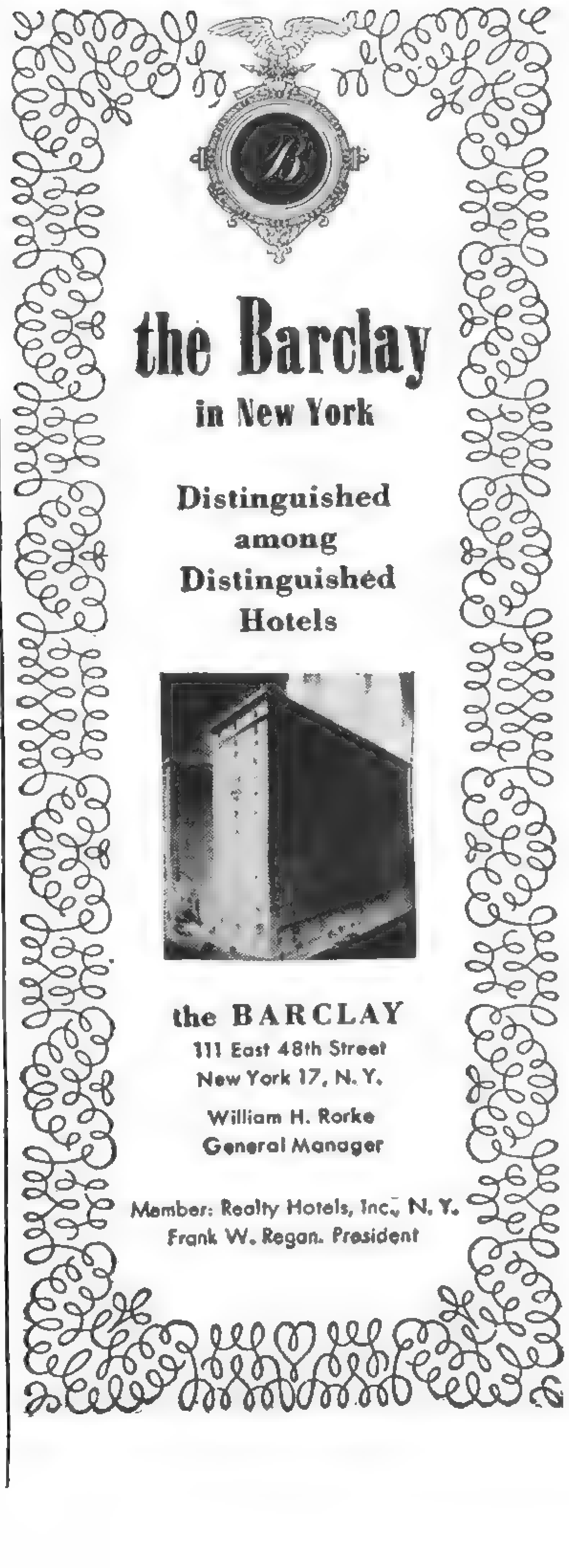
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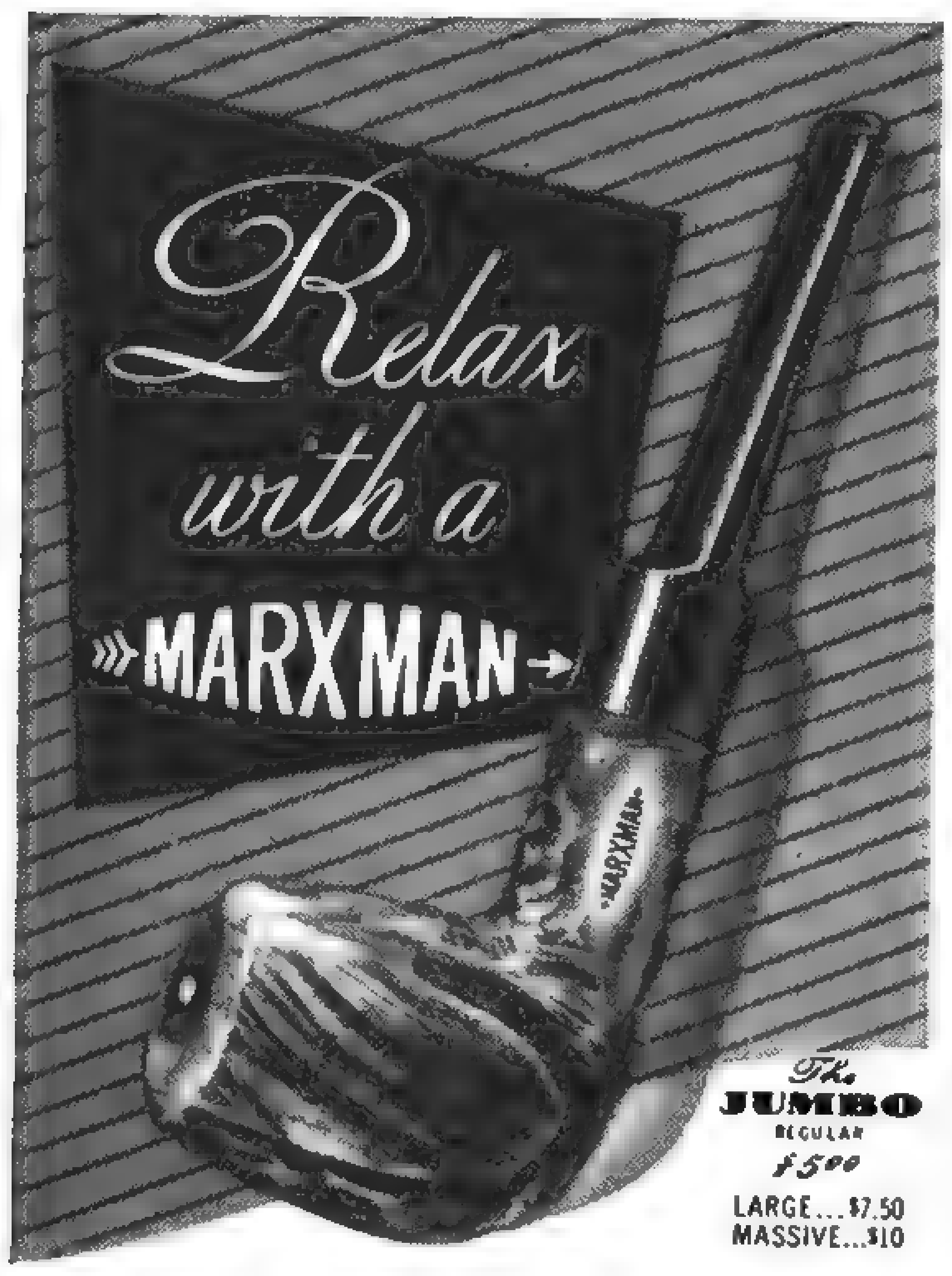

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long time. After our spoonsful of spoiled food, hot soup sounded unbelieveable to us, and the delay drove us wild. We imagined Sullivan filling up on soup and probably other things. In the spot we were in that was a high crime. Bitterly, we argued what we should do with him; some wanted to throw him head first off the train at night, but others were afraid he'd get away. We decided to report the things he'd said and done to the Senior American officer at the prison camp.

When Hans and Sullivan finally came back, carrying the little bucket of cooled soup, both were shaved and washed, and Sully had a haircut. We got a ladle of soup apiece. Sullivan said he didn't care for any.

"I got a little inside," he said.

The last morning was cold and foggy. We knew we were nearing the camp, and with what little energy we still had after days of starvation, cold, sickness, and filth, we speculated on the type of life that awaited us. Of all of us, only Sullivan had any life in him, and seeing it made us determined that he would get his, when we got to the camp.

After we left the boxcar at the camp station, Hans and Whizzer marched us to the gates, a few miles distant. We had to carry Schmidt and another guy, and I wasn't too sure I could make it myself. Hans turned us over to a reception committee of jerry guards, and as we marched through the barbed wire gates, Sullivan turned and jeeringly called back to him:

"Thanks for the ride, sucker!" Then he laughed, looking at the rest of us. We ignored him.

I went right to the camp hospital, and didn't get out for over a month. When I came into the American compound I asked about Sullivan. Schmidt looked at me and laughed sourly.

"What are you going to do with a guy like that?" he said. "We turned him in to the colonel, and told the guys in his room not to talk to him. I don't know how he worked it, but after a week he moved out of his fourteen-man room into a two-man room with a lieutenant colonel. He's rationing officer for his barracks, and the bastard's gained ten pounds. Last week he put on a minstrel show in the theatre. He was the gag man. It was damn good too; too bad you missed it."

As he said, what could we do? Sully became one of the big operators in the camp. He helped a lot in the entertainment programs, and was generally popular. We gave up trying to tell people about him. We even answered when he gave us the big hello.

Maybe he wasn't a Benedict Arnold. It all seemed pretty important and dirty at the time, but now it's easy to laugh it off and forget. Maybe he was smart and we were dumb. So he's married an heiress and lives in Coronado, and everybody says he'll go far. He will, too. ⌗

Continued from page 90

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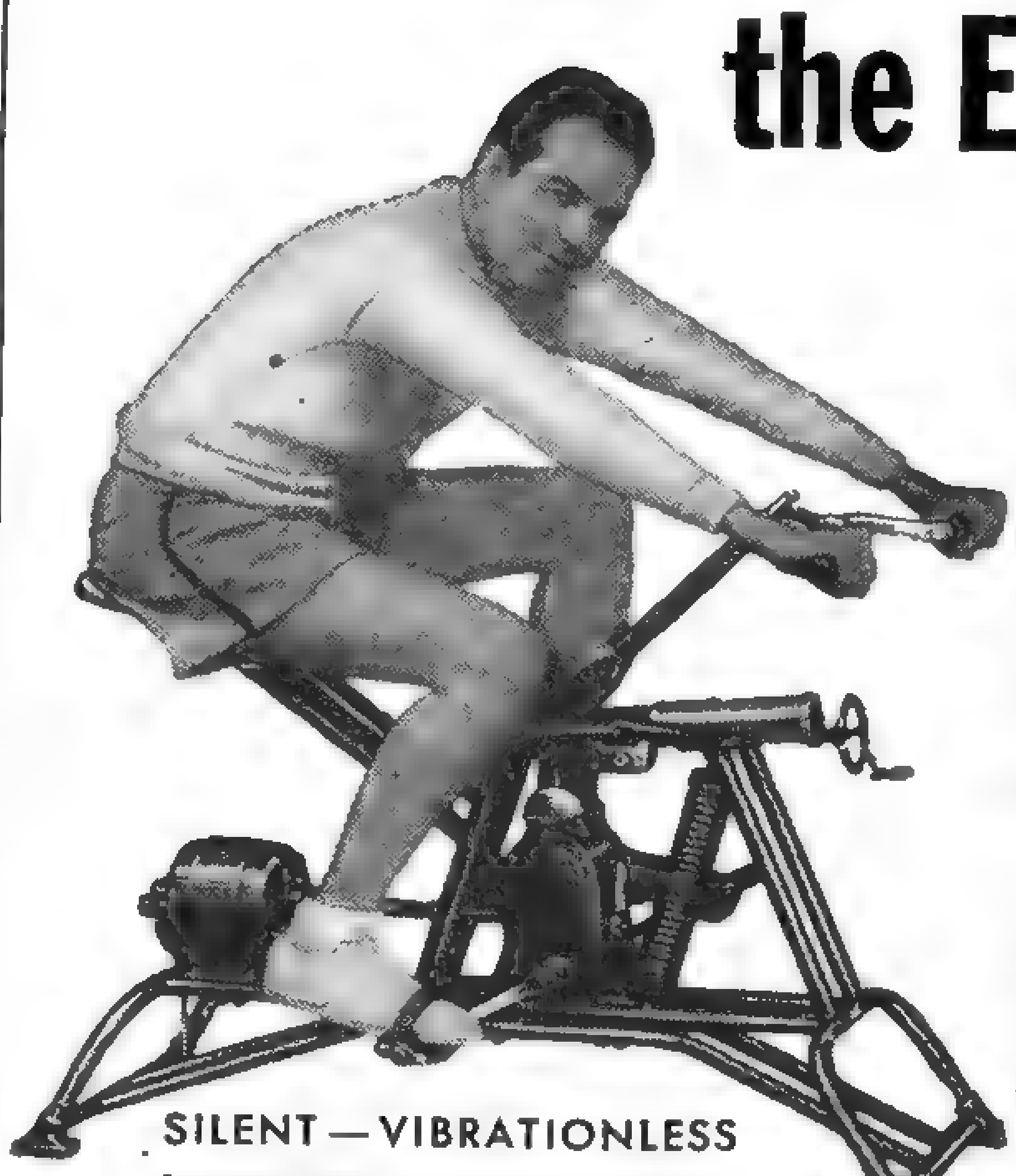

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Doctor and Judge

Continued from page 101

half sobbing, 'I'll hold him off.' Mountain women can be tough customers too when they're looking after their young.

"I wasted no more time. With the girl holding the lamp close for me to work by, I got busy with that child. Using a scalpel I quickly made an incision in the trachea, just below the larynx."

The judge raised his hand and quickly drew his finger across his Adam's apple.

"Out popped a coffee bean. It struck the wall near where I stood. In no time at all that baby was chortling and purring as contentedly as a kitten."

"What about the man who wanted to shoot you?" Jim Porter asked.

"Well, after it was all over and he saw the child wasn't injured from the operation he got in a fairly good humor. But," Old Huff laughed softly, "he didn't pay me. Guess he didn't have anything to pay with."

"His wife had nerve, all right," Gil Moore spoke. "Not many women would have taken a gun away from that kind of man."

"I hope when that child grew up somebody told him—or her—what happened," Lige said. "That's one person who really owed a parent a debt. The child lived, I take it?" he asked the judge.

"Oh yes, it was a boy and he lived. He made quite a strong, fine-looking man." Old Huff stopped talking and re-lighted his pipe. "I guess though," he said between puffs on the pipe, "I must have done the wrong thing that stormy night."

"What do you mean, Judge?" Lige was the first to speak.

"I probably should have let the child die."

"Why, Huff," Vardy Fenton spoke quickly, "that don't sound like you at all." For a moment no one spoke. Only an occasional car crossing their end of the square broke the silence.

"Several years ago," the judge began, satisfied that his pipe was working smoothly, "my friend, Judge Roberts, in Willow County, was pretty sick. I went down and held court for him. The first case on the docket was a man, in his early forties I guess, who was standing trial for murder. Willow County is the tidewater section, as most of you know, and this was about the time the first oil development began taking place in that section.

"It seems this man and his mother—he was only about twenty at the time—traded off some mountain property they owned and came to the flat country to live. Making a living in the mountains is a tough job so I guess they figured they couldn't be worse off anywhere else.

"Well, the land didn't have much value so the woman managed to get several hundred acres in the trade. They lived out in the

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middle of it on a marsh island and made a fair living trapping muskrats. People left them pretty much alone. Visiting around in that section isn't very popular.

"Then one day they found oil down that way and the county went crazy. The no-good marsh land this woman and her boy had was suddenly worth a fortune. The boy wanted to sell and get out but his mother wanted to stay. She finally did lease a lot of the land to a big company but she wanted to keep on living there in the same old house. Her son wanted to get away, but that took money and she wouldn't give him any amount at one time. She knew he'd run away and she'd be left all alone.

"One night the son couldn't stand it any longer. His mother was getting ready for bed when he rushed into her room and demanded money, lots of money. She tried to reason with him by telling him that he would get all the money when she died. She told him she didn't want him to go away.

"After a long argument, her son agreed to go to bed and talk things over the next morning. But, after he went to bed he couldn't get that money off his mind. He knew, somehere in that old house, his mother had a lot of cash. Finally he got out of bed and began searching for it. He found the money all right. It was in an old milk crock with a lot of quilt scraps piled in the top.

"But just as he found the money his mother discovered him. With a fierce and powerful blow he struck her, square in the head, with an ax!"

"Good God!" Lige shuddered.

"On the day when sentence was to be passed, this man stood before me. I looked at him closely. I thought of the evil that was in that well-shaped head.

"In his world, at that moment, there were only two people, him—and me.

"I leaned forward. There was something that I had to know and yet did not want to know. The light from the window fell across his face. His blue shirt was open at the neck. And then I saw. On his throat there were traces of the little scar. Slowly, I spoke: 'I sentence you to be hanged by the neck until dead.'"

The leaves rustled slightly overhead in the live oaks. The men sat quietly. The sun had moved lower and a slight breeze was drifting in from the south. Suddenly the stillness was broken by the courthouse clock striking the first note of six. Old Huff knocked the ashes from his pipe and stood up.

"Well, I see my car coming, gentlemen, so I'll say good evening now."

"Good evening, Judge," they all said as they began rising.

Old Huff walked slowly across the square to his waiting car. Lige Carter, Vardy Fenton and the others drifted off toward their homes. The courthouse benches were lonely and deserted. ##

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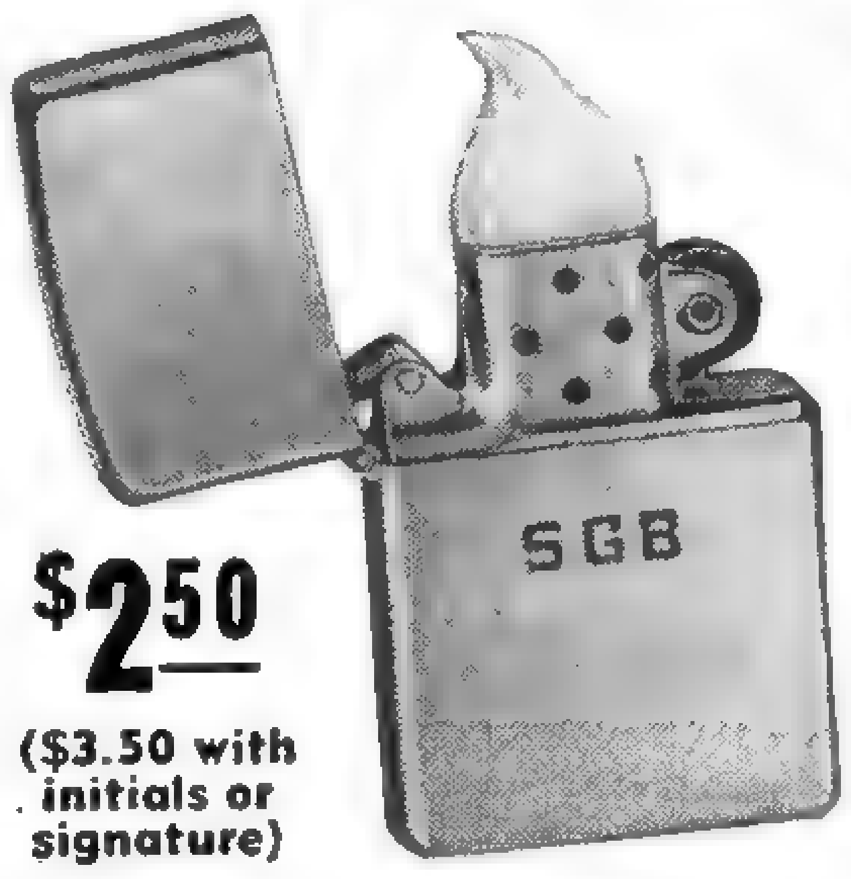

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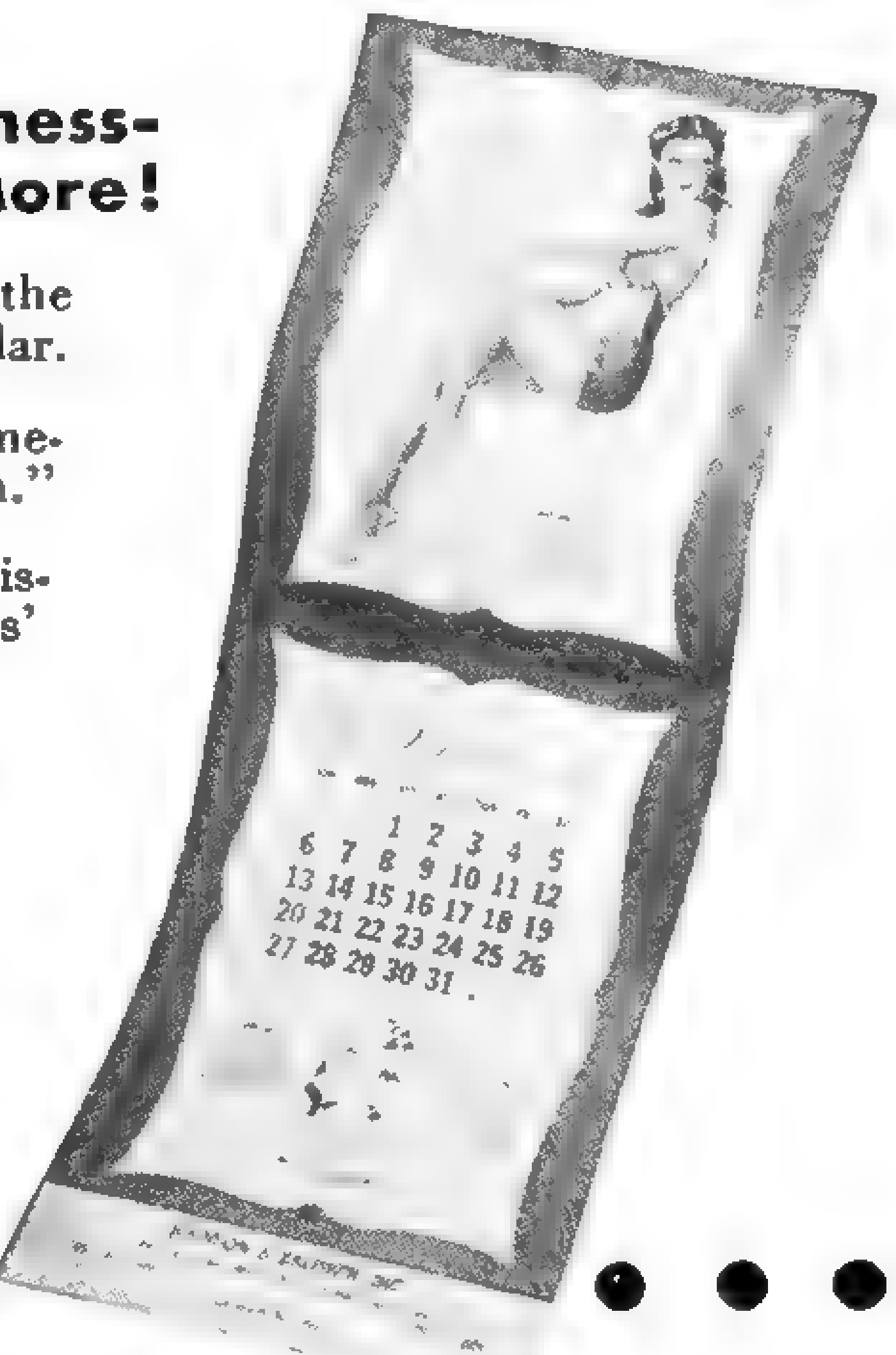

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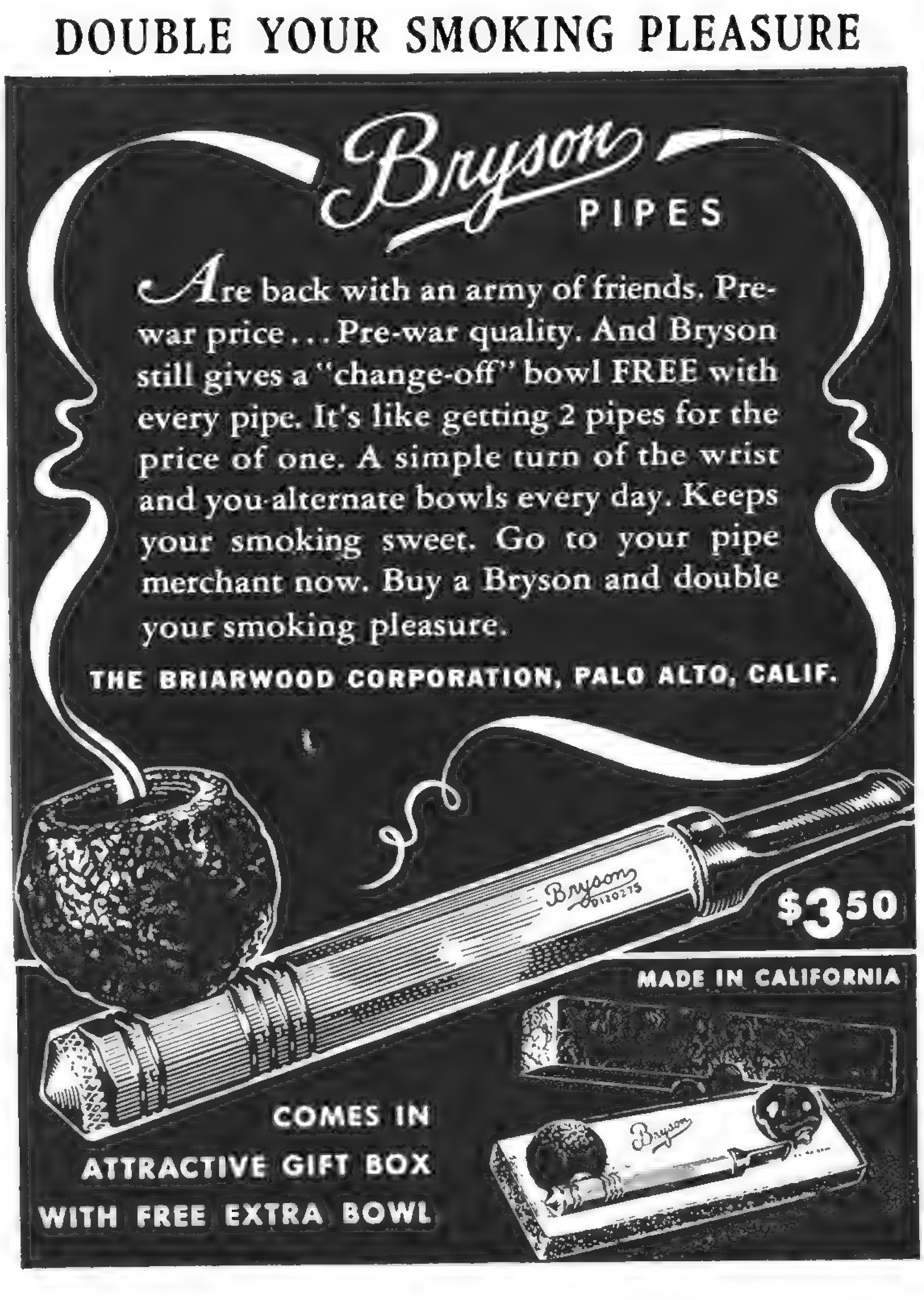
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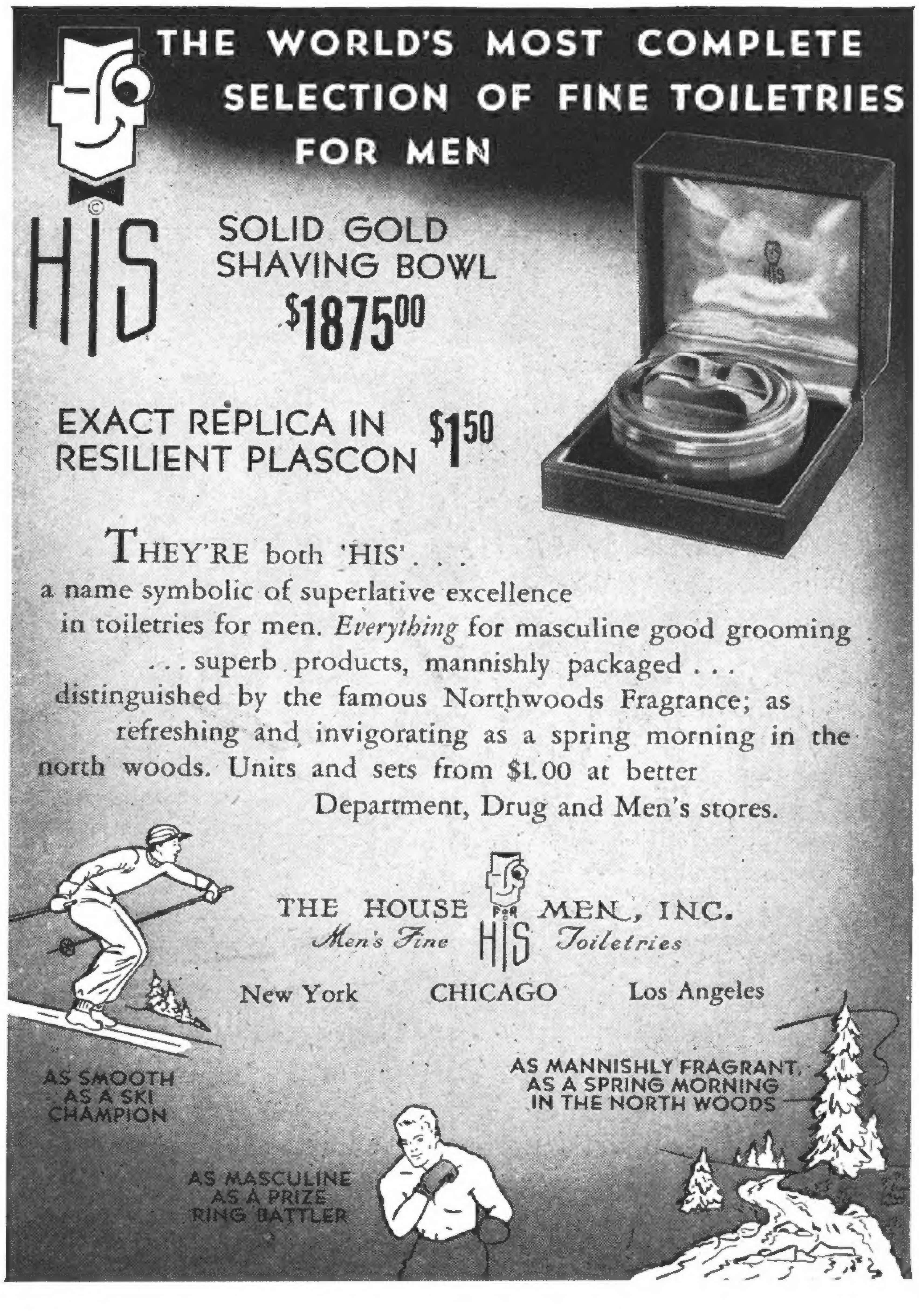
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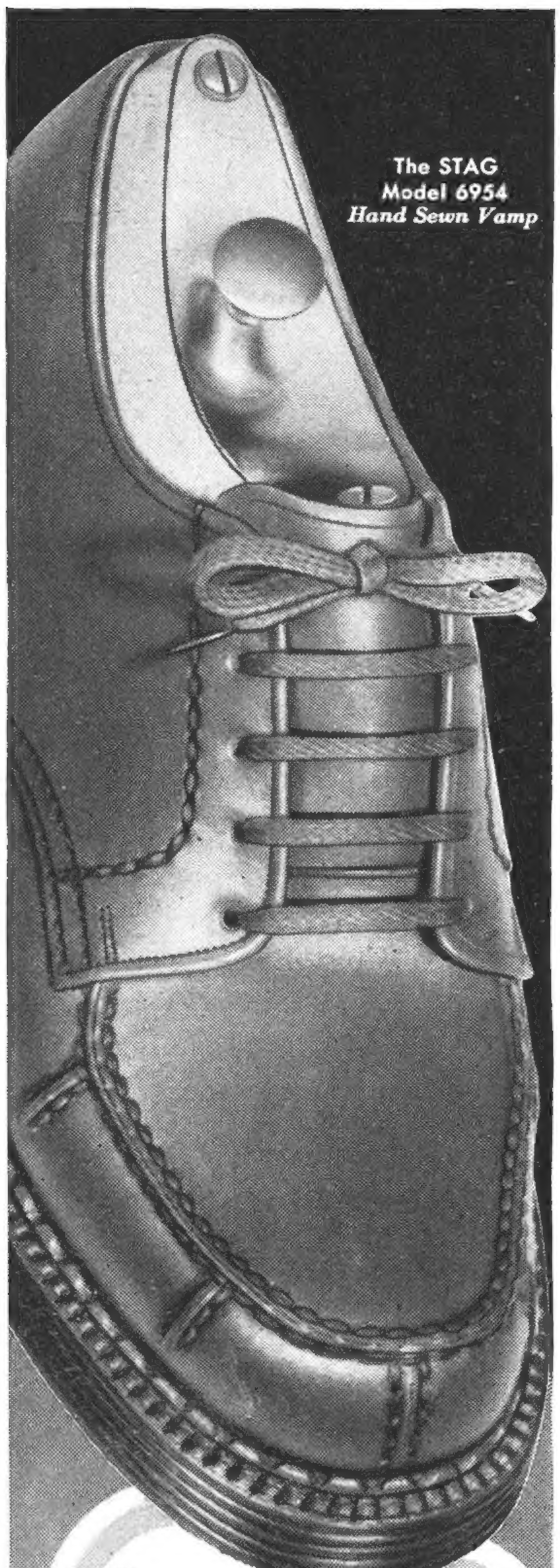

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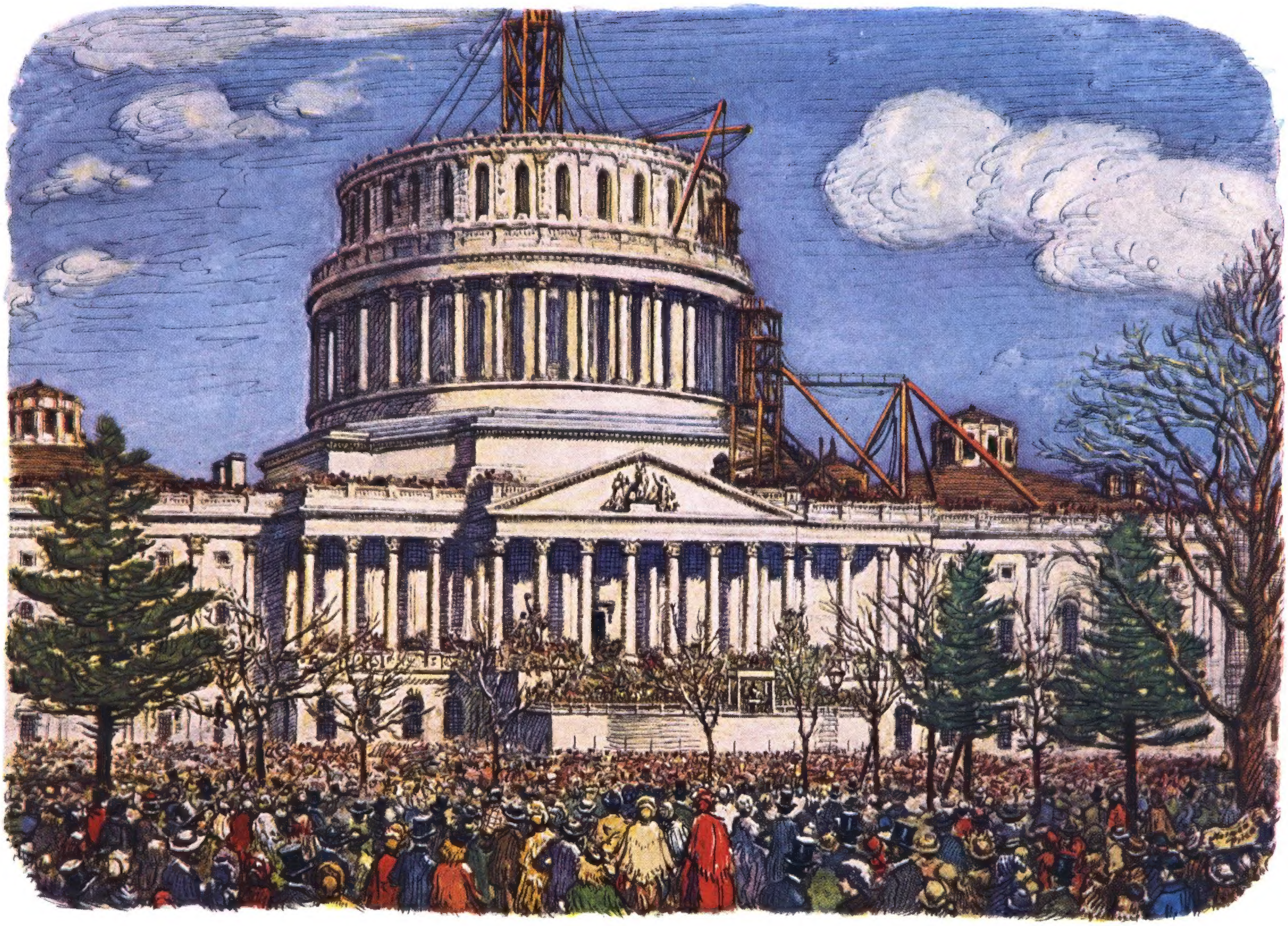

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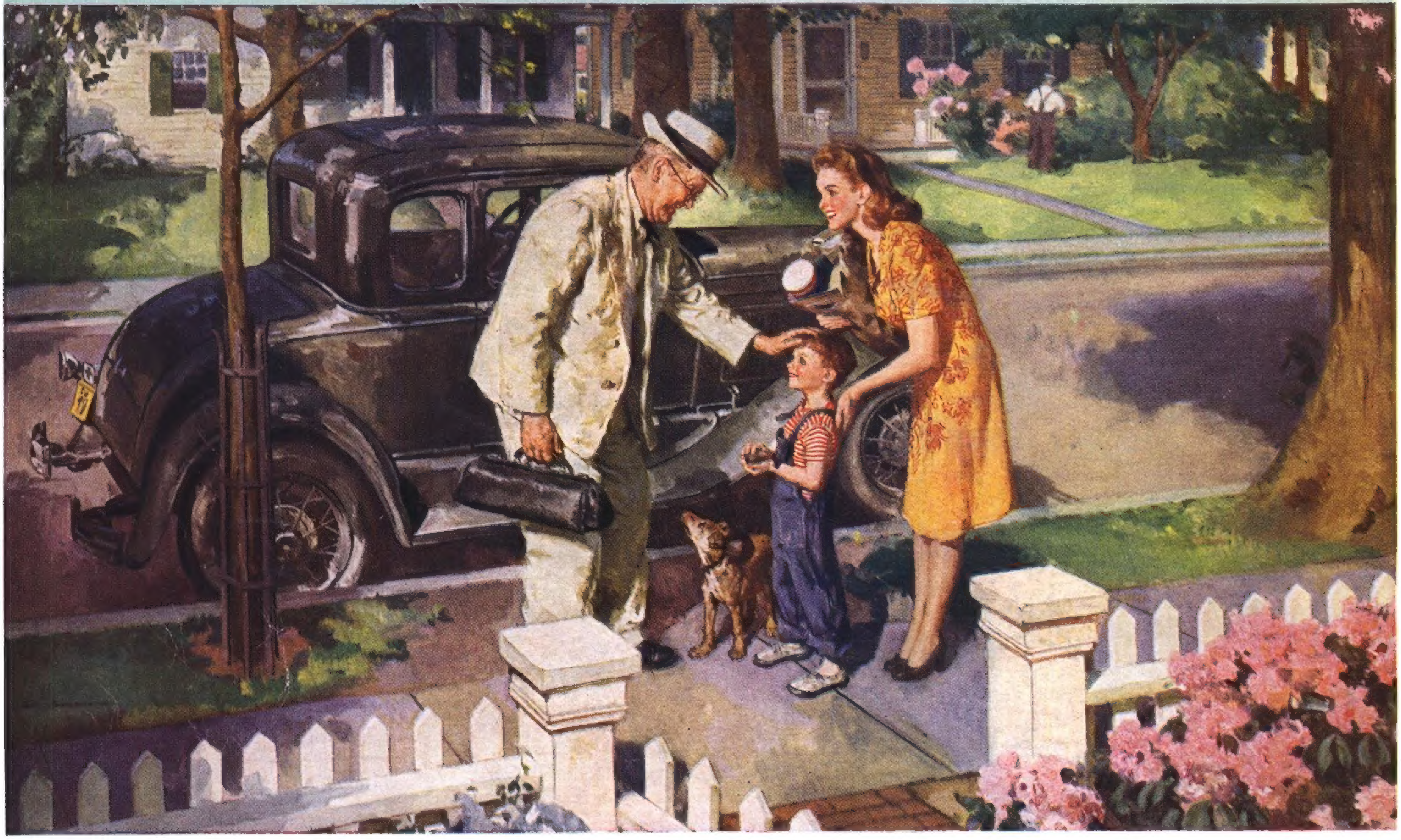

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